Pulpit of the Wooster Place Church,

Presented by

S. D. Phelps

New Haven, Dec. 21, 1856.

THE

PSALMIST:

A NEW COLLECTION OF

HYMNS

FOR THE USE OF

THE BAPTIST CHURCHES.

BY

BARON STOW AND S. F. SMITH.

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PREFATORY NOTE.

The Board of Directors of the American Baptist Publication and Sunday School Society, induced by the numerous and urgent calls which, for a long time, have been made from various sections of the country, for a new collection of Hymns, that should be adapted to the wants of the churches generally, resolved, in the year 1841, to take immediate measures for the accomplishment of this object. With this view, a committee, consisting of Rev. W. T. Brantly, D. D., of South Carolina, Rev. J. L. Dagg, of Alabama, Rev. R. B. C. Howell, of Tennessee, Rev. S. W. Lynd, D. D., of Ohio, Rev. J. B. Taylor, of Virginia, Rev. S. P. Hill, of Maryland, Rev. G. B. Ide and R. W. Griswold, of Pennsylvania, and Rev. W. R. Williams, D. D., of New York, was appointed to prepare and superintend the proposed selection. It was, however, subsequently ascertained that a similar work had been undertaken by Messrs. Gould, Kendall, and Lincoln, Publishers, of Boston; and that Rev. B. Stow and Rev. S. F. Smith, whose services they had engaged, had already commenced their labor. From the well-known ability of these gentlemen, there seemed good reason to expect a valuable collection, and one that would fully meet the end which the Board contemplated. In order, therefore, to avoid the unnecessary multiplication of Hymn Books, it was deemed expedient, by the Board, to unite, if possible, with the above-named Publishers. Accordingly, the manuscript of Messrs. Stow and Smith having been examined, and found quite satisfactory, arrangements were made to have the sheets, as they were issued from the press, submitted to the committee of the Board, with the understanding, that, if, after such alterations and improvements as might be suggested, it should meet their approval, the Board would adopt it as their own. This approval having been obtained, the Board voted, unanimously, to adopt and publish the work, and have negotiated with Gould, Kendall, and Lincoln, to that effect.

Signed by order and on behalf of the Board.

J. M. PECK,

Cor. Sec. Amer. Bap. Pub. Soc.

Philadelphia, *May* 18, 1843.

CERTIFICATE.

THE undersigned, having been requested, by the Board of Directors of the American Baptist Publication and Sunday School Society, to examine the proof-sheets of "THE PSALMIST," edited by the Rev. B. Stow and Rev. S. F. Smith, and to suggest such emendations as might seem expedient to render the work more acceptable to the churches throughout our country, hereby certify that they have performed the service assigned them, and unite in recommending the work as one well adapted to the purpose for which it was designed.

William R. Williams
George B. Ide
Rufus Babcock
Stephen P. Hill
James B. Taylor
N. L. Pagg
"
W. T. Brantly
R. B. C. Howell
"
Samuel W. Lynd

PREFACE.

Worship must have its own forms of utterance. These forms can be neither didactic nor expository. Worship is not designed to communicate illumination to the intellect of him who offers it, nor information to the omniscient Being to whom it is offered. If it be confined to the understanding, or if it pass from the heart to the understanding, and thus become a merely intellectual exercise, it departs from its proper aim. Worship is prompted by emotion. Its first object is praise; after this, the expression of emotions of penitence, joy, humility, hope, love, or dependence, in such a manner as to involve an acknowledgment of God, and thus to glorify him. It is the offspring of religious emotion. From whatever feeling it takes its rise, it tends towards God. If it begins in our own misery, it elevates the soul to the contemplation of the divine mercy. It is, in truth, the utterance of the spirit of man, aspiring upward to its Creator.

The nature of worship determines the proper mode of its expression. As it is an act of the heart, it should be expressed in the language of the heart. This is not cold, nor in the manner of common conversation, but fervent and impassioned. Acceptable worship is the fruit of deep and true emotion. The expression of worship should be in language suited to such emotion. Sacred harmony is the union

of measured sounds with the words of worship. In order to be sung well, the words of worship must be expressive of the emotions which belong to worship; and any want of mutual adaptation is immediately felt by a sensitive mind. It is the want of adaptation of the words to the music, or of the music to the words, which often renders singing heavy. The words are either expository, or didactic, or in some other way prosaic. They are expressive of no emotion, or destitute of poetry, and therefore unsuited to be sung. Or, on the other hand, the leader, having no true poetic feeling, selects a tune which indicates an emotion of a character different from that which is indicated by the words of the hymn. The music and the words should breathe one spirit. Both should breathe the spirit of a fervent, humble, spiritual worshipper.

Beside lyrical excellence, there are other requisites of a good hymn. It should possess unity — treating of only one subject from the opening to the close. It should be a complete composition, having, however short it may be, a beginning, middle, and end. Every verse should add something to the preceding, making the sense, finally, complete, and raising the soul to the highest conception of the theme. The sentences should be brief. The sense should not extend from one verse into another. Parenthetic clauses should be avoided. The style should be simple, and the words, generally, short, and easy to be understood. The accent should be uniformly on the same syllables in each verse. A profusion of ornament should be avoided. A sounding epithet should never be used merely to furnish the requisite number of syllables. The whole spirit of the hymn should be lyrical. It should be adapted not only to be read, but to be sung.

It is hoped that this compilation will be successful in exemplifying many of these principles. The hymns of Dr. Watts take the lead, being more numerous than those of any other author. All his pieces are inserted which possess lyrical spirit, and are suited to the worship of a Christian assembly. The book contains, also, a large number of hymns of Beddome, Steele, Doddridge, and other standard writers, whose productions have become consecrated by use. Beside these, numerous hymn books, both ancient and modern, and many other books, together with various periodicals, American and foreign, have been carefully examined. From these sources many hymns have been selected, whose decided merit and high spiritual tone eminently adapt them to the purposes of worship.

The hymn books known as Winchell's Watts, and Watts and Rippon, have filled a large and honorable space in our American psalmody. But, since the first publication of those collections, many excellent hymns have been composed, suited to aid the devotional in the worship of God. A correct and elevated taste, and a pious spirit, alike sanction the introduction of such pieces into our collection of hymns for the sanctuary.

The authorship of the hymns has been stated, where it was practicable; but, in consequence of the variety and irresponsibleness, in this respect, of some of the sources from which they have been drawn, a few are still anonymous. In some instances, a hymn has been ascribed, in various collections, to different authors; and no means exist of identifying the true one. In such cases, it is possible that errors may have occurred; but it is believed that they are very few. Any errors of this kind, which may hereafter be discovered, will be promptly corrected.

Alterations have been made in the forms of expression, where it was necessary in order to adapt the hymns to be sung. The spirit of the author has been, in every case, retained. The changes are mainly such as were demanded in consequence of the faulty accentuation in the original. A mere reader of hymns can hardly appreciate the injury to the singing, and the inconvenience which is felt by choirs, resulting from the misplacement of the accented syllables in a line. So extensive is this fault, that a collection could not be entirely expurgated, without re-writing a large part of the hymns now in existence.

An effort has been made to arrange the hymns agreeably to the natural order of mental association and of Christian experience, so that a person disciplined in evangelical truth and pious emotion will find in his own bosom an index to the sequence of the successive topics. It is hoped that hymns will be found in the collection adapted to every important subject on which a minister of Christ would be likely to address a congregation.

The demand for a new compilation of hymns for the use of the Baptist churches, has been, for several years, growing more and more imperative. The public voice has called for an effort to fill up the acknowledged deficiencies of our existing collections. The present offering is an attempt to meet that demand. The editors have been deeply conscious of their responsibility in the undertaking. The work is dedicated to Christ and the church. If it shall tend to the elevation of evangelical taste, the interest of worship, the diffusion of a more fervent piety, and the glory of God, their aims will be accomplished.

Boston, *May*, 1843.

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Great God, we sing that mighty hand ..... L. M. 1051
Great God, we would to thee make known ..... C. M. 975
Great God, what do I see and hear ..... 8s & 7s. 1132
Great God, whose universal sway ..... L. M. 853
Great God, with wonder and with praise ..... C. M. 393
Great is the Lord our God ..... S. M. 797
Great King of glory and of grace ..... C. M. 492
Great King of glory, come ..... H. M. 933
Great Maker of unnumbered worlds ..... L. M. 985
Great Ruler of all nature's frame ..... C. M. 179
Great Shepherd of thy people, hear ..... C. M. 16
Great Sovereign of the earth and sky ..... C. M. 936
Great Spirit, by whose mighty power ..... C. M. 367
Guide me, O thou great Jehovah ..... 8s, 7s & 4. 606

HAD I the tongues of Greeks and Jews ..... L. M. 703
Hail, everlasting Spring ..... H. M. 544
Hail, great Creator, wise and good ..... C. M. 107

Hail, happy day, thou day of holy rest....10s....42
Hail, mighty Jesus, how divine....C. M....337
Hail, sacred truth, whose piercing rays....C. M....399
Hail, thou long-expected Jesus....8s & 7s....209
Hail to the Lord's Anointed....7s & 6s....910
Hail to the Sabbath day....S. M....48
Happy, forever happy, he....C. M....747
Happy the church, thou sacred place....L. M....931
Happy the heart where graces reign....C. M....749
Happy the souls to Jesus joined....C. M....793
Hark! from the tombs a warning sound....C. M....1079
Hark! from yonder mount arise....7s & 4....228
Hark! hark! a shout of joy....6, 7s & 8....901
Hark! hark! the notes of joy....H. M....203
Hark, sinner, while God from on high, &c....12s & 11s....454
Hark! ten thousand harps and voices....8s & 7s, 6 L....323
Hark! that shout of rapturous joy....7s....1138
Hark! the glad sound, the Saviour comes....C. M....211
Hark! the herald angels sing....7s....207
Hark! the notes of angels singing....8s & 7s....327
Hark! the song of jubilee....7s....916
Hark! the voice of love and mercy....8s, 7s & 4....225
Hark! 'tis the prophet of the skies....C. M....923
Hark! what celestial sounds....H. M....206
Hark! what mean those holy voices....8s & 7s....201
Hasten, Lord, thy promised hour....7s....873
Haste, O sinner, now be wise....7s....441
Have mercy, Lord, on me....S. M....479
Hear, O sinner; mercy hails you....8s, 7s & 4....439
Heart of stone, relent, relent....7s, 6 L....477
Hear what the voice from heaven proclaims....C. M....1104
Heaven has confirmed the dread decree....C. M....1082
Heavenly Father, sovereign Lord....7s....115
He dies! the Friend of sinners dies....L. M....232
He knelt; the Saviour knelt and prayed....C. H. M....222
He lives! he lives! and sits above....L. M....294
He lives! the great Redeemer lives....L. M....296
He reigns! the Lord, the Saviour reigns....L. M....1134
Here at thy cross, incarnate God....L. M....531
Here, at thy table, Lord, we meet....C. M....839
Here, gracious God, do thou....H. M....53
Here, in thy name, eternal God....L. M....934
Here, Saviour, we would come....S. M....809
High in the heavens, eternal God....L. M....151
High in yonder realms of light....7s....1177
Holy and reverend is the name....C. M....159
Holy Ghost, dispel our sadness....8s & 7s....365
Holy Ghost, with light divine....7s....372
Holy Source of consolation....8s & 7s....370
Holy Spirit, from on high....7s....366
Hosanna! let us join to sing....L. M....238
Hosanna to our conquering King....C. M....350
Hosanna to the Prince of light....C. M....242
Hosanna, with a cheerful sound....C. M....1019

How are thy servants blest, O Lord ..... C. M. 964
How beauteous are their feet ..... S. M. 949
How beautiful the sight ..... H. M. 700
How blest is he who fears the Lord ..... C. M. 738
How blest the children of the Lord ..... C. M. 748
How blest the man whose cautious feet ..... L. M. 609
How blest the righteous when he dies ..... L. M. 1103
How blest the sacred tie that binds ..... L. M. 698
How calmly wakes the hallowed morn ..... C. M. 810
How can I sink with such a prop ..... C. M. 620
How can we see the children, Lord ..... C. M. 979
How condescending and how kind ..... C. M. 840
How did my heart rejoice to hear ..... C. M. 3
How firm the saint's foundation stands ..... C. M. 174
How great the wisdom, power, and grace ..... C. M. 311
How happy are the souls above ..... C. M. 1178
How happy is the child who hears ..... C. M. 775
How happy is the Christian's state ..... C. M. 578
How happy they who know the Lord ..... C. M. 602
How heavy is the night ..... S. M. 516
How helpless guilty nature lies ..... C. M. 518
How honored is the place ..... S. M. 794
How long shall death, the tyrant, reign ..... C. M. 1124
How oft, alas! this wretched heart ..... C. M. 690
How oft have sin and Satan strove ..... L. M. 563
How pleasant, how divinely fair ..... L. M. 5
How pleased and blest was I ..... S. P. M. 12
How pleasing is the voice ..... H. M. 1037
How precious is the book divine ..... C. M. 392
How sad our state by nature is ..... C. M. 500
How shall the sons of men appear ..... L. M. 258
How shall the young secure their hearts ..... C. M. 770
How short and hasty is our life ..... C. M. 1054
How should our souls delight to bless ..... C. M. 973
How sweet and awful is the place ..... C. M. 835
How sweetly flowed the gospel sound ..... L. M. 406
How sweet on thy bosom to rest 8s. 598
How sweet, how heavenly, is the sight ..... C. M. 697
How sweet to bless the Lord ..... S. M. 32
How sweet the hour of closing day ..... L. M. 1111
How sweet the melting lay ..... S. M. 639
How sweet, upon this sacred day ..... C. M. 46
How swift, alas! the moments fly ..... C. M. 1057
How tender is thy hand ..... S. M. 600
How vain are all things here below ..... C. M. 751
How vain is all beneath the skies ..... L. M. 1149
Humble souls, who seek salvation ..... 8s & 7s. 806

I CANNOT call affliction sweet ..... C. M. 582
If human kindness meets return ..... C. M. 842
If I must die, O, let me die ..... C. M. 1077
If on a quiet sea ..... S. M. 513
I languish for a sight ..... S. M. 542
I lift my soul to God ..... S. M. 718

I'll praise my Maker with my breath ..... L. P. M. 91
I'll think upon the woes ..... H. M. 579
I looked upon the righteous man ..... C. M. 1110
I love the Lord; he heard my cries ..... C. M. 754
I love the volume of thy word ..... L. P. M. 394
I love thy kingdom, Lord ..... S. M. 788
I love to see the Lord below ..... C. M. 7
I love to steal awhile away ..... C. M. 637
I'm not ashamed to own my Lord ..... C. M. 552
In all my Lord's appointed ways ..... C. M. 812
In all my vast concerns with thee ..... C. M. 134
In duties and in sufferings too ..... C. M. 702
In evil long I took delight ..... C. M. 469
In one fraternal bond of love ..... C. M. 790
Inscribed upon the cross we see ..... L. M. 270
In the cross of Christ I glory ..... 8s & 7s. 271
In thy name, O Lord, assembling ..... 8s, 7s & 4. 23
In trouble and in grief, O God ..... C. M. 733
In vain I trace creation o'er ..... C. M. 593
In vain my roving thoughts would find ..... L. M. 575
In vain the world's alluring smile ..... L. M. 532
In vain we lavish out our lives ..... C. M. 550
In vain we seek for peace with God ..... C. M. 272
I send the joys of earth away ..... L. M. 539
I set the Lord before my face ..... C. M. 1127
Isles of the south, awake ..... H. M. 908
Is this the kind return ..... S. M. 683
It is the Lord, enthroned in light ..... C. M. 587
It is the Lord, our Saviour's hand ..... L. M. 1071
I would not live alway, &c. 11s. 1148
I waited patient for the Lord ..... C. M. 501

JEHOVAH lives, and be his name ..... C. M. 180
Jehovah reigns; he dwells in light ..... L. M. 141
Jehovah reigns; his throne is high ..... L. M. 143
Jerusalem, my glorious home ..... C. M. 1166
Jesus, and shall it ever be ..... L. M. 554
Jesus, delightful, charming name ..... C. M. 305
Jesus demands this heart of mine ..... L. M. 487
Jesus, hail! enthroned in glory ..... 8s & 7s. 345
Jesus, I love thy charming name ..... C. M. 306
Jesus, immortal King, arise ..... C. M. 870
Jesus, I my cross have taken ..... 8s & 7s. 530
Jesus, in thy transporting name ..... C. M. 302
Jesus invites his saints ..... S. M. 832
Jesus is gone above the skies ..... L. M. 845
Jesus, mighty King in Zion ..... 8s & 7s. 819
Jesus, my Saviour and my God ..... C. M. 342
Jesus, my truth, my way ..... S. M. 281
Jesus, our Lord, ascend thy throne ..... C. M. 335
Jesus, our Lord, how rich thy grace ..... C. M. 746
Jesus, refuge of my soul 7s. 285
Jesus shall reign where'er the sun ..... L. M. 854
Jesus, the Conqueror, reigns ..... S. M. 300

Jesus, th' eternal Son of God ..... C. M. 259
Jesus, thou source of calm repose ..... L. M. 6 L. 299
Jesus, thy blessings are not few ..... C. M. 428
Jesus, thy boundless love to me ..... L. M. 549
Jesus, to thy wounds I fly 7s. 264
Jesus, we look to thee ..... S. M. 30
Jesus, where'er thy people meet ..... L. M. 288
Join all the glorious names ..... H. M. 301
Join, every tongue, to praise the Lord ..... L. M. 992
Joy to the world ! the Lord is come ..... C. M. 213

KEEP silence, all created things ..... C. M. 147
Kind are the words that Jesus speaks ..... C. M. 503
Kindred, and friends, and native land ..... C. M. 886
Kindred in Christ, for his dear sake ..... L. M. 828
Know, my soul, thy full salvation ..... 8s & 7s. 568

LABORERS of Christ, arise ..... S. M. 737
Laden with guilt and full of fears ..... C. M. 398
Let all the earth their voices raise ..... L. P. M. 913
Let all the heathen writers join ..... C. M. 386
Let children hear the mighty deeds ..... C. M. 116
Let earth, with every isle and sea ..... C. M. 332
Let everlasting glories crown ..... L. M. 388
Let every creature join ..... H. M. 92
Let every heart rejoice and sing ..... P. M. 1005
Let every mortal ear attend ..... C. M. 422
Let me but hear my Saviour say ..... L. M. 546
Let party names no more ..... S. M. 696
Let plenteous grace descend on those ..... C. M. 824
Let sinners take their course ..... S. M. 761
Let them neglect thy glory, Lord, ... C. M. 124
Let thy grace, Lord, make me lowly ..... 8s & 7s. 674
Let us awake our joys ..... 6s & 4s. 320
Let vain pursuits and vain desires ..... C. M. 850
Let worldly men from shore to shore ..... C. M. 401
Let Zion and her sons rejoice ..... C. M. 895
Let Zion's watchmen all awake ..... C. M. 955
Life is a span, a fleeting hour ..... C. M. 1123
Lift not thou the wailing voice ..... 7s & 8s. 1101
Lift up to God the voice of praise ..... C. M. 88
Lift up your heads, eternal gates ..... C. M. 246
Light of those whose dreary dwelling ..... 8s & 7s. 651
Like Israel, Lord, am I ..... S. M. 465
Like sheep we went astray ..... S. M. 231
Lo ! he comes with clouds descending ..... 8s, 7s & 4. 1136
Lo ! he cometh — countless trumpets ..... 8s, 7s & 4. 1140
Long have we heard the joyful sound ..... C. M. 758
Look, ye saints ; — the sight is glorious ..... 8s, 7s & 4. 336
Lord, at thy table we behold ..... C. M. 837
Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing ..... 8s, 7s & 4. 65
Lord, help me to resign ..... S. M. 668
Lord, how secure my conscience was ..... C. M. 478
Lord, I am thine, and in thy aid ..... C. M. 801

Lord, I approach the mercy-seat.....C. M.....519
Lord, I have made thy word my choice.....C. M.....402
Lord, I would come to thee.....S. M.....540
Lord, in the morning thou shalt hear.....C. M.....8
Lord, lead the way the Saviour went.....C. M.....744
Lord, let thy goodness lead our land.....L. M.....1006
Lord, look on all assembled here.....C. M.....983
Lord, my times are in thy hand.....7s.....573
Lord of heaven, and earth, and ocean.....8s & 7s.....991
Lord of hosts, to thee we raise.....7s.....932
Lord of the worlds above.....H. M.....10
Lord, send thy servants forth.....S. M.....921
Lord, send thy word, and let it fly.....C. M.....864
Lord, should we leave thy hallowed feet.....C. M.....181
Lord, teach thy servants how to pray.....C. M.....24
Lord, thou hast scourged our guilty land.....C. M.....987
Lord, thou hast searched and seen me through.....L. M.....136
Lord, thou wilt hear me when I pray.....C. M.....1034
Lord, through the dubious paths of life.....C. M.....657
Lord, we adore thy vast designs.....L. M.....142
Lord, we come before thee now.....7s.....25
Lord, we confess our numerous faults.....C. M.....266
Lord, what a feeble piece.....S. M.....1058
Lord, what a thoughtless wretch was I.....L. M.....755
Lord, what a wretched land is this.....C. M.....734
Lord, when thou didst ascend on high.....L. M.....247
Lord, when we bow before thy throne.....C. M.....21
Lord, while for all mankind we pray.....C. M.....1003
Lord, with a grieved and aching heart.....L. M.....475
Loud hallelujahs to the Lord.....L. M.....104
Love divine, all love excelling.....8s & 7s.....653
Lo! round the throne at God's right hand.....L. M.....1179
Lo! what a glorious sight appears.....C. M.....905
Lo! what an entertaining sight.....C. M.....699
Lowly and solemn be.....6s & 4s.....680

MAJESTIC sweetness sits enthroned.....C. M.....257
May the grace of Christ, our Saviour.....8s & 7s.....62
Meekly in Jordan's holy stream.....C. M.....808
Men of God, go take your stations.....8s, 7s & 4.....881
Mighty God, while angels bless thee.....8s & 7s.....341
Mine eyes and my desire.....S. M.....682
Mistaken souls that dream of heaven.....C. M.....514
Morning breaks upon the tomb.....7s.....233
Most gracious to fulfil thy word.....C. M.....866
My country, 'tis of thee.....6s & 4s.....1000
My dear Redeemer and my Lord.....L. M.....704
My faith looks up to thee.....6s & 4s.....783
My Father's house on high.....S. M.....1159
My former hopes are fled.....S. M.....491
My God, how endless is thy love.....L. M.....1011
My God, I thank thee; may no thought.....L. M.....605
My God, my everlasting hope.....C. M.....732
My God, my Father, blissful name.....C. M.....177

My God, my Father, while I stray ..... 8s & 6s 659
My God, my King, thy various praise ..... L. M. 108
My God, my portion and my love ..... C. M. 188
My God, my prayer attend ..... S. M. 648
My God, permit me not to be ..... L. M. 630
My God, permit my tongue ..... S. M. 655
My God, the spring of all my joys ..... C. M. 681
My God, thy boundless love I praise ..... C. P. M. 99
My God, thy service well demands ..... C. M. 762
My gracious Lord, I own thy right ..... L. M. 556
My Maker and my King ..... S. M. 689
My never-ceasing song shall show ..... C. M. 161
My opening eyes with rapture see ..... L. M. 41
My Saviour, fill my soul ..... S. M. 662
My Saviour, my almighty Friend ..... C. M. 324
My Shepherd will supply my need ..... C. M. 198
My son, know thou the Lord ..... S. M. 446
My soul, be on thy guard ..... S. M. 717
My soul forsakes her vain delight ..... C. M. 543
My soul, how lovely is the place ..... C. M. 14
My soul lies cleaving to the dust ..... C. M. 692
My soul, repeat his praise ..... S. M. 183
My soul shall praise thee, O my God ..... C. M. 110
My soul, triumphant in the Lord ..... C. M. 713
My soul, with joy attend ..... S. M. 290
My spirit looks to God alone ..... L. M. 601
My spirit sinks within me, Lord ..... L. M. 756
My times of sorrow and of joy ..... C. M. 596
My thoughts surmount these lower skies ..... C. M. 629

NAKED as from the earth we came ..... C. M. 572
Nature, with all her powers, shall sing ..... L. M. 101
Nature with open volume stands ..... L. M. 251
No change of time shall ever shock ..... C. M. 170
No more, my God, I boast no more ..... L. M. 253
Nor eye hath seen, nor ear hath heard ..... C. M. 1153
Not all the blood of beasts ..... S. M. 254
Not all the outward forms on earth ..... C. M. 377
Not to condemn the sons of men ..... L. M. 212
Not to the terrors of the Lord ..... C. M. 789
Not with our mortal eyes ..... S. M. 547
Now begin the heavenly theme 7s 275
Now be my heart inspired to sing ..... L. M. 333
Now for a tune of lofty praise ..... L. M. 244
Now, gracious Lord, thine arm reveal ..... C. M. 1053
Now is th' accepted time ..... S. M. 435
Now is the day of grace ..... S. M. 436
Now let my soul, eternal King ..... L. M. 387
Now let our cheerful eyes survey ..... C. M. 297
Now let our mournful songs record ..... L. M. 836
Now let the angel sound on high ..... L. M. 911
Now the shades of night are gone 7s 1013
Now to the Lord a noble song ..... L. M. 319
Now to the Lord, who makes us know ..... L. M. 321
Now to the power of God supreme ..... L. M. 252

O, ALL ye nations, praise the Lord, Each with ..... C. M. 84
O, all ye nations, praise the Lord, His glorious ..... C. M. 85
O, blessèd souls are they ..... S. M. 495
O, bless the Lord, my soul, His grace ..... S. M. 96
O, bless the Lord, my soul, Let all ..... S. M. 182
O, cease, my wandering soul ..... S. M. 613
O Christ, what gracious words ..... S. M. 276
O, could I find, from day to day ..... C. M. 661
O, could we speak the matchless worth ..... C. P. M. 304
O'er the gloomy hills of darkness ..... 8s, 7s & 4. 891
O'er the realms of pagan darkness ..... 8s, 7s & 4. 877
O Father, good or evil send ..... C. M. 570
O Father, though the anxious fear ..... C. M. 51
O for a closer walk with God ..... C. M. 691
O for a faith that will not shrink ..... C. M. 511
O for a heart to praise my God ..... C. M. 663
O for an overcoming faith ..... C. M. 1076
O for a shout of joy ..... H. M. 157
O for a shout of sacred joy ..... C. M. 248
O for a sight, a pleasing sight ..... L. M. 1154
O for a thousand seraph tongues ..... C. M. 351
O for a thousand tongues to sing ..... C. M. 348
O for that tenderness of heart ..... C. M. 488
O for the death of those ..... S. M. 1114
O God, my inmost soul convert ..... C. P. M. 1133
O God, my strength, my hope ..... S. M. 676
O God of mercy, hear my call ..... C. M. 485
O God of sovereign grace ..... S. M. 859
O God, our help in ages past ..... C. M. 760
O God, though countless worlds of light ..... C. M. 939
O God, to earth incline ..... S. M. 856
O God, to thee my sinking soul ..... C. M. 597
O happy Christian, who can boast ..... C. M. 766
O happy saints, who dwell in light ..... L. M. 1180
O, help us, Lord, each hour of need ..... C. M. 656
O here, if ever, God of love ..... C. M. 848
O holy Lord, our God ..... 6s & 4s. 952
O, how divine, how sweet the joy ..... C. M. 780
O, how I love thy holy law ..... C. M. 389
O, in the morn of life, when youth ..... C. M. 772
O, lay not up upon this earth ..... 8s & 7s. 580
O, let my trembling soul be still ..... L. M. 6 L. 585
O, let our thoughts and wishes fly ..... C. M. 1169
O Lord, and shall our fainting souls ..... L. M. 383
O Lord, and will thy pardoning love ..... C. M. 800
O Lord, behold us at thy feet ..... C. M. 978
O Lord, I fall before thy face ..... L. M. 470
O Lord, if in the book of life ..... C. M. 566
O Lord, I would delight in thee ..... C. M. 538
O Lord, our God, arise ..... S. M. 879
O Lord, our God, how wondrous great ..... C. M. 163
O Lord, our heavenly King ..... S. M. 164
O Lord, thou art my Lord ..... S. M. 537
O Lord, thy heavenly grace impart ..... L. M. 672
O Lord, thy perfect word ..... S. M. 390

O Lord, thy tender mercy hears ..... C. M. 482
O Lord, we in thy footsteps tread ..... C. M. 823
O Lord, when billows o'er me rise ..... C. M. 504
O my soul, what means this sadness ..... 8s, 7s & 4 753
Once more, my soul, the rising day ..... C. M. 1009
Once more we meet to pray ..... S. M. 480
On Jordan's stormy banks I stand ..... C. M. 1173
On God we build our sure defence ..... C. M. 169
On that great, that awful day 7s 1131
On thee, each morning, O my God ..... C. M. 1018
On the mountain's top appearing ..... 8s, 7s & 4 902
On, through Judea's palmy plain ..... C. M. 982
Onward, onward, men of heaven ..... 8s & 7s 883
Onward speed thy conquering flight ..... 7s & 5s 892
O, praise the Lord in that blest place ..... L. M. 86
O Saviour, welcome to my heart ..... C. M. 557
O, sing to Him who loved and bled ..... C. M. 316
O sinner, bring not tears alone ..... C. M. 986
O sinner, why so thoughtless grown ..... L. M. 450
O, speed thee, Christian, on thy way ..... C. M. 722
O, stay thy tears, for they are blest ..... L. M. 1108
O that I knew the secret place ..... C. M. 646
O that the Lord's salvation ..... 7s & 6s 919
O that the Lord would guide my ways ..... C. M. 709
O that thy statutes every hour ..... C. M. 669
O thou, from whom all goodness flows ..... C. M. 667
O thou, my soul, forget no more ..... L. M. 844
O thou Sun of glorious splendor ..... 8s & 7s 871
O Thou that hearest prayer ..... H. M. 359
O Thou that hear'st the prayer of faith ..... C. P. M. 498
O Thou that hear'st when sinners cry ..... L. M. 467
O Thou, to whom all creatures bow ..... C. M. 165
O Thou, who hearest prayer ..... 6s & 5s 1030
O Thou, who once on Israel's ground ..... L. M. 920
O Thou, whose compassionate care 8s 599
O Thou, whose mercy guides my way ..... C. M. 595
O, turn, great Ruler of the skies ..... L. M. 522
Our blest Redeemer, ere he breathed ..... 8s, 6 & 4 352
Our Captain leads us on ..... S. M. 730
Our country is Immanuel's ground ..... C. M. 729
Our Father, God, who art in heaven ..... C. M. 658
Our fathers! where are they ..... S. M. 1062
Our God, how firm his promise stands ..... C. M. 562
Our heavenly Father, hear ..... S. M. 650
Our Helper, God, we bless his name ..... L. M. 1046
Our little bark, on boisterous seas ..... C. M. 961
Our Saviour bowed beneath the wave ..... L. M. 804
Our sins, alas! how strong they are ..... C. M. 1155
Our spirits join to praise the Lamb ..... L. M. 833
Out of the deeps, O Lord, we call ..... C. M. 521
O, what amazing words of grace ..... C. M. 410
O, what is life?—'tis like a flower ..... C. H. M. 1064
O, where is now that glowing love ..... L. M. 684
O, where shall rest be found ..... S. M. 1152

O, worship the King, all glorious above ..... 10s & 11s..... 72
O, ye immortal throng..... H. M..... 249
O Zion, tune thy voice ..... H. M..... 897

PALMS of glory, raiment bright ..... 7s..... 1164
Pastor, thou art from us taken ..... 8s & 7s..... 1117
Peace, troubled soul, &c. ..... L. M. 6 L..... 419
People of the living God ..... 7s..... 695
Permit me, Lord, to seek thy face ..... C. M..... 671
Planted in Christ, the living vine ..... C. M..... 929
Plunged in a gulf of dark despair ..... C. M..... 308
Praise the Lord, his glory bless ..... 7s..... 73
Praise the Lord; ye heavens, adore him ..... 8s & 7s..... 77
Praise to thee, thou great Creator ..... 8s & 7s..... 109
Praise waits in Zion, Lord, for thee; There shall ..... C. M..... 105
Praise waits in Zion, Lord, for thee; Thy saints ..... L. M..... 31
Praise ye Jehovah's name..... 6s & 4s..... 74
Praise ye the Lord; my heart shall join ..... L. M. 95
Praise ye the Lord; on every height ..... C. M..... 66
Prayer is the breath of God in man..... C. M..... 634
Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice..... C. M..... 633
Prayer is the soul's sincere desire..... C. M..... 632
Prayer may be sweet in cottage homes ..... L. M..... 962
Prepare us, Lord, to view thy cross..... C. M..... 841
Proclaim the lofty praise..... 6s, 8s & 4s..... 317

RAISE your triumphant songs..... S. M..... 269
Rejoice! the Lord is King..... H. M..... 325
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THE

PSALMIST.

WORSHIP.

1. L. M. TATE & BRADY.

All Nations exhorted to Adoration and Praise.

1 WITH one consent, let all the earth
To God their cheerful voices raise;
Glad homage pay, with hallowed mirth,
And sing before him songs of praise; —

2 Assured that he is God alone,
From whom both we and all proceed, —
We, whom he chooses for his own,
The flock which he delights to feed.

3 O, enter, then, his temple gate;
Thence to his courts devoutly press;
And still your grateful hymns repeat,
And still his name with praises bless;

4 For he's the Lord, supremely good;
His mercy is forever sure;
His truth, which always firmly stood,
To endless ages shall endure.

2. L. M. WATTS.

The Sovereign Jehovah.

1 BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations, bow with sacred joy;
Know that the Lord is God alone;
He can create and he destroy.

2 His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and formed us men;
And when, like wandering sheep, we strayed,
He brought us to his fold again.

3 We are his people ; we his care ;
Our souls, and all our mortal frame :
What lasting honors shall we rear,
Almighty Maker, to thy name ?

4 We'll crowd thy gates, with thankful songs,
High as the heaven our voices raise ;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

5 Wide as the world is thy command ;
Vast as eternity thy love ;
Firm as a rock thy truth shall stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

3. C. M. WATTS.

Delight in the House of God.

1 HOW did my heart rejoice to hear
My friends devoutly say,
"In Zion let us all appear,
And keep the solemn day"!

2 I love her gates, I love the road ;
The church, adorned with grace,
Stands like a palace built for God,
To show his milder face.

3 Up to her courts, with joy unknown,
The holy tribes repair ;
The Son of David holds his throne,
And sits in judgment there.

4 He hears our praises and complaints ;
And, while his awful voice
Divides the sinners from the saints,
We tremble and rejoice.

5 Peace be within this sacred place,
And joy a constant guest ;
With holy gifts and heavenly grace
Be her attendants blessed.

6 My soul shall pray for Zion still,
While life or breath remains ;
Here my best friends, my kindred, dwell ;
Here God, my Saviour, reigns.

4. C. M. WATTS.

Daily and nightly Devotion.

1 YE that obey th' immortal King,
Attend his holy place;
Bow to the glories of his name,
And sing his wondrous grace.

2 Lift up your hands by morning light,
And raise your thanks on high;
Send your admiring thoughts, by night,
Above the starry sky.

3 The God of Zion cheer your hearts
With rays of quickening grace:
'Tis he that spreads the heavens abroad,
Whose presence fills the place.

5. L. M. WATTS.

Blessedness of worshipping God in his Temple.

1 HOW pleasant, how divinely fair,
O Lord of hosts, thy dwellings are!
With long desire my spirit faints
To meet th' assemblies of thy saints.

2 My flesh would rest in thine abode;
My panting heart cries out for God;
My God, my King, why should I be
So far from all my joys and thee?

3 Blest are the saints, who dwell on high,
Around thy throne, above the sky;
Thy brightest glories shine above,
And all their work is praise and love.

4 Blest are the souls who find a place
Within the temple of thy grace;
There they behold thy gentler rays,
And seek thy face, and learn thy praise.

5 Blest are the men whose hearts are set
To find the way to Zion's gate;
God is their strength; and, through the road,
They lean upon their helper, God.

6 Cheerful they walk, with growing strength,
Till all shall meet in heaven at length;
Till all before thy face appear,
And join in nobler worship there.

6. L. M. WATTS.

Praise to our Creator.

1 YE nations round the earth, rejoice
Before the Lord, your sovereign King;
Serve him with cheerful heart and voice;
With all your tongues his glory sing.

2 The Lord is God; 'tis he alone
Doth life, and breath, and being, give;
We are his work, and not our own,
The sheep that on his pastures live.

3 Enter his gates with songs of joy;
With praises to his courts repair;
And make it your divine employ
To pay your thanks and honors there.

4 The Lord is good; the Lord is kind;
Great is his grace, his mercy sure;
And all the race of man shall find
His truth from age to age endure.

7. C. M. WATTS.

Delight in Worship.

1 I LOVE to see the Lord below;
His church displays his grace;
But upper worlds his glory know,
And view him face to face.

2 I love to worship at his feet,
Though sin annoy me there;
But saints, exalted near his seat,
Have no assaults to fear.

3 I love to meet him in his court,
And taste his heavenly love;
But still his visits seem too short,
Or I too soon remove.

4 He shines, and I am all delight;
He hides, and all is pain:
When will he fix me in his sight,
And ne'er depart again?

5 O Lord, I love thy service now;
Thy church displays thy power;
But soon in heaven I hope to bow,
And praise thee evermore.

8. C. M. WATTS.

Anticipating Worship.

1 LORD, in the morning thou shalt hear
My voice ascending high;
To thee will I direct my prayer,
To thee lift up mine eye; —

2 Up to the hills where Christ is gone
To plead for all his saints,
Presenting at his Father's throne
Our songs and our complaints.

3 Thou art a God before whose sight
The wicked shall not stand;
Sinners shall ne'er be thy delight,
Nor dwell at thy right hand.

4 But to thy house will I resort,
To taste thy mercies there;
I will frequent thine holy court,
And worship in thy fear.

5 O, may thy Spirit guide my feet
In ways of righteousness,
Make every path of duty straight
And plain before my face.

9. C. M. JERVIS.

Homage and Devotion.

1 WITH sacred joy we lift our eyes
To those bright realms above,
That glorious temple in the skies,
Where dwells eternal Love.

2 Before the gracious throne we bow
Of heaven's almighty King;
Here we present the solemn vow,
And hymns of praise we sing.

3 O Lord, while in thy house we kneel,
With trust and holy fear,
Thy mercy and thy truth reveal,
And lend a gracious ear.

4 With fervor teach our hearts to pray,
And tune our lips to sing;
Nor from thy presence cast away
The sacrifice we bring.

10. H. M. WATTS.

Longing for the House of God.

1 LORD of the worlds above,
How pleasant and how fair
The dwellings of thy love,
Thine earthly temples, are!
To thine abode | With warm desires
My heart aspires, | To see my God.

2 O, happy souls, who pray
Where God appoints to hear!
O, happy men, who pay
Their constant service there!
They praise thee still; | Who love the way
And happy they | To Zion's hill.

3 They go from strength to strength,
Through this dark vale of tears,
Till each arrives at length,
Till each in heaven appears:
O glorious seat, | Shall thither bring
When God, our King, | Our willing feet.

11. S. M. E. TAYLOR.

Invitation to the House of God.

1 COME to the house of prayer,
O thou afflicted, come;
The God of peace shall meet thee there;
He makes that house his home.

2 Come to the house of praise,
Ye who are happy now;
In sweet accord your voices raise,
In kindred homage bow.

3 Ye aged, hither come,
For ye have felt his love;
Soon shall your trembling tongues be dumb,
Your lips forget to move.

4 Ye young, before his throne,
Come, bow; your voices raise;
Let not your hearts his praise disown
Who gives the power to praise.

5 Thou, whose benignant eye
In mercy looks on all,
Who seest the tear of misery,
And hear'st the mourner's call, —

6 Up to thy dwelling-place
Bear our frail spirits on,
Till they outstrip time's tardy pace,
And heaven on earth be won.

12. S. P. M. WATTS.

Delight in the House of God.

1 HOW pleased and blest was I
To hear the people cry,
"Come, let us seek our God to-day!"
Yes, with a cheerful zeal,
We haste to Zion's hill,
And there our vows and honors pay.

2 Zion, thrice happy place,
Adorned with wondrous grace,
And walls of strength embrace thee round;
In thee our tribes appear,
To pray, and praise, and hear
The sacred gospel's joyful sound.

3 Here David's greater Son
Has fixed his royal throne;
He sits for grace and judgment here;
He bids the saint be glad;
He makes the sinner sad,
And humble souls rejoice with fear.

4 May peace attend thy gate,
And joy within thee wait,
To bless the soul of every guest;
The man who seeks thy peace,
And wishes thine increase,
A thousand blessings on him rest.

5 My tongue repeats her vows,
"Peace to this sacred house!"
For here my friends and kindred dwell;
And, since my glorious God
Makes thee his blest abode,
My soul shall ever love thee well.

13. H. M. WATTS.

Enjoyment in Worship.

1 TO spend one sacred day
Where God and saints abide,
Affords diviner joy
Than thousand days beside:
Where God resorts, | To keep the door
I love it more | Than shine in courts.

2 God is our sun and shield,
Our light and our defence;
With gifts his hands are filled;
We draw our blessings thence:
He will bestow | Peculiar grace,
On Jacob's race | And glory too.

3 The Lord his people loves;
His hand no good withholds
From those his heart approves, —
From pure and upright souls.
Thrice happy he, | Whose spirit trusts
O God of hosts, | Alone in thee.

14. C. M. WATTS.

God present in the Sanctuary.

1 MY soul, how lovely is the place
To which thy God resorts!
'Tis heaven to see his smiling face,
Though in his earthly courts.

2 There the great Monarch of the skies
His saving power displays;
And light breaks in upon our eyes
With kind and quickening rays.

3 With his rich gifts the heavenly Dove
Descends and fills the place,
While Christ reveals his wondrous love,
And sheds abroad his grace.

4 There, mighty God, thy words declare
The secrets of thy will;
And still we seek thy mercy there,
And sing thy praises still.

15. C. M. WATTS.

Thankful Acknowledgment of God's Goodness.

1 WHAT shall I render to my God,
For all his kindness shown?
My feet shall visit thine abode,
My songs address thy throne.

2 Among the saints who fill thy house,
My offering shall be paid;
There shall my zeal perform the vows
My soul, in anguish, made.

3 How much is mercy thy delight,
Thou ever-blessèd God!
How dear thy servants in thy sight!
How precious is their blood!

4 How happy all thy servants are!
How great thy grace to me!
My life, which thou hast made thy care,
Lord, I devote to thee.

5 Now I am thine, — forever thine, —
Nor shall my purpose move;
Thy hand hath loosed my bonds of pain,
And bound me with thy love.

6 Here, in thy courts, I leave my vow,
And thy rich grace record;
Witness, ye saints, who hear me now,
If I forsake the Lord.

16. C. M. NEWTON.

A Blessing sought.

1 GREAT Shepherd of thy people, hear;
Thy presence now display;
We kneel within thy house of prayer;
O, give us hearts to pray.

2 The clouds which veil thee from our sight,
In pity, Lord, remove;
Dispose our minds to hear aright
The message of thy love.

3 Help us, with holy fear and joy,
To kneel before thy face;
O, make us creatures of thy power,
The children of thy grace.

17. C. M. H. M. Williams.

Habitual Devotion.

1 WHILE thee I seek, protecting Power,
Be my vain wishes stilled;
And may this consecrated hour
With better hopes be filled.

2 Thy love the power of thought bestowed;
To thee my thoughts would soar;
Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed;
That mercy I adore.

3 In each event of life, how clear
Thy ruling hand I see!
Each blessing to my soul more dear
Because conferred by thee.

4 In every joy that crowns my days,
In every pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in prayer.

5 When gladness wings my favored hour,
Thy love my thoughts shall fill;
Resigned, when storms of sorrow lower,
My soul shall meet thy will.

6 My lifted eye, without a tear,
The gathering storm shall see;
My steadfast heart shall know no fear;
That heart shall rest on thee.

18. C. M. Watts.

Longing for the House of God.

1 EARLY, my God, without delay,
I haste to seek thy face;
My thirsty spirit faints away
Without thy cheering grace.

2 So pilgrims, on the scorching sand,
Beneath a burning sky,
Long for a cooling stream at hand;
And they must drink, or die.

3 I've seen thy glory, and thy power,
Through all thy temple shine;
My God, repeat that heavenly hour,
That vision so divine.

4 Not all the blessings of a feast
Can please my soul so well,
As when thy richer grace I taste,
And in thy presence dwell.

5 Not life itself, with all its joys,
Can my best passions move,
Or raise so high my cheerful voice,
As thy forgiving love.

6 Thus, till my last, expiring day,
I'll bless my God and King;
Thus will I lift my hands to pray,
And tune my lips to sing.

19. 7s. J. Taylor.

Elements of acceptable Worship.

1 FATHER of our feeble race,
Wise, beneficent, and kind,
Spread o'er nature's ample face,
Flows thy goodness unconfined:
Musing in the silent grove,
Or the busy walks of men,
Still we trace thy wondrous love,
Claiming large returns again.

2 Lord, what offerings shall we bring,
At thine altars when we bow?
Hearts, the pure, unsullied spring,
Whence the kind affections flow;
Soft compassion's feeling soul,
By the melting eye expressed;
Sympathy, at whose control
Sorrow leaves the wounded breast;—

3 Willing hands to lead the blind,
Heal the wounded, feed the poor;
Love, embracing all our kind;
Charity, with liberal store:
Teach us, O thou heavenly King,
Thus to show our grateful mind,
Thus th' accepted offering bring,—
Love to thee and all mankind.

20. L. M. WATTS.

Joy of public Worship.

1 GREAT God, attend, while Zion sings
The joy that from thy presence springs:
To spend one day with thee on earth
Exceeds a thousand days of mirth.

2 Might I enjoy the meanest place
Within thy house, O God of grace,
Not tents of ease, nor thrones of power,
Should tempt my feet to leave thy door.

3 God is our sun — he makes our day;
God is our shield — he guards our way
From all th' assaults of hell and sin;
From foes without and foes within.

4 All needful grace will God bestow,
And crown that grace with glory too:
He gives us all things, and withholds
No real good from upright souls.

5 O God, our King, whose sovereign sway
The glorious host of heaven obey,
Display thy grace, exert thy power,
Till all on earth thy name adore.

21. C. M. SACRED POETRY.

Prayer for Sincerity.

1 LORD, when we bow before thy throne,
And our confessions pour,
O, may we feel the sins we own,
And hate what we deplore.

2 Our contrite spirits, pitying, see;
True penitence impart;
And let a healing ray from thee
Beam hope on every heart.

3 When we disclose our wants in prayer,
O, let our wills resign,
And not a thought our bosoms share
Which is not wholly thine.

4 Let faith each meek petition fill,
And waft it to the skies,
And teach our hearts 'tis goodness, still,
That grants it, or denies.

22. C. M. STEELE.

The Presence of God sought in his House.

1 COME, O thou King of all thy saints,
Our humble tribute own,
While, with our praises and complaints,
We bow before thy throne.

2 How should our songs, like those above,
With warm devotion rise!
How should our souls, on wings of love,
Mount upward to the skies!

3 But, ah, the song, how faint it flows!
How languid our desire!
How dim the sacred passion glows
Till thou the heart inspire!

4 Dear Saviour, let thy glory shine,
And fill thy dwellings here,
Till life, and love, and joy divine,
A heaven on earth appear.

23. 8s, 7s & 4. KELLY.

Spiritual Improvement.

1 IN thy name, O Lord, assembling,
We, thy people, now draw near;
Teach us to rejoice with trembling;
Speak, and let thy servants hear, —
Hear with meekness, —
Hear thy word with godly fear.

2 While our days on earth are lengthened,
May we give them, Lord, to thee;
Cheered by hope, and daily strengthened,
We would run, nor weary be,
Till thy glory,
Without clouds, in heaven we see.

3 There, in worship purer, sweeter,
All thy people shall adore,
Tasting of enjoyment greater
Than they could conceive before, —
Full enjoyment, —
Holy bliss, forevermore.

24. C. M. MONTGOMERY.

Invocation for a Blessing in Worship.

1 LORD, teach thy servants how to pray
With reverence and with fear:
Though dust and ashes, yet we may,
We must, to thee draw near.

2 We come, then, God of grace, to thee;
Give broken, contrite hearts;
Give — what thine eye delights to see —
Truth in the inward parts.

3 Give deep humility; the sense
Of godly sorrow give;
A strong, desiring confidence
To see thy face and live.

4 Give faith in that one sacrifice
Which can for sin atone;
To cast our hopes, to fix our eyes,
On Christ, and Christ alone.

5 Give patience, still to wait and weep,
Though mercy long delay;
Courage, our fainting souls to keep,
And trust thee, though thou slay.

6 Give these, and then thy will be done:
Thus strengthened with all might,
We, through thy Spirit and thy Son,
Shall pray, and pray aright.

25. 7s. HAMMOND.

A Blessing humbly requested.

1 LORD, we come before thee now;
At thy feet we humbly bow;
O, do not our suit disdain;
Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain?

2 Lord, on thee our souls depend;
In compassion now descend;
Fill our hearts with thy rich grace;
Tune our lips to sing thy praise.

3 In thine own appointed way,
Now we seek thee; here we stay;
Lord, from hence we would not go,
Till a blessing thou bestow.

4 Comfort those who weep and mourn;
Let the time of joy return;
Those that are cast down, lift up;
Make them strong in faith and hope.

5 Grant that all may seek and find
Thee a God supremely kind;
Heal the sick; the captive free;
Let us all rejoice in thee.

26. L. M. WATTS.

The Indwelling of God desired.

1 COME, gracious Lord, descend and dwell,
By faith and love, in every breast;
Then shall we know, and taste, and feel,
The joys that cannot be expressed.

2 Come, fill our hearts with inward strength,
Make our enlargéd souls possess,
And learn the height, and breadth, and length,
Of thine eternal love and grace.

3 Now to the God whose power can do
More than our thoughts and wishes know,
Be everlasting honors done,
By all the church, through Christ, his Son.

27. C. M. PRATT'S COL.

A Blessing sought.

1 AGAIN our earthly cares we leave,
And to thy courts repair;
Again, with joyful feet, we come
To meet our Saviour here.

2 Within these walls let holy peace,
And love, and concord, dwell;
Here give the troubled conscience ease,
The wounded spirit heal.

3 The feeling heart, the melting eye,
The humble mind, bestow;
And shine upon us from on high,
To make our graces grow.

4 May we in faith receive thy word,
In faith present our prayers,
And in the presence of our Lord
Unbosom all our cares.

5 Show us some token of thy love,
Our fainting hope to raise,
And pour thy blessing from above,
That we may render praise.

28. 7s. MONTGOMERY.

Prayer for a Blessing on public Worship.

1 TO thy temple we repair;
Lord, we love to worship there;
There, within the veil, we meet
Christ upon the mercy-seat.

2 While thy glorious name is sung,
Tune our lips, inspire our tongue;
Then our joyful souls shall bless
Christ, the Lord our Righteousness.

3 While to thee our prayers ascend,
Let thine ear in love attend;
Hear us when thy Spirit pleads;
Hear, for Jesus intercedes.

4 While thy word is heard with awe,
While we tremble at thy law,
Let thy gospel's wondrous love
Every doubt and fear remove.

5 From thy house when we return,
Let our hearts within us burn;
Then, at evening, we may say,
"We have walked with God to-day."

29. C. M. PRESB. COL.

Prayer for special Favor.

1 WITHIN thy house, O Lord, our God,
In glory now appear;
Make this a place of thine abode,
And shed thy blessings here.

2 When we thy mercy-seat surround,
Thy Spirit, Lord, impart;
And let thy gospel's joyful sound
With power reach every heart.

3 Here let the blind their sight obtain;
Here give the mourners rest;
Let Jesus here triumphant reign,
Enthroned in every breast.

4 Here let the voice of sacred joy
And humble prayer arise,
Till higher strains our tongues employ
In realms beyond the skies.

30. S. M. C. WESLEY.

Claiming the Promise.

1 JESUS, we look to thee,
Thy promised presence claim;
Thou in the midst of us wilt be,
Assembled in thy name.

2 Thy name salvation is,
Which here we come to prove;
Thy name is life, and health, and peace,
And everlasting love.

3 We meet, the grace to take
Which thou hast freely given;
We meet on earth for thy dear sake,
That we may meet in heaven.

4 O, may thy quickening voice
The death of sin remove,
And bid our inmost souls rejoice
In hope of perfect love.

31. L. M. SIR J. E. SMITH.

Devout Worship of God.

1 PRAISE waits in Zion, Lord, for thee;
Thy saints adore thy holy name;
Thy creatures bend th' obedient knee,
And, humbly, thy protection claim.

2 Thy hand has raised us from the dust ;
The breath of life thy spirit gave ;
Where, but in thee, can mortals trust ?
Who, but our God, has power to save ?

3 Eternal source of truth and light,
To thee we look, on thee we call ;
Lord, we are nothing in thy sight,
But thou to us art all in all.

4 Still may thy children in thy word
Their common trust and refuge see ;
O, bind us to each other, Lord,
By one great tie, — the love of thee.

5 Here, at the portal of thy house,
We leave our mortal hopes and fears ;
Accept our prayer, and bless our vows,
And dry our penitential tears.

6 So shall our sun of hope arise,
With brighter still and brighter ray,
Till thou shalt bless our longing eyes
With beams of everlasting day.

32. S. M. URWICK'S COL.

Pleasures of Spiritual Worship.

1 HOW sweet to bless the Lord,
And in his praises join,
With saints his goodness to record,
And sing his power divine !

2 These seasons of delight
The dawn of glory seem,
Like rays of pure, celestial light,
Which on our spirits beam.

3 O, blest assurance this ;
Bright morn of heavenly day ;
Sweet foretaste of eternal bliss,
That cheers the pilgrim's way.

4 Thus may our joys increase,
Our love more ardent grow,
While rich supplies of Jesus' grace
Refresh our souls below.

5 But, O, the bliss sublime,
When joy shall be complete,
In that unclouded, glorious clime
Where all thy servants meet!

6 Then shall the ransomed throng
The Saviour's love record,
And shout, in everlasting song,
"Salvation to the Lord!"

THE SABBATH.

33. C. M. EDMESTON.

The Lord's Day Morning.

1 WHEN the worn spirit wants repose,
And sighs her God to seek,
How sweet to hail the evening's close,
That ends the weary week!

2 How sweet to hail the early dawn,
That opens on the sight,
When first that soul-reviving morn
Sheds forth new rays of light!

3 Sweet day! thine hours too soon will cease;
Yet, while they gently roll,
Breathe, heavenly Spirit, source of peace,
A Sabbath o'er my soul.

4 When will my pilgrimage be done,
The world's long week be o'er,
That Sabbath dawn, which needs no sun,
That day, which fades no more?

34. C. M. WATTS.

Celebration of Christ's Resurrection.

1 THIS is the day the Lord hath made;
He calls the hours his own;
Let heaven rejoice, let earth be glad,
And praise surround the throne.

2 To-day he rose, and left the dead,
And Satan's empire fell;
To-day the saints his triumph spread,
And all his wonders tell.

3 Hosanna to th' anointed King,
To David's holy Son;
Help us, O Lord; descend and bring
Salvation from thy throne.

4 Blest be the Lord, who comes to men
With messages of grace;
Who comes, in God the Father's name,
To save our sinful race.

5 Hosanna in the highest strains
The church on earth can raise!
The highest heavens, in which he reigns,
Shall give him nobler praise.

35. L. M. J. STENNETT.

Holy Enjoyment anticipated.

1 ANOTHER six days' work is done,
Another Sabbath is begun;
Return, my soul, enjoy thy rest,
Improve the day that God hath blest.

2 O that our thoughts and thanks may rise,
As grateful incense, to the skies,
And draw from heaven that sweet repose
Which none but he that feels it knows!

3 A heavenly calm pervades the breast,
The earnest of that glorious rest
Which for the church of God remains,
The end of cares, the end of pains.

4 With joy, great God, thy works we view,
In various scenes, both old and new:
With praise, we think on mercies past;
With hope, we future pleasures taste.

5 In holy duties let the day,
In holy pleasures, pass away;
How sweet, a Sabbath thus to spend,
In hope of one that ne'er shall end!

36. C. M. KELLY.

Christ risen.

1 AND now another week begins;
This day we call the Lord's;
This day he rose who bore our sins,
For so his word records.

2 Hark, how the angels sweetly sing!
Their voices fill the sky;
They hail their great, victorious King,
And welcome him on high.

3 We'll catch the note of lofty praise;
Their joys, O, may we feel;
Our thankful song with them we'll raise,
And emulate their zeal.

4 Come, then, ye saints, and grateful sing
Of Christ, our risen Lord;
Of Christ, the everlasting King;
Of Christ, th' incarnate Word.

5 Hail, mighty Saviour! thee we hail,
High on thy throne above;
Till heart and flesh together fail,
We'll sing thy matchless love.

37.

10s. W. MASON.

The Sabbath a Day of holy Rest.

1 AGAIN returns the day of holy rest,
Which, when he made the world, Jehovah blest;
When, like his own, he bade our labors cease,
And all be piety, and all be peace.

2 Let us devote this consecrated day
To learn his will, and all we learn obey;
So shall he hear, when fervently we raise
Our supplications and our songs of praise.

3 Father of heaven, in whom our hopes confide,
Whose power defends us, and whose precepts guide,
In life our Guardian, and in death our Friend,
Glory supreme be thine, till time shall end.

38.

H. M. COTTERILL.

The Resurrection celebrated.

1 AWAKE, ye saints, awake,
And hail the sacred day;
In loftiest songs of praise
Your joyful homage pay;
Come, bless the day | The type of heaven's
That God hath blest, | Eternal rest.

2 On this auspicious morn
The Lord of life arose,
And burst the bars of death,
And vanquished all our foes;
And now he pleads | And reaps the fruit
Our cause above, | Of all his love.

3 All hail, triumphant Lord!
Heaven with hosannas rings;
And earth, in humbler strains,
Thy praise responsive sings:
Worthy the Lamb, | Through endless years
That once was slain, | To live and reign.

39. C. M. De Courcy's Col.

The Sabbath a Type of Heaven.

1 COME, let us join, with sweet accord,
In hymns around the throne;
This is the day our rising Lord
Hath made and called his own.

2 This is the day which God hath blest,
The brightest of the seven, —
A type of that eternal rest
Which saints enjoy in heaven.

40. S. M. Watts.

The Sabbath welcomed.

1 WELCOME, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise;
Welcome to this reviving breast
And these rejoicing eyes.

2 The King himself comes near,
And feasts his saints to-day;
Here we may sit, and see him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.

3 One day, amid the place
Where Christ, my Lord, has been,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Of pleasure and of sin.

4 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
Till called to rise and soar away
To everlasting bliss.

41. L. M. Epis. Col.

Rejoicing in the Sabbath.

1 MY opening eyes with rapture see
The dawn of thy returning day;
My thoughts, O God, ascend to thee,
While thus my early vows I pay.

2 I yield my heart to thee alone,
Nor would receive another guest:
Eternal King, erect thy throne,
And reign sole monarch in my breast.

3 O, bid this trifling world retire,
And drive each carnal thought away;
Nor let me feel one vain desire,
One sinful thought, through all the day.

4 Then, to thy courts when I repair,
My soul shall rise on joyful wing,
The wonders of thy love declare,
And join the strains which angels sing.

42. 10s. Browne.

Spiritual Longings.

1 HAIL, happy day! thou day of holy rest!
What heavenly peace and transport fill my breast
When Christ, the God of grace, in love descends,
And kindly holds communion with his friends!

2 Let earth and all its vanities be gone,
Move from my sight, and leave my soul alone;
Its flattering, fading glories I despise,
And to immortal beauties turn my eyes.

3 Fain would I mount and penetrate the skies,
And on my Saviour's glories fix my eyes:
O, meet my rising soul, thou God of love,
And waft it to the blissful realms above.

43. C. M. Spirit of the Psalms.

Joy of Worship.

1 WITH joy we hail the sacred day
Which God has called his own;
With joy the summons we obey,
To worship at his throne.

2 Thy chosen temple, Lord, how fair!
Where willing votaries throng
To breathe the humble, fervent prayer,
And pour the choral song.

3 Spirit of grace, O, deign to dwell
Within thy church below;
Make her in holiness excel,
With pure devotion glow.

4 Let peace within her walls be found;
Let all her sons unite
To spread, with grateful zeal, around,
Her clear and shining light.

5 Great God, we hail the sacred day
Which thou hast called thine own;
With joy the summons we obey,
To worship at thy throne.

44. H. M. HAYWARD.

Sabbath Morning.

1 WELCOME, delightful morn;
Sweet day of sacred rest,
I hail thy kind return;
Lord, make these moments blest:
From low desires | I soar to reach
And fleeting toys, | Immortal joys.

2 Now may the King descend,
And fill his throne of grace;
Thy sceptre, Lord, extend,
While saints address thy face:
Let sinners feel | And learn to know
Thy quickening word, | And fear the Lord.

3 Descend, celestial Dove,
With all thy quickening powers;
Disclose a Saviour's love,
And bless the sacred hours:
Then shall my soul | Nor Sabbaths be
New life obtain, | Enjoyed in vain.

45. S. M. Spir. of the Psalms.

Enjoyment in Worship.

1 SWEET is the work, O Lord,
Thy glorious name to sing,
To praise and pray, to hear thy word,
And grateful offerings bring; —

2 Sweet, at the dawning light,
Thy boundless love to tell,
And, when approach the shades of night,
Still on the theme to dwell; —

3 Sweet, on this day of rest,
To join, in heart and voice,
With those who love and serve thee best,
And in thy name rejoice.

4 To songs of praise and joy
Be every Sabbath given,
That such may be our blest employ
Eternally in heaven.

46. C. M. Mrs. Follen.

Love of Sabbath Service.

1 HOW sweet, upon this sacred day,
The best of all the seven,
To cast our earthly thoughts away,
And think of God and heaven!

2 How sweet to be allowed to pray
Our sins may be forgiven!
With filial confidence to say,
"Father, who art in heaven"!

3 How sweet the words of peace to hear
From Him to whom 'tis given
To wake the penitential tear,
And lead the way to heaven!

4 And if, to make our sins depart,
In vain the will has striven,
He who regards the inmost heart
Will send his grace from heaven.

5 Then hail, thou sacred, blesséd day,
The best of all the seven,
When hearts unite their vows to pay
Of gratitude to Heaven!

47. 7s, 6 L. NEWTON.

The Sabbath in the Sanctuary.

1 SAFELY through another week
God has brought us on our way;
Let us now a blessing seek,
Waiting in his courts to-day, —
Day of all the week the best,
Emblem of eternal rest.

2 While we seek supplies of grace,
Through the dear Redeemer's name,
Show thy reconciling face,
Take away our sin and shame;
From our worldly cares set free,
May we rest, this day, in thee.

3 Here we come thy name to praise;
Let us feel thy presence near;
May thy glory meet our eyes,
While we in thy house appear;
Here afford us, Lord, a taste
Of our everlasting feast.

4 May the gospel's joyful sound
Conquer sinners, comfort saints,
Make the fruits of grace abound,
Bring relief from all complaints:
Thus let all our Sabbaths prove,
Till we join the church above.

48. S. M. BULFINCH.

Sabbath Worship.

1 HAIL to the Sabbath day!
The day divinely given,
When men to God their homage pay,
And earth draws near to heaven.

2 Lord, in this sacred hour,
Within thy courts we bend,
And bless thy love, and own thy power,
Our Father and our Friend.

3 But thou art not alone
In courts by mortals trod;
Nor only is the day thine own
When man draws near to God.

4 Thy temple is the arch
Of yon unmeasured sky;
Thy Sabbath, the stupendous march
Of grand eternity.

5 Lord, may that holier day
Dawn on thy servants' sight;
And purer worship may we pay
In heaven's unclouded light.

49. L. M. BARBAULD.

The Sacrifice of the Heart.

1 WHEN, as returns this solemn day,
Man comes to meet his Maker, God,
What rites, what honors shall he pay?
How spread his sovereign name abroad?

2 From marble domes and gilded spires
Shall curling clouds of incense rise,
And gems, and gold, and garlands, deck
The costly pomp of sacrifice?

3 Vain, sinful man! creation's Lord
Thy golden offerings well may spare;
But give thy heart, and thou shalt find
Here dwells a God who heareth prayer.

4 O, grant us, in this solemn hour,
From earth and sin's allurements free,
To feel thy love, to own thy power,
And raise each raptured thought to thee!

50. L. M. WATTS.

Delight in the Sabbath.

1 SWEET is the work, my God, my King,
To praise thy name, give thanks, and sing;
To show thy love by morning light,
And talk of all thy truth at night.

2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest;
No mortal care shall fill my breast;
O, may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp, of solemn sound.

3 My heart shall triumph in the Lord,
And bless his works, and bless his word:
His works of grace, how bright they shine!
How deep his counsels, how divine!

4 And I shall share a glorious part,
When grace hath well refined my heart,
And fresh supplies of joy are shed,
Like holy oil, to cheer my head.

5 Then shall I see, and hear, and know,
All I desired or wished below,
And every power find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy.

51. C. M. BARBAULD.

The World banished.

1 O FATHER, though the anxious fear
May cloud to-morrow's way,
Nor fear nor doubt shall enter here;
All shall be thine to-day.

2 We will not bring divided hearts
To worship at thy shrine;
But each unholy thought departs,
And leaves the temple thine.

3 Sleep, sleep to-day, tormenting cares,
Of earth and folly born;
Ye shall not dim the light that streams
From this celestial morn.

4 To-morrow will be time enough
To feel your harsh control;
Ye shall not desecrate, this day,
The Sabbath of the soul.

52. L. M. BATHURST.

Improvement of the Sabbath.

1 THIS day the Lord hath called his own;
O, let us, then, his praise declare,
Fix our desires on him alone,
And seek his face with fervent prayer.

2 Lord, in thy love we would rejoice,
Which bids the burdened soul be free,
And, with united heart and voice,
Devote these sacred hours to thee.

3 Now let the world's delusive things
No more our grovelling thoughts employ,
But Faith be taught to stretch her wings,
In search of heaven's unfailing joy.

4 O, let these earthly Sabbaths, Lord,
Be to our lasting welfare blest;
The purest comfort here afford,
And fit us for eternal rest.

53. H. M. BREVIARY.

A Blessing sought on Worship.

1 HERE, gracious God, do thou
In mercy now draw nigh;
Accept each faithful prayer,
And mark each suppliant sigh;
In copious shower, | This holy day,
On all who pray, | Thy blessings pour.

2 Here may we find from heaven
The grace which we implore;
And may that grace, once given,
Be with us evermore, —
Until that day | To endless rest
When all the blest | Are called away.

54. L. M. RAFFLES.

The Hour of Prayer.

1 BLEST hour, when mortal man retires
To hold communion with his God,
To send to heaven his warm desires,
And listen to the sacred word.

2 Blest hour, when earthly cares resign
Their empire o'er his anxious breast,
While, all around, the calm divine
Proclaims the holy day of rest.

3 Blest hour, when God himself draws nigh,
Well pleased his people's voice to hear,
To hush the penitential sigh,
And wipe away the mourner's tear.

4 Blest hour! for, where the Lord resorts,
Foretastes of future bliss are given,
And mortals find his earthly courts
The house of God, the gate of heaven.

55. L. M. Doddridge.

The earthly and heavenly Sabbath.

1 THINE earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love;
But there's a nobler rest above;
To that our longing souls aspire,
With cheerful hope and strong desire.

2 No more fatigue, no more distress,
Nor sin, nor death, shall reach the place;
No groans shall mingle with the songs
Which dwell upon immortal tongues; —

3 No rude alarms of angry foes;
No cares, to break the long repose;
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
But sacred, high, eternal noon.

4 O long-expected day, begin;
Dawn on these realms of pain and sin;
With joy we'll tread th' appointed road,
And sleep in death, to rest with God.

56. 7s. S. F. Smith.

Sabbath Evening.

1 SOFTLY fades the twilight ray
Of the holy Sabbath day;
Gently as life's setting sun,
When the Christian's course is run.

2 Night her solemn mantle spreads
O'er the earth, as daylight fades;
All things tell of calm repose,
At the holy Sabbath's close.

3 Peace is on the world abroad;
'Tis the holy peace of God, —
Symbol of the peace within,
When the spirit rests from sin.

4 Still the Spirit lingers near,
Where the evening worshipper
Seeks communion with the skies,
Pressing onward to the prize.

5 Saviour, may our Sabbaths be
Days of peace and joy in thee,
Till in heaven our souls repose,
Where the Sabbath ne'er shall close.

57. C. M. C. WESLEY.

The Light of God's Countenance.

1 ETERNAL Sun of Righteousness,
Display thy beams divine,
And cause the glory of thy face
On all our hearts to shine.

2 Light in thy light, O, may we see
Thy grace and mercy prove,
Revived, and cheered, and blessed by thee,
The God of pardoning love.

58. C. M. C. WESLEY.

Prayer for a Blessing on the Word.

1 FATHER of all, in whom, alone,
We live, and move, and breathe,
One bright, celestial ray send down,
And cheer thy sons beneath.

2 While in thy word we search for thee,
O, fill our souls with awe;
Thy light impart, that we may see
The wonders of thy law.

3 Now let our darkness comprehend
The light that shines so clear;
Now thy revealing Spirit send,
And give us ears to hear.

4 Before us make thy goodness pass,
Which here, by faith, we know;
Let us in Jesus see thy face,
And die to all below.

59. C. M. C. WESLEY.

Seeking a Blessing.

1 ALMIGHTY God, eternal Lord,
Thy gracious power make known;
Apply the virtue of thy word,
And melt the heart of stone.

2 Speak, with the voice that wakes the dead,
And bid the sleeper rise;
O, let his guilty conscience dread
The death that never dies.

3 Let us receive the word we hear,
Each in an honest heart;
Lay up the precious treasure there,
And never with it part.

60. 7s. KELLY.

A Blessing desired.

1 SAVIOUR, bless thy word to all;
Quick and powerful let it prove;
O, may sinners hear thy call;
Let thy people grow in love.

2 Thine own gracious message bless;
Follow it with power divine;
Give the gospel great success;
Thine the work, the glory thine.

3 Saviour, bid the world rejoice;
Send, O, send thy truth abroad;
Let the nations hear thy voice, —
Hear it, and return to God.

61. 7s. SALISBURY COL.

Prayer for a Blessing.

1 GLORIOUS in thy saints appear;
Plant thy heavenly kingdom here;
Light and life to all impart;
Shine on each believing heart; —

2 And, in every grace complete,
Make us, Lord, for glory meet;
Till we stand before thy sight,
Partners with the saints in light.

62. 8s & 7s. NEWTON.

Prayer for a Blessing.

1 MAY the grace of Christ, our Saviour,
And the Father's boundless love,
With the Holy Spirit's favor,
Rest upon us from above.

2 Thus may we abide in union
With each other and the Lord,
And possess, in sweet communion,
Joys which earth cannot afford.

63. 8s, 7s & 4. JAY.

Prayer for a Blessing.

1 COME, thou soul-transforming Spirit,
Bless the sower and the seed;
Let each heart thy grace inherit;
Raise the weak, the hungry feed;
From the gospel
Now supply thy people's need.

2 O, may all enjoy the blessing
Which thy word 's designed to give;
Let us all, thy love possessing,
Joyfully the truth receive,
And forever
To thy praise and glory live.

64. L. M. HART.

Dismission.

1 DISMISS us with thy blessing, Lord;
Help us to feed upon thy word;
All that has been amiss forgive,
And let thy truth within us live.

2 Though we are guilty, thou art good;
Wash all our works in Jesus' blood;
Give every burdened soul release,
And bid us all depart in peace.

65. 8s, 7s & 4. BURDER.

Dismission.

1 LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing;
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us each, thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace:
O, refresh us,
Travelling through this wilderness.

2 Thanks we give, and adoration,
For thy gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound;
May thy presence
With us evermore be found.

3 Then, whene'er the signal 's given
Us from earth to call away,
Borne, on angels' wings, to heaven, —
Glad the summons to obey, —
May we ever
Reign with Christ in endless day.

PRAISE TO GOD.

66. C. M. HEMANS.

Invitation to offer Praise.

1 PRAISE ye the Lord; on every height
Songs to his glory raise;
Ye angel hosts, ye stars of night,
Join in immortal praise.

2 O fire and vapor, hail and snow,
Ye servants of his will;
O stormy winds, that only blow
His mandates to fulfil; —

3 Mountains and rocks, to heaven that rise;
Fair cedars of the wood;
Creatures of life that wing the skies,
Or track the plains for food; —

4 Judges of nations; kings, whose hand
Waves the proud sceptre high;
O youths and virgins of the land;
O age and infancy; —

5 Praise ye his name, to whom alone
All homage should be given,
Whose glory, from th' eternal throne,
Spreads wide o'er earth and heaven.

67. H. M. WATTS.

Exhortation to Praise.

1 YE tribes of Adam, join
With heaven, and earth, and seas,
And offer notes divine
To your Creator's praise:
Ye holy throng | In worlds of light
Of angels bright, | Begin the song.

2 The shining worlds above
In glorious order stand,
Or in swift courses move,
By his supreme command:
He spake the word, | From nothing came
And all their frame | To praise the Lord.

3 Let all the nations fear
The God that rules above;
He brings his people near,
And makes them taste his love;
While earth and sky | His saints shall raise
Attempt his praise, | His honors high.

68. H. M. DWIGHT.

God's Goodness and Truth.

1 SING to the Lord most high;
Let every land adore;
With grateful voice make known
His goodness and his power;
With cheerful songs | And let his praise
Declare his ways, | Inspire your tongues.

2 Enter his courts with joy;
With fear address the Lord;
He formed us with his hand,
And quickened by his word;
With wide command, | O'er every sea
He spreads his sway | And every land.

3 His hands provide our food,
And every blessing give;
We feed upon his care,
And in his pastures live:
With cheerful songs | And let his praise
Declare his ways, | Inspire your tongues.

69. 7s. MONTGOMERY.

Praise from all Lands.

1 ALL ye nations, praise the Lord;
All ye lands, your voices raise;
Heaven and earth, with loud accord,
Praise the Lord, forever praise.

2 For his truth and mercy stand,
Past, and present, and to be,
Like the years of his right hand,
Like his own eternity.

3 Praise him, ye who know his love;
Praise him from the depths beneath;
Praise him in the heights above;
Praise your Maker, all that breathe.

70. L. M. TATE & BRADY.

Praise to the great Jehovah.

1 BE thou, O God, exalted high;
And as thy glory fills the sky,
So let it be on earth displayed,
Till thou art here, as there, obeyed.

2 O God, my heart is fixed; 'tis bent
Its thankful tribute to present;
And, with my heart, my voice I'll raise
To thee, my God, in songs of praise.

3 Thy praises, Lord, I will resound
To all the listening nations round;
Thy mercy highest heaven transcends;
Thy truth beyond the clouds extends.

4 Be thou, O God, exalted high;
And as thy glory fills the sky,
So let it be on earth displayed,
Till thou art here, as there, obeyed.

71. 11s & 8s. CH. PSALMODY.

The Lord is great.

1 THE Lord is great; ye hosts of heaven, adore him,
And ye who tread this earthly ball;
In holy songs rejoice aloud before him,
And shout his praise who made you all.

2 The Lord is great; his majesty how glorious!
Resound his praise from shore to shore;
O'er sin, and death, and hell, now made victorious,
He rules and reigns forevermore.

3 The Lord is great; his mercy how abounding!
Ye angels, strike your golden chords;
O, praise our God, with voice and harp resounding,
The King of kings and Lord of lords.

72.

10s & 11s. GRANT.

God glorious.

1 O, WORSHIP the King, all glorious above,
And gratefully sing his wonderful love,
Our Shield and Defender, the Ancient of Days,
Pavilioned in splendor, and girded with praise.

2 O, tell of his might, and sing of his grace,
Whose robe is the light, whose canopy, space;
His chariots of wrath the deep thunder-clouds form,
And dark is his path on the wings of the storm.

3 Thy bountiful care what tongue can recite?
It breathes in the air, it shines in the light,
It streams from the hills, it descends to the plain,
And sweetly distils in the dew and the rain.

4 Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,
In thee do we trust, nor find thee to fail;
Thy mercies how tender! how firm to the end!
Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer, and Friend.

5 Father Almighty, how faithful thy love!
While angels delight to hymn thee above,
The humbler creation, though feeble their lays,
With true adoration shall lisp to thy praise.

73.

7s. WRANGHAM.

Exhortation to Praise.

1 PRAISE the Lord; his glory bless;
Praise him in his holiness;
Praise him as the theme inspires;
Praise him as his fame requires.

2 Let the trumpet's lofty sound
Spread its loudest notes around;
Let the harp unite, in praise,
With the sacred minstrel's lays.

3 Let the organ join to bless
God, the Lord our Righteousness;
Tune your voice to spread the fame
Of the great Jehovah's name.

4 All who dwell beneath his light,
In his praise your hearts unite;
While the stream of song is poured,
Praise and magnify the Lord.

74. 6s & 4s. W. Goode.

Praise in the Courts of the Lord.

1 PRAISE ye Jehovah's name;
Praise through his courts proclaim;
Rise and adore;
High o'er the heavens above,
Sound his great acts of love,
While his rich grace we prove,
Vast as his power.

2 Now let the trumpet raise
Triumphant sounds of praise,
Wide as his fame;
There let the harp be found;
Organs, with solemn sound,
Roll your deep notes around,
Filled with his name.

3 While his high praise ye sing,
Shake every sounding string:
Sweet the accord!
He vital breath bestows:
Let every breath that flows
His noblest fame disclose:
Praise ye the Lord.

75. L. M. Mrs. Opie.

The Voice of Creation.

1 THERE seems a voice in every gale,
A tongue in every opening flower,
Which tells, O Lord, the wondrous tale
Of thy indulgence, love, and power;
The birds, that rise on quivering wing,
Appear to hymn their Maker's praise,
And all the mingling sounds of spring
To thee a general anthem raise.

2 And shall my voice, great God, alone
Be mute 'midst Nature's loud acclaim,
Nor let my heart, with answering tone,
Breathe forth in praise thy holy name?
All Nature's debt is small to mine,
For Nature soon shall cease to be;
But — matchless proof of love divine —
Thou gav'st immortal life to me.

76. L. M. WATTS.

The Glory of God in his Works and in his Word.

1 THE heavens declare thy glory, Lord;
In every star thy wisdom shines;
But when our eyes behold thy word,
We read thy name in fairer lines.

2 The rolling sun, the changing light,
And nights, and days, thy power confess;
But that blest volume thou hast writ
Reveals thy justice and thy grace.

3 Sun, moon, and stars, convey thy praise
Around the earth, and never stand;
So, when thy truth began its race,
It touched and glanced on every land.

4 Nor shall thy spreading gospel rest
Till through the world thy truth has run,
Till Christ has all the nations blest
That see the light or feel the sun.

5 Great Sun of Righteousness, arise;
O, bless the world with heavenly light;
Thy gospel makes the simple wise;
Thy laws are pure, thy judgments right.

6 Thy noblest wonders here we view,
In souls renewed and sins forgiven;
Lord, cleanse my sins, my soul renew,
And make thy word my guide to heaven.

77. 8s & 7s. DUBLIN COL.

Praise the Lord.

1 PRAISE the Lord; ye heavens, adore him;
Praise him, angels, in the height;
Sun and moon, rejoice before him;
Praise him, all ye stars of light.

2 Praise the Lord, for he hath spoken;
Worlds his mighty voice obeyed;
Laws, which never can be broken,
For their guidance he hath made.

3 Praise the Lord, for he is glorious;
Never shall his promise fail;
God hath made his saints victorious;
Sin and death shall not prevail.

4 Praise the God of our salvation ;
Hosts on high, his power proclaim ;
Heaven and earth, and all creation,
Praise and magnify his name.

78. C. M. BARLOW.

A Morning Offering.

1 AWAKE, my soul, to sound his praise ;
Awake, my harp, to sing ;
Join, all my powers, the song to raise,
And morning incense bring.

2 Among the people of his care,
And through the nations round,
Glad songs of praise will I prepare,
And there his name resound.

3 Be thou exalted, O my God,
Above the starry frame ;
Diffuse thy heavenly grace abroad,
And teach the world thy name.

4 So shall thy chosen sons rejoice,
And throng thy courts above,
While sinners hear thy pardoning voice,
And taste redeeming love.

79. S. M. WATTS.

Exhortation to Praise.

1 COME, sound his praise abroad,
And hymns of glory sing :
Jehovah is the sovereign God,
The universal King.

2 Come, worship at his throne ;
Come, bow before the Lord ;
We are his work, and not our own ;
He formed us by his word.

3 To-day attend his voice,
Nor dare provoke his rod ;
Come, like the people of his choice,
And own your gracious God.

80. L. M. WATTS.

Praise and holy Fear.

1 COME, let our voices join to raise
A sacred song of solemn praise:
God is a sovereign King: rehearse
His honor in exalted verse.

2 Come, let our souls address the Lord,
Who framed our natures by his word:
He is our Shepherd: we, the sheep
His mercy chose, his pastures keep.

3 Come, let us hear his voice to-day,
The counsels of his love obey;
Nor let our hardened hearts renew
The sins and plagues that Israel knew.

4 Come, let us turn, with holy fear,
To him who now invites us near;
Accept the offered grace to-day,
Nor lose the blessing by delay.

5 Come, seize the promise while it waits,
And march to Zion's heavenly gates;
Believe, and take the promised rest;
Obey, and be forever blest.

81. C. M. WATTS.

Praise and holy Fear.

1 SING to the Lord Jehovah's name,
And in his strength rejoice;
When his salvation is our theme,
Exalted be our voice.

2 With thanks, approach his awful sight,
And psalms of honor sing;
The Lord 's a God of boundless might,
The whole creation's King.

3 Come, and with humble souls adore;
Come, kneel before his face:
O, may the creatures of his power
Be children of his grace.

4 Now is the time — he bends his ear,
And waits for your request;
Come, lest he rouse his wrath, and swear,
"Ye shall not see my rest."

82. C. M. Pratt's Col.

Universal Praise.

1 SING to the Lord in joyful strains;
Let earth his praise resound;
Let all the cheerful nations join
To spread his glory round.

2 Thou city of the Lord, begin
The universal song;
And let the scattered villages
The cheerful notes prolong; —

3 Till, 'midst the strains of distant lands,
The islands sound his praise;
And all, combined, with one accord,
Jehovah's glories raise.

83. C. M. Watts.

Praise from Jews and Gentiles.

1 ALL ye who love the Lord, rejoice,
And let your songs be new;
Amid the church, with cheerful voice,
His later wonders show.

2 The Jews, the people of his grace,
Shall their Redeemer sing;
And Gentile nations join the praise,
While Zion owns her King.

3 The Lord takes pleasure in the just,
Whom sinners treat with scorn;
The meek, who lie despised in dust,
Salvation shall adorn.

84. C. M. Watts.

Praise to God from all Nations.

1 O, ALL ye nations, praise the Lord,
Each with a different tongue;
In every language learn his word,
And let his name be sung.

2 His mercy reigns through every land;
Proclaim his grace abroad;
Forever firm his truth shall stand;
Praise ye the faithful God.

85. C. M. WRANGHAM.

Praise to God from all Nations.

1 O, ALL ye nations, praise the Lord;
His glorious acts proclaim;
The fulness of his grace record,
And magnify his name.

2 His love is great, his mercy sure,
And faithful is his word;
His truth forever shall endure;
Forever praise the Lord.

86. L. M. TATE & BRADY.

Praise and Gratitude.

1 O, PRAISE the Lord in that blest place
From whence his goodness largely flows;
Praise him in heaven, where he his face
Unveiled in perfect glory shows.

2 Praise him for all the mighty acts
Which he in our behalf hath done;
His kindness this return exacts,
With which our praise should equal run.

3 Let all, who vital breath enjoy,
The breath he doth to them afford
In just returns of praise employ;
Let every creature praise the Lord.

87. S. M. MONTGOMERY.

Exhortation to Praise.

1 ARISE, and bless the Lord,
Ye people of his choice;
Arise, and bless the Lord your God,
With heart, and soul, and voice.

2 Though high above all praise,
Above all blessing high,
Who would not fear his holy name,
And laud, and magnify?

3 O for the living flame
From his own altar brought,
To touch our lips, our souls inspire,
And wing to heaven our thought!

4 God is our strength and song,
And his salvation ours;
Then be his love in Christ proclaimed
With all our ransomed powers.

5 Arise, and bless the Lord;
The Lord your God adore;
Arise, and bless his glorious name,
Henceforth, forevermore.

88. C. M. WARDLAW.

Praise to God.

1 LIFT up to God the voice of praise,
Whose breath our souls inspired;
Loud, and more loud, the anthems raise,
With grateful ardor fired.

2 Lift up to God the voice of praise,
Whose goodness, passing thought,
Loads every moment, as it flies,
With benefits unsought.

3 Lift up to God the voice of praise,
From whom salvation flows,
Who sent his Son our souls to save
From everlasting woes.

4 Lift up to God the voice of praise,
For hope's transporting ray,
Which lights, through darkest shades of death,
To realms of endless day.

89. S. M. WATTS.

A holy God worshipped with Reverence.

1 EXALT the Lord our God,
And worship at his feet;
His nature is all holiness,
And mercy is his seat.

2 When Israel was his church,
When Aaron was his priest,
When Moses cried, when Samuel prayed,
He gave his people rest.

3 Oft he forgave their sins,
Nor would destroy their race;
And oft he made his vengeance known,
When they abused his grace.

4 Exalt the Lord our God,
Whose grace is still the same:
Still he's a God of holiness,
And jealous for his name.

90. H. M. Tate & Brady

Praise from Heaven and Earth.

1 YE boundless realms of joy,
Exalt your Maker's name;
His praise your songs employ
Above the starry frame:
Your voices raise, | And seraphim,
Ye cherubim | To sing his praise.

2 Let all adore the Lord,
And praise his holy name,
By whose almighty word
They all from nothing came;
And all shall last, | His firm decree
From changes free; | Stands ever fast.

91. L. P. M. Watts.

Praise at all Times.

1 I'LL praise my Maker with my breath;
And, when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers;
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being, last,
Or immortality endures.

2 How blest the man whose hopes rely
On Israel's God! He made the sky,
And earth, and seas, with all their train;
His truth forever stands secure;
He saves th' oppressed, he feeds the poor,
And none shall find his promise vain.

3 I'll praise him while he lends me breath;
And, when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers;
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being, last,
Or immortality endures.

92. H. M. STEELE.

Universal Praise.

1 LET every creature join
To bless Jehovah's name,
And every power unite
To swell th' exalted theme;
Let nature raise, | A general song
From every tongue, | Of grateful praise.

2 But, O, from human tongues
Should nobler praises flow,
And every thankful heart
With warm devotion glow:
Your voices raise, | Above the rest
Ye highly blest; | Declare his praise.

3 Assist me, gracious God;
My heart, my voice inspire;
Then shall I humbly join
The universal choir;
Thy grace can raise | And tune my song
My heart and tongue, | To lively praise.

93. L. M. STEELE.

Mercies acknowledged.

1 AWAKE, my soul, awake, my tongue;
My God demands the grateful song;
Let all my inmost powers record
The wondrous mercy of the Lord.

2 Divinely free his mercy flows,
Forgives my sins, allays my woes,
And bids approaching death remove,
And crowns me with indulgent love.

3 His mercy, with unchanging rays,
Forever shines, while time decays;
And children's children shall record
The truth and goodness of the Lord.

4 While all his works his praise proclaim,
And men and angels bless his name,
O, let my heart, my life, my tongue,
Attend, and join the blissful song.

94. L. M. BLACKLOCK.

Majesty and Dominion of God.

1 COME, O my soul, in sacred lays
Attempt thy great Creator's praise:
But, O, what tongue can speak his fame?
What verse can reach the lofty theme?

2 Enthroned amid the radiant spheres,
He glory like a garment wears;
To form a robe of light divine,
Ten thousand suns around him shine.

3 In all our Maker's grand designs,
Almighty power, with wisdom, shines;
His works, through all this wondrous frame,
Declare the glory of his name.

4 Raised on devotion's lofty wing,
Do thou, my soul, his glories sing;
And let his praise employ thy tongue
Till listening worlds shall join the song.

95. L. M. WATTS.

Praise to God for his Perfections and Providence.

1 PRAISE ye the Lord: my heart shall join
In work so pleasant, so divine;
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being, last.

2 Happy the man whose hopes rely
On Israel's God: he made the sky,
And earth, and seas, with all their train;
And none shall find his promise vain.

3 His truth forever stands secure;
He saves th' oppressed, he feeds the poor;
He helps the stranger in distress,
The widow and the fatherless.

4 He loves the saints; he knows them well,
But turns the wicked down to hell:
Thy God, O Zion, ever reigns;
Praise him in everlasting strains.

96. S. M. MONTGOMERY.

Praise for Mercies.

1 O, BLESS the Lord, my soul;
His grace to thee proclaim;
And all that is within me, join
To bless his holy name.

2 O, bless the Lord, my soul;
His mercies bear in mind;
Forget not all his benefits;
The Lord to thee is kind.

3 He will not always chide;
He will with patience wait;
His wrath is ever slow to rise,
And ready to abate.

4 The Lord forgives thy sins,
Prolongs thy feeble breath;
He healeth thine infirmities,
And ransoms thee from death.

5 He clothes thee with his love,
Upholds thee with his truth,
And like the eagle he renews
The vigor of thy youth.

6 Then bless his holy name
Whose grace hath made thee whole,
Whose loving-kindness crowns thy days;
O, bless the Lord, my soul.

97. C. M. ROWE.

Praise from all Nature.

1 BEGIN the high, celestial strain,
My raptured soul, and sing
A sacred hymn of grateful praise
To heaven's almighty King.

2 Ye curling fountains, as ye roll
Your silver waves along,
Repeat to all your verdant shores
The subject of the song.

3 Bear it, ye breezes, on your wings,
To distant climes away,
And round the wide-extended world
The lofty theme convey.

4 Take up the burden of his name,
Ye clouds, as ye arise,
To deck with gold the opening morn,
Or shade the evening skies.

5 Long let it warble round the spheres,
And echo through the sky;
Let angels, with immortal skill,
Improve the harmony; —

6 While we, with sacred rapture fired,
The blest Creator sing,
And chant our consecrated lays
To heaven's eternal King.

98. C. P. M. OGILVIE.

Praise from all Creatures.

1 BEGIN, my soul, th' exalted lay;
Let each enraptured thought obey,
And praise th' almighty name;
Lo! heaven, and earth, and seas, and skies,
In one melodious concert rise,
To swell th' inspiring theme.

2 Thou heaven of heavens, his vast abode,
Ye clouds, proclaim your Maker, God;
Ye thunders, speak his power;
Lo! on the lightning's fiery wing,
In triumph rides th' eternal King;
Th' astonished worlds adore.

3 Ye deeps, with roaring billows, rise
To join the thunders of the skies;
Praise Him who bids you roll;
His praise in softer notes declare,
Each whispering breeze of yielding air,
And breathe it to the soul.

4 Wake, all ye soaring tribes, and sing;
Ye feathered warblers of the spring,
Harmonious anthems raise
To Him who shaped your finer mould,
Who decked your glittering wings with gold,
And tuned your voice to praise.

5 Let man — by nobler passions swayed —
Let man — in God's own image made —
His breath in praise employ,
Spread wide his Maker's name around,
Till heaven shall echo back the sound,
In songs of holy joy.

99. C. P. M. H. Moore.

The Love of God.

1 MY God, thy boundless love I praise ;
How bright, on high, its glories blaze!
How sweetly bloom below!
It streams from thine eternal throne ;
Through heaven its joys forever run,
And o'er the earth they flow.

2 'Tis love that paints the purple morn,
And bids the clouds, in air upborne,
Their genial drops distil :
In every vernal beam it glows,
And breathes in every gale that blows,
And glides in every rill.

3 But in the gospel it appears
In sweeter, fairer characters,
And charms the ravished breast ;
There, love immortal leaves the sky,
To wipe the drooping mourner's eye,
And give the weary rest.

4 Then let the love that makes me blest,
With cheerful praise inspire my breast,
And ardent gratitude ;
And all my thoughts and passions tend
To thee, my Father and my Friend,
My soul's eternal good.

100. C. M. Watts.

A faithful God.

1 BEGIN, my tongue, some heavenly theme,
And speak some boundless thing —
The mighty works, or mightier name,
Of our eternal King.

2 Tell of his wondrous faithfulness,
And sound his power abroad;
Sing of the glory and the grace
Of our Redeemer, God.

3 Proclaim "salvation from the Lord,
For wretched, dying men;"
His hand inscribed the sacred word
With an immortal pen.

4 Recorded by eternal love,
Each promise clearly shines;
Nor can the powers of hell remove
Those everlasting lines.

5 His word of grace is sure and strong
As that which built the skies;
The voice that rolls the stars along
Speaks all the promises.

6 O, might I hear his heavenly tongue
But whisper, "Thou art mine,"
The gentle words should raise my song
To notes almost divine.

101. L. M. WATTS.

Praise from all Creatures.

1 NATURE, with all her powers, shall sing
Her great Creator and her King;
Nor air, nor earth, nor skies, nor seas,
Deny the tribute of their praise.

2 Ye seraphs, who sit near his throne,
Begin to make his glories known;
Tune high your harps, and spread the sound
Throughout creation's utmost bound.

3 O, may our ardent zeal employ
Our loftiest thoughts and loudest songs;
Let there be sung, with warmest joy,
Hosanna from ten thousand tongues.

4 Yet, mighty God, our feeble frame
Attempts in vain to reach thy name;
The highest notes that angels raise
Fall far below thy glorious praise.

102. C. M. WATTS.

Access to God by a Mediator.

1 COME, let us lift our joyful eyes
Up to the courts above,
And smile to see our Father there,
Upon a throne of love.

2 Come, let us bow before his feet,
And venture near the Lord;
No fiery cherub guards his seat,
Nor double-flaming sword.

3 The peaceful gates of heavenly bliss
Are opened by the Son;
High let us raise our notes of praise,
And reach th' almighty throne.

4 To thee ten thousand thanks we bring,
Great Advocate on high,
And glory to th' eternal King,
Who lays his anger by.

103. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

Song of Gratitude and Praise.

1 GOD of my life, through all my days
I'll tune the grateful notes of praise;
The song shall wake with opening light,
And warble to the silent night.

2 When anxious care would break my rest,
And grief would tear my throbbing breast,
The notes of praise, ascending high,
Shall check the murmur and the sigh.

3 When death o'er nature shall prevail,
And all the powers of language fail,
Joy through my swimming eyes shall break,
And mean the thanks I cannot speak.

4 But, O, when that last conflict 's o'er,
And I am chained to earth no more,
With what glad accents shall I rise,
To join the music of the skies!

5 Then shall I learn th' exalted strains
That echo through the heavenly plains,
And emulate, with joy unknown,
The glowing seraphs round thy throne.

104. L. M. WATTS.

Universal Praise.

1 LOUD hallelujahs to the Lord,
From distant worlds, where creatures dwell;
Let heaven begin the solemn word,
And sound it dreadful down to hell.

2 Wide as his vast dominion lies,
Make the Creator's name be known;
Loud as his thunder shout his praise,
And sound it lofty as his throne.

3 Jehovah! — 'tis a glorious word;
O, may it dwell on every tongue;
But saints, who best have known the Lord,
Are bound to raise the noblest song.

4 Speak of the wonders of that love
Which Gabriel plays on every chord;
From all below, and all above,
Loud hallelujahs to the Lord.

105. C. M. WATTS.

Worship of God in his Temple.

1 PRAISE waits in Zion, Lord, for thee;
There shall our vows be paid;
Thou hast an ear when sinners pray;
All flesh shall seek thine aid.

2 O Lord, our guilt and fears prevail;
But pardoning grace is thine,
And thou wilt grant us power and skill
To conquer every sin.

3 Blest are the men whom thou wilt choose
To bring them near thy face;
Give them a dwelling in thy house,
To feast upon thy grace.

4 In answering what thy church requests,
Thy truth and terror shine;
And works of dreadful righteousness
Fulfil thy kind design.

5 Thus shall the wondering nations see
The Lord is good and just;
And distant islands fly to thee,
And make thy name their trust.

106. L. M. Watts.

Praise for divine Protection.

1 WITH all my powers of heart and tongue,
I'll praise my Maker in my song;
Angels shall hear the notes I raise,
Approve the song, and join the praise.

2 To God I cried, when troubles rose;
He heard me, and subdued my foes;
He did my rising fears control,
And strength diffused through all my soul.

3 Amid a thousand snares I stand,
Upheld and guarded by his hand;
His words my fainting soul revive,
And keep my dying faith alive.

4 I'll sing thy truth and mercy, Lord;
I'll sing the wonders of thy word;
Not all the works and names below,
So much thy power and glory show.

107. C. M. Luth. Col.

Goodness of God seen in his Works.

1 HAIL, great Creator, wise and good;
To thee our songs we raise;
Nature, through all her various scenes,
Invites us to thy praise.

2 At morning, noon, and evening mild,
Fresh wonders strike our view;
And, while we gaze, our hearts exult,
With transports ever new.

3 Thy glory beams in every star
Which gilds the gloom of night,
And decks the smiling face of morn
With rays of cheerful light.

4 The lofty hill, the humble lawn,
With countless beauties shine;
The silent grove, the solemn shade,
Proclaim thy power divine.

5 Great nature's God, still may these scenes
Our serious hours engage;
Still may our grateful hearts consult
Thy works' instructive page.

6 And while, in all thy wondrous ways,
Thy varied love we see,
O, may our hearts, great God, be led,
Through all thy works, to thee.

108. L. M. WATTS.

All Praise due to God.

1 MY God, my King, thy various praise
Shall fill the remnant of my days;
Thy grace employ my humble tongue,
Till death and glory raise the song.

2 The wings of every hour shall bear
Some thankful tribute to thine ear;
And every setting sun shall see
New works of duty done for thee.

3 Thy works with boundless glory shine,
And speak thy majesty divine;
Let every realm with joy proclaim
The sound and honor of thy name.

4 Let distant times and nations raise
The long succession of thy praise,
And unborn ages make my song
The joy and triumph of their tongue.

109. 8s & 7s. FAWCETT.

God of our Salvation.

1 PRAISE to thee, thou great Creator;
Praise be thine from every tongue;
Join, my soul, with every creature,
Join the universal song.

2 Father, source of all compassion,
Free, unbounded grace is thine:
Hail the God of our salvation;
Praise him for his love divine.

3 For ten thousand blessings given,
For the hope of future joy,
Sound his praise through earth and heaven,
Sound Jehovah's praise on high.

4 Joyfully on earth adore him,
Till in heaven our song we raise;
There, enraptured, fall before him,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

110. C. M. HEGINBOTHAM.

Praise at all Times.

1 MY soul shall praise thee, O my God,
Through all my mortal days,
And in eternity prolong
Thy vast, thy boundless praise.

2 In every smiling, happy hour,
Be this my sweet employ;
Thy praise refines my earthly bliss,
And heightens all my joy.

3 When anxious grief and gloomy care
Afflict my throbbing breast,
My tongue shall learn to speak thy praise,
And lull each pain to rest.

4 Nor shall my tongue alone proclaim
The honors of my God;
My life, with all its active powers,
Shall spread thy praise abroad.

5 And when these lips shall cease to move,
When death shall close these eyes,
My soul shall then to nobler heights
Of joy and transport rise.

6 My powers shall then, in lofty strains,
Their grateful tribute pay;
The theme demands an angel's tongue,
An everlasting day.

111. C. M. WATTS.

Protection from spiritual Enemies.

1 ARISE, my soul, my joyful powers,
And triumph in my God;
Awake, my voice, and loud proclaim
His glorious grace abroad.

2 The arms of everlasting love
Beneath my soul he placed,
And on the Rock of Ages set
My slippery footsteps fast.

3 The city of my blest abode
Is walled around with grace;
Salvation for a bulwark stands
To shield the sacred place.

4 Arise, my soul; awake, my voice,
And tunes of pleasure sing;
Loud hallelujahs shall address
My Saviour and my King.

112. C. M. WRANGHAM.

Constant Praise.

1 TO thee, my righteous King and Lord,
My grateful soul I'll raise;
From day to day thy works record,
And ever sing thy praise.

2 Thy greatness human thought exceeds;
Thy glory knows no end;
The lasting record of thy deeds
Through ages shall descend.

3 Thy wondrous acts, thy power, and might,
My constant theme shall be;
That song shall be my soul's delight,
Which breathes in praise to thee.

4 The Lord is bountiful and kind,
His anger slow to move;
His tender mercies all shall find,
And all his goodness prove.

5 From all thy works, O Lord, shall spring
The sound of joy and praise;
Thy saints shall of thy glory sing,
And show the world thy ways.

6 Throughout all ages shall endure
Thine everlasting reign;
And thy dominion, firm and sure,
Forever shall remain.

113. L. M. WATTS.

God worthy of all Praise.

1 BE thou exalted, O my God,
Above the heavens, where angels dwell;
Thy power on earth be known abroad,
And land to land thy wonders tell.

2 My heart is fixed; my song shall raise
Immortal honors to his name;
Awake, my tongue, to sound his praise,
His wondrous goodness to proclaim.

3 High o'er the earth his mercy reigns,
And reaches to the utmost sky;
His truth to endless years remains,
When lower worlds dissolve and die.

4 Be thou exalted, O my God,
Above the heavens, where angels dwell;
Thy power on earth be known abroad,
And land to land thy wonders tell.

114. L. M. WATTS.

The Hosanna of Children.

1 ALMIGHTY Ruler of the skies,
Through all the earth thy name is spread,
And thine eternal glories rise
Above the heavens thy hands have made.

2 To thee the voices of the young
Their sounding notes of honor raise;
And babes, with uninstructed tongue,
Declare the wonders of thy praise.

3 Amidst thy temple children throng
To see their great Redeemer's face;
The Son of David is their song,
And loud hosannas fill the place.

115. 7s. SALISBURY COL.

Perfect Praise in Heaven.

1 HEAVENLY Father, sovereign Lord,
Be thy glorious name adored;
Lord, thy mercies never fail:
Hail, celestial goodness, hail.

2 Though unworthy of thine ear,
Deign our humble songs to hear;
Purer praise we hope to bring,
When around thy throne we sing.

3 While on earth ordained to stay,
Guide our footsteps in thy way,
Till we come to dwell with thee,
Till we all thy glory see.

4 Then, with angel-harps again,
We will wake a nobler strain;
There, in joyful songs of praise,
Our triumphant voices raise.

116. C. M. WATTS.

The Works of God recounted to Posterity.

1 LET children hear the mighty deeds
Which God performed of old,
Which in our younger years we saw,
And which our fathers told.

2 He bids us make his glories known,
His works of power and grace;
And we'll convey his wonders down
Through every rising race.

3 Our lips shall tell them to our sons,
And they again to theirs,
That generations yet unborn
May teach them to their heirs.

4 Thus shall they learn, in God alone
Their hope securely stands,
That they may ne'er forget his works,
But practise his commands.

PRAISE TO THE TRINITY.

117. L. M. WATTS.

Praise to the Trinity.

1 BLEST be the Father and his love,
To whose celestial source we owe
Rivers of endless joy above,
And rills of comfort here below.

2 All praise to thee, great Son of God,
From whose dear, wounded body rolls
A precious stream of vital blood —
The fount of life for dying souls.

3 We give thee, sacred Spirit, praise,
Who, in our hearts of sin and woe,
Mak'st living springs of grace arise,
And into boundless glory flow.

4 Thus God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, we adore —
That sea of life and love unknown,
Without a bottom or a shore.

118. H. M. WATTS.

Praise to the Trinity.

1 WE give immortal praise
For God the Father's love, —
For all our comforts here,
And better hopes above:
He sent his own | To die for sins
Eternal Son | That we had done.

2 To God the Son belongs
Immortal glory too,
Who bought us with his blood
From everlasting woe:
And now he lives, | And sees the fruit
And now he reigns, | Of all his pains.

3 To God the Spirit's name
Immortal worship give,
Whose new-creating power
Makes the dead sinner live:
His work completes | And fills the soul
The great design, | With joy divine.

4 Almighty God, to thee
Be endless honors done,
The undivided Three,
The great and glorious One:
Where Reason fails, | There Faith prevails,
With all her powers, | And Love adores.

119. C. M. WATTS.

Praise to the Trinity.

1 FATHER of glory, to thy name
Immortal praise we give,
Who dost an act of grace proclaim,
And bid us, rebels, live.

2 Immortal honor to the Son,
Who makes thine anger cease;
Our lives he ransomed with his own,
And died to make our peace.

3 To thy almighty Spirit be
Immortal glory given,
Whose influence brings us near to thee,
And trains us up for heaven.

4 Let men, with their united voice,
Adore th' eternal God,
And spread his honors, and their joys,
Through nations far abroad.

5 Let faith, and love, and duty, join
One general song to raise;
Let saints, in earth and heaven, combine
In harmony and praise.

120. 6s & 4s. DOBELL'S COL.

Praise to the Trinity.

1 COME, thou Almighty King,
Help us thy name to sing,
Help us to praise;
Father all glorious,
O'er all victorious,
Come, and reign over us,
Ancient of Days.

2 Jesus, our Lord, descend;
From all our foes defend,
Nor let us fall;
Let thine almighty aid
Our sure defence be made,
Our souls on thee be stayed;
Lord, hear our call.

3 Come, thou incarnate Word,
Gird on thy mighty sword;
Our prayer attend;
Come, and thy people bless;
Come, give thy word success;
Spirit of holiness,
On us descend.

4 Come, holy Comforter,
Thy sacred witness bear,
In this glad hour;
Thou, who almighty art,
Now rule in every heart,
And ne'er from us depart,
Spirit of power.

5 To thee, great One in Three,
The highest praises be,
Hence evermore;
Thy sovereign majesty
May we in glory see,
And to eternity
Love and adore.

121. H. M. WATTS.

Praise to the Trinity.

1 TO Him who chose us first,
Before the world began;
To Him who bore the curse
To save rebellious man;
To Him who formed | Are endless praise
Our hearts anew, | And glory due.

2 The Father's love shall run
Through our immortal songs;
We bring to God the Son
The tribute of our tongues:
Our lips address | With equal praise,
The Spirit's name, | And zeal the same.

3 Let every saint above,
And angel round the throne,
Forever bless and love
The sacred Three in One.
Thus heaven shall raise | When earth and time
His honors high, | Grow old and die.

122. S. M. C. Wesley.

Praise to the Trinity.

1 FATHER, in whom we live,
In whom we are and move,
All glory, power, and praise, receive,
For thy creating love.

2 O thou incarnate Word,
Let all thy ransomed race
Unite in thanks, with one accord,
For thy redeeming grace.

3 Spirit of holiness,
Let all thy saints adore
Thy sacred gifts, and join to bless
Thy heart-renewing power.

4 The grace on man bestowed,
Ye heavenly choirs, proclaim,
And cry, "Salvation to our God!
Salvation to the Lamb!"

123. L. M. Bickersteth's Col.

Prayer to the Trinity.

1 FATHER of heaven, whose love profound
A ransom for our souls hath found,
Before thy throne we, sinners, bend;
To us thy pardoning love extend.

2 Almighty Son, incarnate Word,
Our Prophet, Priest, Redeemer, Lord,
Before thy throne we, sinners, bend;
To us thy saving grace extend.

3 Eternal Spirit, by whose breath
The soul is raised from sin and death,
Before thy throne we, sinners, bend;
To us thy quickening power extend.

4 Jehovah! Father, Spirit, Son!
Eternal Godhead! Three in One!
Before thy throne we, sinners, bend;
Grace, pardon, life, to us extend.

124. C. M. WATTS.

Praise to the Trinity.

1 LET them neglect thy glory, Lord,
Who never knew thy grace;
But our loud songs shall still record
The wonders of thy praise.

2 We raise our shouts, O God, to thee,
And send them to thy throne;
All glory to th' united Three,
The undivided One.

3 'Twas he — and we'll adore his name —
That formed us by a word;
'Tis he restores our ruined frame;
Salvation to the Lord.

4 Hosanna! let the earth and skies
Repeat the joyful sound;
Rocks, hills, and vales, reflect the voice
In one eternal round.

125. C. M. WATTS.

Praise to the Trinity.

1 GLORY to God the Father's name,
Who, from our sinful race,
Hath chosen myriads to proclaim
The honors of his grace.

2 Glory to God the Son be paid,
Who dwelt in humble clay,
And, to redeem us from the dead,
Gave his own life away.

3 Glory to God the Spirit give,
From whose almighty power
Our souls their heavenly birth derive,
And bless the happy hour.

4 Glory to God, that reigns above,
The holy Three in One,
Who, by the wonders of his love,
Has made his nature known.

ACTS AND ATTRIBUTES OF GOD.

I. — IN HIMSELF.

126. C. M. WALLACE.

God seen in his Works.

1 THERE'S not a star whose twinkling light
Illumes the distant earth,
And cheers the solemn gloom of night,
But goodness gave it birth.

2 There's not a cloud whose dews distil
Upon the parching clod,
And clothe with verdure vale and hill,
That is not sent by God.

3 There's not a place in earth's vast round,
In ocean deep, or air,
Where skill and wisdom are not found;
For God is every where.

4 Around, beneath, below, above,
Wherever space extends,
There Heaven displays its boundless love,
And power with goodness blends.

127. C. M. WATTS.

God the Creator.

1 ETERNAL Wisdom, thee we praise;
Thee all thy creatures sing;
While with thy name rocks, hills, and seas,
And heaven's high palace, ring.

2 Thy hand, how wide it spread the sky!
How glorious to behold!
Tinged with a blue of heavenly dye,
And decked with sparkling gold.

3 Thy glories blaze all nature round,
And strike the gazing sight,
Through skies, and seas, and solid ground,
With terror and delight.

4 Almighty power, and equal skill,
Shine through the worlds abroad,
Our souls with vast amazement fill,
And speak the builder, God.

5 But still, the wonders of thy grace
Our warmer passions move;
Here we behold our Saviour's face,
And here adore his love.

128. C. M. WATTS.

Eternity of God.

1 GREAT God, how infinite art thou!
What worthless worms are we!
Let all the race of creatures bow,
And pay their praise to thee.

2 Thy throne eternal ages stood,
Ere seas or stars were made;
Thou art the ever-living God,
Were all the nations dead.

3 Eternity, with all its years,
Stands present in thy view;
To thee there's nothing old appears;
Great God, there's nothing new.

4 Our lives through various scenes are drawn,
And vexed with trifling cares,
While thine eternal thought moves on
Thine undisturbed affairs.

5 Great God, how infinite art thou!
What worthless worms are we!
Let all the race of creatures bow,
And pay their praise to thee.

129. L. M. 6L. MOORE.

All Things are of God.

1 THOU art, O God, the life and light
Of all this wondrous world we see;
Its glow by day, its smile by night,
Are but reflections caught from thee;
Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are thine.

2 When day, with farewell beam, delays
Among the opening clouds of even,
And we can almost think we gaze,
Through opening vistas, into heaven,—
Those hues that mark the sun's decline,
So soft, so radiant, Lord, are thine.

3 When night, with wings of starry gloom,
O'ershadows all the earth and skies,
Like some dark, beauteous bird, whose plume
Is sparkling with unnumbered eyes,—
That sacred gloom, those fires divine,
So grand, so countless, Lord, are thine.

4 When youthful Spring around us breathes,
Thy spirit warms her fragrant sigh;
And every flower that Summer wreathes
Is born beneath thy kindling eye:
Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are thine.

130. L. M. NOEL'S COL.

Omnipresence of God.

1 WHERE can we hide, or whither fly,
Lord, to escape thy piercing eye?
With thee it is not day and night,
But darkness shineth as the light.

2 Where'er we go, whate'er pursue,
Our ways are open to thy view,
Our motives read, our thoughts explored,
Our hearts revealed to thee, O Lord.

3 Is there, throughout all worlds, one spot,
One lonely wild, where thou art not?
The hosts of heaven enjoy thy care,
And those of hell know thou art there.

4 Awake, asleep, where none intrude,
Or 'midst the thronging multitude,
In every land, on every sea,
We are surrounded still with thee.

5 Search us, O God, and know each heart;
With every idol bid us part;
Make us to keep thy holy ways,
And live to utter forth thy praise.

131. C. M. Tate & Brady.

God unchangeable.

1 THROUGH endless years thou art the same,
O thou eternal God;
Each future age shall know thy name,
And tell thy works abroad.

2 The strong foundations of the earth
Of old by thee were laid;
By thee the beauteous arch of heaven
With matchless skill was made.

3 Soon shall this goodly frame of things,
Created by thy hand,
Be, like a vesture, laid aside,
And changed at thy command.

4 But thy perfections, all divine,
Eternal as thy days,
Through everlasting ages shine,
With undiminished rays.

132. L. M. Spir. of the Psalms.

Omnipresence of God.

1 FATHER of spirits, nature's God,
Our inmost thoughts are known to thee;
Thou, Lord, canst hear each idle word,
And every private action see.

2 Could we, on morning's swiftest wings,
Pursue our flight through trackless air,
Or dive beneath deep ocean's springs,
Thy presence still would meet us there.

3 In vain may guilt attempt to fly,
Concealed beneath the pall of night;
One glance from thy all-piercing eye
Can kindle darkness into light.

4 Search thou our hearts, and there destroy
Each evil thought, each secret sin,
And fit us for those realms of joy,
Where nought impure shall enter in.

133. C. M. WATTS.

God searching the Heart.

1 GOD is a spirit, just and wise;
He sees our inmost mind;
In vain to heaven we raise our cries,
And leave our hearts behind.

2 Nothing but truth before his throne
With honor can appear;
The painted hypocrites are known
Whate'er the guise they wear.

3 Their lifted eyes salute the skies,
Their bending knees the ground;
But God abhors the sacrifice
Where not the heart is found.

4 Lord, search my thoughts, and try my ways,
And make my soul sincere;
Then shall I stand before thy face,
And find acceptance there.

134. C. M. WATTS.

Omniscience and Omnipresence of God.

1 IN all my vast concerns with thee,
In vain my soul would try
To shun thy presence, Lord, or flee
The notice of thine eye.

2 Thine all-surrounding sight surveys
My rising and my rest,
My public walks, my private ways,
And secrets of my breast.

3 My thoughts lie open to the Lord,
Before they're formed within;
And ere my lips pronounce the word,
He knows the sense I mean.

4 O, wondrous knowledge, deep and high!
Where can a creature hide?
Within thy circling arms I lie,
Enclosed on every side.

5 So let thy grace surround me still,
And like a bulwark prove,
To guard my soul from every ill,
Secured by sovereign love.

135. C. M. H. K. White.

God over all.

1 THE Lord our God is Lord of all;
His station who can find?
I hear him in the waterfall;
I hear him in the wind.

2 If in the gloom of night I shroud,
His face I cannot fly;
I see him in the evening cloud,
And in the morning sky.

3 He lives, he reigns in every land,
From winter's polar snows,
To where, across the burning sand,
The blasting meteor glows.

4 He smiles, we live; he frowns, we die;
We hang upon his word;
He rears his mighty arm on high,
We fall before his sword.

5 He bids his gales the fields deform;
Then, when his thunders cease,
He paints his rainbow on the storm,
And lulls the winds to peace.

136. L. M. Watts.

Omniscience and Omnipresence of God.

1 LORD, thou hast searched and seen me through;
Thine eye commands, with piercing view,
My rising and my resting hours,
My heart and flesh, with all their powers.

2 My thoughts, before they are my own,
Are to my God distinctly known;
He knows the words I mean to speak,
Ere from my opening lips they break.

3 Within thy circling power I stand;
On every side I find thy hand;
Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,
I am surrounded still with God.

4 Amazing knowledge, vast and great!
What large extent! what lofty height!
My soul, with all the powers I boast,
Is in the boundless prospect lost.

5 O, may these thoughts possess my breast,
Where'er I rove, where'er I rest,
Nor let my weaker passions dare
Consent to sin, for God is there.

137. C. M. MARTINEAU'S COL.

Omnipotence of God.

1 'TWAS God who fixed the rolling spheres,
And stretched the boundless skies,
Who formed the plan of endless years,
And bade the ages rise.

2 From everlasting is his might,
Immense and unconfined;
He pierces through the realms of light,
And rides upon the wind.

3 He darts along the burning sky;
Loud thunders round him roar;
Through worlds above his terrors fly,
While worlds below adore.

4 He speaks, — great nature's wheels stand still,
And leave their wonted round;
The mountains melt; each trembling hill
Forsakes its ancient bound.

5 Ye worlds, and every living thing,
Fulfil his high command;
Pay grateful homage to your King,
And own his ruling hand.

138. H. M. WATTS.

Perfections of God's Government.

1 THE Lord Jehovah reigns;
His throne is built on high;
The garments he assumes
Are light and majesty;
His glories shine | No mortal eye
With beams so bright, | Can bear the sight.

2 The thunders of his hand
Keep all the world in awe;
His wrath and justice stand
To guard his holy law;
And where his love | His truth confirms
Resolves to bless, | And seals the grace.

3 Through all his ancient works
Surprising wisdom shines,
Confounds the powers of hell,
And breaks their fell designs:
Strong is his arm, | His great decrees,
And shall fulfil | His sovereign will.

4 And can this mighty King
Of glory condescend?
And will he write his name
My Father and my Friend?
I love his name; | Join, all my powers,
I love his word; | And praise the Lord.

139. C. M. H. K. White.

Almighty Power and Majesty of God.

1 THE Lord our God is clothed with might;
The winds obey his will;
He speaks, and in the heavenly height
The rolling sun stands still.

2 Rebel, ye waves, and o'er the land
With threatening aspect roar;
The Lord uplifts his awful hand,
And chains you to the shore.

3 Ye winds of night, your force combine;
Without his high behest,
Ye shall not, in the mountain pine,
Disturb the sparrow's nest.

4 His voice sublime is heard afar;
In distant peals it dies;
He binds the whirlwinds to his car,
And sweeps the howling skies.

5 Ye nations, bend; in reverence bend;
Ye monarchs, wait his nod,
And bid the choral song ascend
To celebrate our God.

140. L. M. Needham.

Wisdom and Knowledge of God.

1 AWAKE, my tongue; thy tribute bring
To Him who gave thee power to sing;
Praise Him who has all praise above,
The source of wisdom and of love.

2 How vast his knowledge! how profound!
A depth where all our thoughts are drowned!
The stars he numbers, and their names
He gives to all those heavenly flames.

3 Through each bright world above, behold
Ten thousand thousand charms unfold;
Earth, air, and mighty seas, combine
To speak his wisdom all divine.

4 But in redemption, O, what grace!
Its wonders, O, what thought can trace!
Here wisdom shines forever bright;
Praise him, my soul, with sweet delight.

141. L. M. WATTS.

Dominion, Eternity, and Immutability, of God.

1 JEHOVAH reigns; he dwells in light,
Arrayed with majesty and might;
The world, created by his hands,
Still on its firm foundation stands.

2 But ere this spacious world was made,
Or had its first foundation laid,
His throne eternal ages stood,
Himself the ever-living God.

3 Like floods the angry nations rise,
And aim their rage against the skies;
Vain floods, that aim their rage so high;
At his rebuke, the billows die.

4 Forever shall his throne endure;
His promise stands forever sure;
And everlasting holiness
Becomes the dwellings of his grace.

142. L. M. WATTS.

The Darkness of Providence.

1 LORD, we adore thy vast designs,
Th' obscure abyss of providence,
Too deep to sound with mortal lines,
Too dark to view with feeble sense.

2 When thou dost clothe thine awful face
In angry frowns, without a smile,
We, through the cloud, believe thy grace,
Secure of thy compassion still.

3 Through seas and storms of deep distress
We sail by faith, and not by sight;
Faith guides us, in the wilderness,
Through all the terrors of the night.

4 Dear Father, if thy lifted rod
Resolves to scourge us here below,
Still let us lean upon our God;
Thine arm shall bear us safely through.

143. L. M. WATTS.

Perfections of God combined in his Government.

1 JEHOVAH reigns; his throne is high;
His robes are light and majesty;
His glory shines with beams so bright,
No mortal can sustain the sight.

2 His terrors keep the world in awe;
His justice guards his holy law;
His love reveals a smiling face;
His truth and promise seal the grace.

3 Through all his works his wisdom shines,
And baffles Satan's deep designs;
His power is sovereign to fulfil
The noblest counsels of his will.

4 And will this glorious Lord descend
To be my Father and my Friend?
Then let my songs with angels' join;
Heaven is secure, if God be mine.

144. 10s & 11s. WATTS.

Dominion of God.

1 THE Lord of glory reigns; he reigns on high;
His robes of state are strength and majesty;
This wide creation rose at his command,
Built by his word, and 'stablished by his hand:
Long stood his throne ere he began creation,
And his own Godhead is the firm foundation.

2 God is th' eternal King ; thy foes in vain
Raise their rebellion to confound thy reign ;
In vain the storms, in vain the floods, arise,
And roar, and toss their waves against the skies ;
Foaming at heaven, they rage with wild commotion,
But heaven's high arches scorn the swelling ocean.

3 Ye tempests, rage no more ; ye floods, be still ;
And all the world submissive to his will ;
Built on his truth, his church must ever stand ;
Firm are his promises, and strong his hand :
See his own sons, when they appear before him,
Bow at his footstool, and with fear adore him.

145. S. P. M. WATTS.

The Majesty of God.

1 THE Lord Jehovah reigns,
And royal state maintains,
His head with awful glories crowned,
Arrayed in robes of light,
Begirt with sovereign might,
And rays of majesty around.

2 Upheld by thy commands,
The world securely stands,
And skies and stars obey thy word ;
Thy throne was fixed on high
Ere stars adorned the sky ;
Eternal is thy kingdom, Lord.

3 Let floods and nations rage,
And all their power engage ;
Let swelling tides assault the sky ;
The terrors of thy frown
Shall calm their fury down ;
Thy throne forever stands on high.

4 Thy promises are true ;
Thy grace is ever new ;
There fixed, thy church shall ne'er remove ;
Thy saints, with holy fear,
Shall in thy courts appear,
And sing thine everlasting love.

146. L. M. KIPPIS.

God incomprehensible.

1 GREAT God, in vain man's narrow view
Attempts to look thy nature through;
Our laboring powers with reverence own
Thy glories never can be known.

2 Not the high seraph's mighty thought,
Who countless years his God has sought,
Such wondrous height or depth can find,
Or fully trace thy boundless mind.

3 Yet, Lord, thy kindness deigns to show
All that we mortals need to know;
While wisdom, goodness, power divine,
Through all thy works and conduct shine.

4 O, may our souls with rapture trace
Thy works of nature and of grace;
Adore thy sacred name, and still
Press on to know and do thy will.

147. C. M. WATTS.

Sovereign Purposes of God.

1 KEEP silence, all created things,
And wait your Maker's nod;
My soul stands trembling while she sings
The honors of her God.

2 Life, death, and hell, and worlds unknown,
Hang on his firm decree;
He sits on no precarious throne,
Nor borrows leave to be.

3 Before his throne a volume lies,
With all the fates of men;
With every angel's form and size,
Drawn by th' eternal pen.

4 His providence unfolds the book,
And makes his counsels shine;
Each opening leaf, and every stroke,
Fulfils some deep design.

5 Here, he exalts neglected worms
To sceptres and a crown;
And there, the following page he turns,
And casts the monarch down.

6 My God, I would not long to see
My fate, with curious eyes —
What gloomy lines are writ for me,
Or what bright scenes may rise.

7 In thy fair book of life and grace,
O, may I find my name,
Recorded in some humble place,
Beneath my Lord, the Lamb.

148. C. M. COWPER.

Purposes of God developed by his Providence.

1 GOD moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform ;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

2 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take ;
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
With blessing on your head.

3 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace ;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

4 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

5 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain ;
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

149. C. M. ENG. BAP. COL.

Providence kind and bountiful.

1 THY kingdom, Lord, forever stands,
While earthly thrones decay ;
And time submits to thy commands,
While ages roll away.

2 Thy sovereign bounty freely gives
Its unexhausted store ;
And universal nature lives
On thy sustaining power.

3 Holy and just in all its ways
Is providence divine;
In all its works, immortal rays
Of power and mercy shine.

4 The praise of God — delightful theme! —
Shall fill my heart and tongue;
Let all creation bless his name,
In one eternal song.

150. C. M. GIBBONS.

Goodness of God.

1 THY goodness, Lord, our souls confess;
Thy goodness we adore; —
A Spring whose blessings never fail;
A sea without a shore.

2 Sun, moon, and stars, thy love declare
In every golden ray;
Love draws the curtains of the night,
And love brings back the day.

3 Thy bounty every season crowns
With all the bliss it yields,
With joyful clusters loads the vines,
With strengthening grain the fields.

4 But chiefly thy compassion, Lord,
Is in the gospel seen:
There, like a sun, thy mercy shines,
Without a cloud between.

5 There pardon, peace, and holy joy,
Through Jesus' name are given;
He on the cross was lifted high,
That we might reign in heaven.

151. L. M. WATTS.

Immutable Perfections and Glory of God.

1 HIGH in the heavens, eternal God,
Thy goodness in full glory shines;
Thy truth shall break through every cloud
That veils thy just and wise designs.

2 Forever firm thy justice stands,
As mountains their foundations keep;
Wise are the wonders of thy hands;
Thy judgments are a mighty deep.

3 O God, how excellent thy grace,
Whence all our hope and comfort spring!
The sons of Adam, in distress,
Fly to the shadow of thy wing.

4 In the provisions of thy house
We still shall find a sweet repast;
There mercy, like a river, flows,
And brings salvation to our taste.

5 Life, like a fountain, rich and free,
Springs from the presence of my Lord;
And in thy light our souls shall see
The glories promised in thy word.

152. L. M. S. S. Cutting.

God of all Goodness.

1 GOD of the world! thy glories shine,
Through earth and heaven, with rays divine;
Thy smile gives beauty to the flower,
Thine anger to the tempest power.

2 God of our lives! the throbbing heart
Doth at thy beck its action start, —
Throbs on, obedient to thy will,
Or ceases, at thy fatal chill.

3 God of eternal life! thy love
Doth every stain of sin remove;
The cross, the cross — its hallowed light
Shall drive from earth her cheerless night.

4 God of all goodness! to the skies
Our hearts in grateful anthems rise;
And to thy service shall be given
The rest of life — the whole of heaven.

153. C. M. Steele.

Wonders of God's Love.

1 YE humble souls, approach your God
With songs of sacred praise;
For he is good, supremely good,
And kind are all his ways.

2 All nature owns his guardian care;
In him we live and move;
But nobler benefits declare
The wonders of his love.

3 He gave his well-belovéd Son
To save our souls from sin;
'Tis here he makes his goodness known,
And proves it all divine.

4 To this sure refuge, Lord, we come,
And here our hope relies;
A safe defence, a peaceful home,
When storms of trouble rise.

5 Thine eye beholds, with kind regard,
The souls who trust in thee;
Their humble hope thou wilt reward
With bliss divinely free.

6 Great God, to thy almighty love
What honors shall we raise?
Not all the raptured songs above
Can render equal praise.

154. H. M. WATTS.

Wonders of Creation and Grace.

1 GIVE thanks to God most high,
The universal Lord,
The sovereign King of kings,
And be his name adored:
Thy mercy, Lord, | And ever sure
Shall still endure; | Abides thy word.

2 How mighty is his hand!
What wonders hath he done!
He formed the earth and seas,
And spread the heavens alone:
His power and grace | And let his name
Are still the same; | Have endless praise.

3 He sent his only Son
To save us from our woe,
From Satan, sin, and death,
And every hurtful foe:
His power and grace | And let his name
Are still the same; | Have endless praise.

4 Give thanks aloud to God —
To God, the heavenly King;
And let the spacious earth
His works and glories sing:
Thy mercy, Lord, | And ever sure
Shall still endure; | Abides thy word.

155. 8s & 7s. BOWRING.

God is Love.

1 GOD is love; his mercy brightens
All the path in which we rove;
Bliss he wakes, and woe he lightens;
God is wisdom, God is love.

2 Chance and change are busy ever;
Man decays, and ages move;
But his mercy waneth never;
God is wisdom, God is love.

3 E'en the hour that darkest seemeth
Will his changeless goodness prove;
From the gloom his brightness streameth;
God is wisdom, God is love.

4 He with earthy cares entwineth
Hope and comfort from above:
Every where his glory shineth;
God is wisdom, God is love.

156. C. M. G. BURDER.

God is Love.

1 COME, ye that know and fear the Lord,
And lift your souls above;
Let every heart and voice accord,
To sing, that God is love.

2 This precious truth his word declares,
And all his mercies prove;
While Christ, th' atoning Lamb, appears,
To show, that God is love.

3 Behold his loving-kindness waits
For those who from him rove,
And calls of mercy reach their hearts,
To teach them, God is love.

4 And O that you, whose hardened hearts
No fears of hell can move,
May hear the gospel's milder voice,
That tells you, God is love!

5 O, may we all, while here below,
This best of blessings prove;
Till warmer hearts, in brighter worlds,
Shall shout, that God is love.

157. H. M. J. YOUNG.

God's wondrous Love.

1 O FOR a shout of joy,
Loud as the theme we sing!
To this divine employ
Your hearts and voices bring;
Sound, sound, through all the earth abroad,
The love, th' eternal love, of God.

2 Unnumbered myriads stand,
Of seraphs bright and fair,
Or bow at his right hand,
And pay their homage there;
But strive in vain, with loudest chord,
To sound the wondrous love of God.

3 Yet sinners saved by grace,
In songs of lower key,
In every age and place,
Have sung the mystery;
Have told, in strains of sweet accord,
The love, the sovereign love, of God.

4 Though earth and hell assail,
And doubts and fears arise,
The weakest shall prevail,
And grasp the heavenly prize,
And through an endless age record
The love, th' unchanging love, of God.

5 O for a shout of joy,
Loud as the theme we sing!
To this divine employ
Your hearts and voices bring;
Sound, sound, through all the earth abroad,
The love, th' eternal love, of God.

158. C. M. STEELE.

Condescension of God.

1 ETERNAL Power, Almighty God,
Who can approach thy throne?
Accessless light is thine abode,
To angel eyes unknown.

2 Before the radiance of thine eye,
The heavens no longer shine;
And all the glories of the sky
Are but the shade of thine.

3 Great God, and wilt thou condescend
To cast a look below?
To this dark world thy notice bend, —
These seats of sin and woe?

4 How strange, how wondrous is thy love!
With trembling we adore:
Not all th' exalted minds above
Its wonders can explore.

5 While golden harps and angel tongues
Resound immortal lays,
Great God, permit our humble songs
To rise and speak thy praise.

159. C. M. NEEDHAM.

Holiness of God.

1 HOLY and reverend is the name
Of our eternal King;
"Thrice holy Lord," the angels cry;
"Thrice holy," let us sing.

2 The deepest reverence of the mind,
Pay, O my soul, to God;
Lift, with thy hands, a holy heart
To his sublime abode.

3 With sacred awe pronounce his name,
Whom words nor thoughts can reach;
A contrite heart shall please him more
Than noblest forms of speech.

4 Thou holy God, preserve my soul
From all pollution free;
The pure in heart are thy delight,
And they thy face shall see.

160. C. M. BEDDOME.

Faithfulness of God.

1 THE truth of God shall still endure,
  And firm his promise stand;
Believing souls may rest secure
  In his almighty hand.

2 Should earth and hell their forces join,
  He would contemn their rage,
And render fruitless their design
  Against his heritage.

3 The rainbow round about his throne
  Proclaims his faithfulness;
He will his purposes perform,
  His promises of grace.

4 The hills and mountains melt away;
  But he is still the same:
Let saints to him their homage pay,
  And magnify his name.

161. C. M. WATTS.

Faithfulness of God.

1 MY never-ceasing song shall show
  The mercies of the Lord,
And make succeeding ages know
  How faithful is his word.

2 The sacred truths his lips pronounce
  Shall firm as heaven endure;
And if he speak a promise once,
  Th' eternal grace is sure.

3 How long the race of David held
  The promised Jewish throne!
But there's a nobler promise sealed
  To David's greater Son.

4 His seed forever shall possess
  A throne above the skies;
The meanest subject of his grace
  Shall to that glory rise.

5 Lord God of hosts, thy wondrous ways
  Are sung by saints above;
And saints on earth their honors raise
  To thine unchanging love.

162. H. M. DODDRIDGE.

Faithfulness of God.

1 THE promises I sing,
Which sovereign love hath spoke;
Nor will th' eternal King
His words of grace revoke:
They stand secure | Not Zion's hill
And steadfast still; | Abides so sure.

2 The mountains melt away,
When once the Judge appears,
And sun and moon decay,
That measure mortal years;
But still the same, | The promise shines
In radiant lines | Through all the flame.

3 Their harmony shall sound
Through my attentive ears,
When thunders cleave the ground,
And dissipate the spheres:
'Midst all the shock | I stand serene,
Of that dread scene, | Thy word my rock.

ACTS AND ATTRIBUTES OF GOD.

II. — WITH REFERENCE TO HIS CREATURES.

163. C. M. WATTS.

Condescension of God.

1 O LORD, our God, how wondrous great
Is thine exalted name!
The glories of thy heavenly state
Let every tongue proclaim.

2 Lord, what is man, or all his race,
Who dwells so far below,
That thou shouldst visit him with grace,
And love his nature so? —

3 That thine eternal Son should bear
To take a mortal form, —
Made lower than his angels are,
To save a dying worm?

4 Let him be crowned with majesty
Who bowed his head to death,
And be his honors sounded high
By all things that have breath.

5 Jesus, our Lord, how wondrous great
Is thine exalted name!
The glories of thy heavenly state
Let all the earth proclaim.

164. S. M. Watts.

Divine Condescension.

1 O LORD, our heavenly King,
Thy name is all divine;
Thy glories round the earth are spread,
And o'er the heavens they shine.

2 When to thy works on high
I raise my wondering eyes,
And see the moon, complete in light,
Adorn the evening skies, —

3 When I survey the stars,
And all their shining forms, —
Lord, what is man, that worthless thing,
Akin to dust and worms?

4 Lord, what is worthless man,
That thou shouldst love him so?
Next to thine angels is he placed,
And lord of all below.

5 How rich thy bounties are,
How wondrous are thy ways,
That, from the dust, thy power should frame
A monument of praise!

165. C. M. Tate & Brady.

God's Condescension.

1 O THOU, to whom all creatures bow
Within this earthly frame,
Through all the world, how great art thou!
How glorious is thy name!

2 When heaven, thy glorious work on high,
Employs my wondering sight, —
The moon, that nightly rules the sky,
With stars of feebler light, —

3 Lord, what is man, that thou shouldst choose
To keep him in thy mind?
Or what his race, that thou shouldst prove
To them so wondrous kind?

4 O Thou, to whom all creatures bow
Within this earthly frame,
Through all the world, how great art thou!
How glorious is thy name!

166. C. M. C. Wesley.

Truth and Goodness of God.

1 FAITHFUL, O Lord, thy mercies are,
A rock that cannot move;
A thousand promises declare
Thy constancy of love.

2 Thou waitest to be gracious still;
Thou dost with sinners bear,
That, saved, we may thy goodness feel,
And all thy grace declare.

3 Its streams the whole creation reach,
So plenteous is the store;
Enough for all, enough for each,
Enough forevermore.

4 Throughout the universe it reigns;
It stands forever sure;
And while thy truth, O God, remains,
Thy goodness shall endure.

167. C. M. Drennan.

God present with his People.

1 THE heaven of heavens cannot contain
The universal Lord;
Yet he in humble hearts will deign
To dwell and be adored.

2 Where'er ascends the sacrifice
Of fervent praise and prayer,
Or on the earth, or in the skies,
The God of heaven is there.

3 His presence is diffused abroad
Through realms and worlds unknown;
Who seek the mercies of our God
Are ever near his throne.

168. C. M. WATTS.

God our Keeper.

1 TO heaven I lift my waiting eyes;
There all my hopes are laid;
The Lord, who built the earth and skies,
Is my perpetual aid.

2 Their steadfast feet shall never fall,
Whom he designs to keep;
His ear attends their humble call,
His eyes can never sleep.

3 Israel, rejoice, and rest secure;
Thy keeper is the Lord;
His wakeful eyes employ his power
For thine eternal guard.

4 He guards thy soul, he keeps thy breath,
Where thickest dangers come;
Go and return, secure from death,
Till God shall call thee home.

169. C. M. PITT.

God our Guardian.

1 ON God we build our sure defence;
In God our hopes repose;
His hand protects our varying life,
And guards us from our foes.

2 Our minds shall be serene and calm,
Like Siloa's peaceful flood,
Whose soft and silver streams refresh
The city of our God.

3 We to the mighty Lord of hosts
Securely will resort;
For refuge fly to Jacob's God,
Our succor and support.

170. C. M. Tate & Brady.

God our Defence.

1 NO change of time shall ever shock
My trust, O Lord, in thee;
For thou hast always been my rock,
A sure defence to me.

2 Thou our deliverer art, O God;
Our trust is in thy power;
Thou art our shield from foes abroad,
Our safeguard, and our tower.

3 To thee will we address our prayer,
To whom all praise we owe;
O, may we, by thy watchful care,
Be saved from every foe.

4 Then let Jehovah be adored,
On whom our hopes depend;
For who, except the mighty Lord,
His people can defend?

171. L. M. Anon.

God a Rock.

1 WHEN thickly beat the storms of life,
And heavy is the chastening rod,
The soul, beyond the waves of strife,
Views the eternal rock — her God.

2 What hope dispels the spirit's gloom,
When sinking 'neath affliction's shock?
Faith, through the vista of the tomb,
Points to the everlasting Rock.

3 Is there a man who cannot see
That joy and grief are from above?
O, let him humbly bend the knee,
And own his Father's chastening love.

4 Hope, Grace, and Truth, with gentle hand,
Shall lead a bleeding Saviour's flock
And show them, in the promised land,
The shelter of th' eternal Rock.

172. L. M. Watts.

God the Refuge and Portion of his People.

1 GOD is the refuge of his saints,
When storms of sharp distress invade ;
Ere we can offer our complaints,
Behold him present with his aid.

2 Loud may the troubled ocean roar ;
In sacred peace our souls abide,
While every nation, every shore,
Trembles, and dreads the swelling tide.

3 There is a stream whose gentle flow
Supplies the city of our God ;
Life, love, and joy, still gliding through,
And watering our divine abode.

4 That sacred stream, thine holy word,
Supports our faith, our fear controls ;
Sweet peace thy promises afford,
And give new strength to fainting souls.

5 Zion enjoys her Monarch's love,
Secure against a threatening hour ;
Nor can her firm foundation move,
Built on his truth, and armed with power.

173. H. M. Watts.

God our Preserver.

1 TO heaven I lift mine eyes ;
From God is all my aid, —
The God who built the skies,
And earth and nature made :
God is the tower | His grace is nigh
To which I fly ; | In every hour.

2 My feet shall never slide,
And fall in fatal snares,
Since God, my guard and guide,
Defends me from my fears.
Those wakeful eyes, | Shall Israel keep
Which never sleep, | When dangers rise.

3 No burning heats by day,
Nor blasts of evening air,
Shall take my health away,
If God be with me there:
Thou art my sun, | To guard my head
And thou my shade, | By night or noon.

4 Hast thou not pledged thy word
To save my soul from death?
And I can trust my Lord
To keep my mortal breath:
I'll go and come, | Till from on high
Nor fear to die, | Thou call me home.

174. C. M. Doddridge.

God our all.

1 HOW firm the saint's foundation stands!
His hopes can ne'er remove,
Sustained by God's almighty hand,
And sheltered in his love.

2 God is the treasure of his soul,
A source of sacred joy,
Which no afflictions can control,
Nor death itself destroy.

3 Lord, may we feel thy cheering beams,
And taste thy saints' repose;
We will not mourn the perished streams,
While such a fountain flows.

175. C. M. Watts.

God our Portion.

1 GOD, my supporter and my hope,
My help forever near,
Thine arm of mercy held me up,
When sinking in despair.

2 Thy counsels, Lord, shall guide my feet
Through this dark wilderness;
Thine hand conduct me near thy seat,
To dwell before thy face.

3 Were I in heaven without my God,
'Twould be no joy to me;
And whilst this earth is my abode,
I long for none but thee.

4 What if the springs of life were broke,
And flesh and heart should faint;
God is my soul's eternal rock,
The strength of every saint.

5 Behold the sinners, that remove
Far from thy presence, die;
Not all the idol gods they love
Can save them when they cry.

6 But to draw near to thee, my God,
Shall be my sweet employ;
My tongue shall sound thy works abroad,
And tell the world my joy.

176. C. M. BEDDOME.

God our Support.

1 'TIS faith supports my feeble soul
In times of deep distress;
When storms arise and billows roll,
Great God, I trust thy grace.

2 Thy powerful arm still bears me up,
Whatever griefs befall;
Thou art my life, my joy, my hope,
And thou my all in all.

3 Bereft of friends, beset with foes,
With dangers all around,
To thee I all my fears disclose;
In thee my help is found.

4 In every want, in every strait,
To thee alone I fly;
When other comforters depart,
Thou art forever nigh.

177. C. M. STEELE.

God our Father.

1 MY God, my Father, — blissful name, —
O, may I call thee mine?
May I with sweet assurance claim
A portion so divine?

2 This only can my fears control,
And bid my sorrows fly;
What harm can ever reach my soul
Beneath my Father's eye?

3 Whate'er thy holy will denies,
I calmly would resign;
For thou art good, and just, and wise
O, bend my will to thine.

4 Whate'er thy sacred will ordains,
O, give me strength to bear;
And let me know my Father reigns,
And trust his tender care.

178. 8s. HART.

Our God forever and ever.

1 THIS God is the God we adore,
Our faithful, unchangeable Friend,
Whose love is as large as his power,
And neither knows measure nor end.

2 'Tis Jesus, the first and the last,
Whose Spirit shall guide us safe home;
We'll praise him for all that is past,
And trust him for all that's to come.

179. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

Divine Goodness in moderating Afflictions.

1 GREAT Ruler of all nature's frame,
We own thy power divine;
We hear thy breath in every storm,
For all the winds are thine.

2 Wide as they sweep their sounding way,
They work thy sovereign will;
And awed by thy majestic voice,
Confusion shall be still.

3 Thy mercy tempers every blast
To them that seek thy face,
And mingles with the tempest's roar
The whispers of thy grace.

4 Those gentle whispers let me hear,
Till all the tumult cease;
And gales of Paradise shall lull
My weary soul to peace.

180. C. M. ANON.

God our Safety.

1 JEHOVAH lives, and be his name
By every heart adored;
From age to age he is the same,
The only God and Lord.

2 He is our rock when troubles rise,
And storms and tempests lower;
He rides triumphant in the skies,
And saves us by his power.

3 Salvation to the Lord belongs;
We give Jehovah praise;
Lift up our hearts, and holy songs
To our deliverer raise.

4 He saves from danger, death, and hell,
From fear, distress, and harm;
Makes every soul in safety dwell,
For mighty is his arm.

181. C. M. DOANE.

None but God.

1 LORD, should we leave thy hallowed feet,
To whom should we repair?
Where else such holy comforts meet,
As spring eternal there?

2 Earth has no fount of true delight,
No pure, perennial stream;
And sorrow's storm, and death's long night,
Obscure life's brightest beam.

3 Unmingled joys 'tis thine to give,
And undecaying peace;
For thou canst teach us so to live,
That life shall never cease.

4 Thou only canst the cheering words
Of endless life supply,
Anointed of the Lord of lords,
The Son of God most high.

182. S. M. WATTS.

Mercy of God to Soul and Body.

1 O, BLESS the Lord, my soul;
Let all within me join,
And aid my tongue to bless his name,
Whose favors are divine.

2 O, bless the Lord, my soul;
Nor let his mercies lie
Forgotten in unthankfulness,
And without praises die.

3 'Tis he forgives thy sins;
'Tis he relieves thy pain;
'Tis he that heals thy sicknesses,
And gives thee strength again.

4 He crowns thy life with love,
When ransomed from the grave;
He, who redeemed my soul from hell,
Hath sovereign power to save.

5 He fills the poor with good;
He gives the sufferers rest:
The Lord hath judgments for the proud,
And justice for th' oppressed.

6 His wondrous works and ways
He made by Moses known,
But sent the world his truth and grace
By his belovéd Son.

183. S. M. WATTS.

Greatness of God's Mercy.

1 MY soul, repeat his praise
Whose mercies are so great,
Whose anger is so slow to rise,
So ready to abate.

2 His power subdues our sins,
And his forgiving love,
Far as the east is from the west,
Doth all our guilt remove.

3 High as the heavens are raised
Above the ground we tread,
So far the riches of his grace
Our highest thoughts exceed.

184. S. M. Watts.

Kindness to our Frailty.

1 THE pity of the Lord,
To those that fear his name,
Is such as tender parents feel;
He knows our feeble frame.

2 He knows we are but dust,
Scattered with every breath;
His anger, like a rising wind,
Can send us swift to death.

3 Our days are as the grass,
Or like the morning flower;
When blasting winds sweep o'er the field,
It withers in an hour.

4 But thy compassions, Lord,
To endless years endure;
And children's children ever find
Thy words of promise sure.

185. L. M. Doddridge.

God's Goodness to the Children of Men.

1 YE sons of men, with joy record
The various wonders of the Lord;
And let his power and goodness sound
Through all your tribes, the earth around.

2 Let the high heavens your songs invite, —
Those spacious fields of brilliant light,
Where sun, and moon, and planets roll,
And stars that glow from pole to pole.

3 But, O, that brighter world above,
Where lives and reigns incarnate Love!
God's only Son, in flesh arrayed,
For man a bleeding victim made.

4 Thither, my soul, with rapture soar;
There, in the land of praise, adore;
The theme demands an angel's lay,
Demands an everlasting day.

186. L. M. WATTS

The Goodness and Mercy of God celebrated.

1 BLESS, O my soul, the living God;
Call home thy thoughts, that rove abroad;
Let all the powers within me join
In work and worship so divine.

2 Bless, O my soul, the God of grace;
His favors claim thy highest praise;
Let not the wonders he hath wrought
Be lost in silence, and forgot.

3 'Tis he, my soul, that sent his Son
To die for crimes which thou hast done:
He owns the ransom, and forgives
The hourly follies of our lives.

4 Let every land his power confess;
Let all the earth adore his grace:
My heart and tongue, with rapture, join
In work and worship so divine.

187. C. M WATTS.

God's Goodness.

1 SWEET is the memory of thy grace,
My God, my heavenly King;
Let age to age thy righteousness
In songs of glory sing

2 God reigns on high, but ne'er confines
His goodness to the skies;
Through all the earth his bounty shines,
And every want supplies.

3 How kind are thy compassions, Lord!
How slow thine anger moves!
But soon he sends his pardoning word,
To cheer the souls he loves.

4 Sweet is the memory of thy grace,
My God, my heavenly King;
Let age to age thy righteousness
In songs of glory sing.

188. C. M. WATTS.

God all in all.

1 MY God, my portion, and my love,
My everlasting all,
I've none but thee in heaven above,
Or on this earthly ball.

2 How vain a toy is glittering wealth,
If once compared to thee!
Or what's my safety, or my health,
Or all my friends, to me?

3 Were I possessor of the earth,
And called the stars my own,
Without thy graces, and thyself,
I were a wretch undone.

4 Let others stretch their arms like seas,
And grasp in all the shore;
Grant me the visits of thy grace,
And I desire no more.

189. S. M. BEDDOME.

Daily Mercies.

1 GOD is the fountain whence
Ten thousand blessings flow;
To him my life, my health, and friends,
And every good, I owe.

2 The comforts he affords
Are neither few nor small;
He is the source of fresh delights,
My portion and my all.

3 He fills my heart with joy,
My lips attunes for praise;
And to his glory I'll devote
The remnant of my days.

190. C. M. HERVEY.

God our Wisdom

1 SINCE all the varying scenes of time
God's watchful eye surveys,
O, who so wise to choose our lot,
Or to appoint our ways!

2 Good when he gives, — supremely good, —
Nor less when he denies;
E'en crosses, from his sovereign hand,
Are blessings in disguise.

3 Why should we doubt a Father's love,
So constant and so kind?
To his unerring, gracious will
Be every wish resigned.

4 In thy fair book of life divine,
My God, inscribe my name;
There let it fill some humble place,
Beneath my Lord, the Lamb.

191. S. M. WATTS.

Abba, Father.

1 BEHOLD, what wondrous grace
The Father has bestowed
On sinners of a mortal race,
To call them sons of God!

2 Nor doth it yet appear
How great we must be made;
But when we see our Saviour here,
We shall be like our Head.

3 A hope so much divine
May trials well endure;
May purify our souls from sin,
As Christ, the Lord, is pure.

4 If in my Father's love
I share a filial part,
Send down thy Spirit, like a dove,
To rest upon my heart.

5 We would no longer lie
Like slaves beneath the throne;
Our faith shall Abba, Father, cry,
And thou the kindred own.

192. L. M. Watts.

Recognizing God as a Father.

1 GREAT God, indulge my humble claim;
Thou art my hope, my joy, my rest;
The glories that compose thy name
Stand all engaged to make me blest.

2 Thou great and good, thou just and wise,
Thou art my Father and my God;
And I am thine, by sacred ties,
Thy son, thy servant, bought with blood.

3 With early feet I love t' appear
Among thy saints, and seek thy face;
Oft have I seen thy glory there,
And felt the power of sovereign grace.

4 I'll lift my hands, I'll raise my voice,
While I have breath to pray or praise;
This work shall make my heart rejoice,
And bless the remnant of my days.

193. C. M. Tate & Brady.

Security in God.

1 THROUGH all the changing scenes of life,
In trouble and in joy,
The praises of my God shall still
My heart and tongue employ.

2 The hosts of God encamp around
The dwellings of the just;
Deliverance he affords to all
Who make his name their trust.

3 O, make but trial of his love,
Experience will decide
How blest are they, and only they,
Who in his truth confide.

4 Fear him, ye saints, and you will then
Have nothing else to fear;
Make you his service your delight,
He'll make your wants his care.

194. 7s & 6s. MONTGOMERY.

Confidence in God.

1 GOD is my strong salvation;
What foe have I to fear?
In darkness and temptation,
My light, my help, is near:
Though hosts encamp around me,
Firm in the fight I stand;
What terror can confound me,
With God at my right hand?

2 Place on the Lord reliance;
My soul, with courage wait;
His truth be thine affiance,
When faint and desolate;
His might thy heart shall strengthen,
His love thy joy increase;
Mercy thy days shall lengthen;
The Lord will give thee peace.

195. S. M. WATTS.

God our Shepherd.

1 THE Lord my Shepherd is;
I shall be well supplied:
Since he is mine, and I am his,
What can I want beside?

2 He leads me to the place
Where heavenly pasture grows,
Where living waters gently pass,
And full salvation flows.

3 If e'er I go astray,
He doth my soul reclaim,
And guides me, in his own right way,
For his most holy name.

4 While he affords his aid,
I cannot yield to fear;
Though I should walk through death's dark shade,
My Shepherd 's with me there.

5 In sight of all my foes,
Thou dost my table spread;
My cup with blessings overflows,
And joy exalts my head.

6 The bounties of thy love
Shall crown my future days;
Nor from thy house will I remove,
Nor cease to speak thy praise.

196. H. M. CONDER.

God our Shepherd.

1 THE Lord my Shepherd is,
And he my soul will keep;
He knoweth who are his,
And watcheth o'er his sheep;
Away with every anxious fear;
I cannot want while he is near.

2 His wisdom doth provide
The pasture where I feed;
Where silent waters glide
Along the quiet mead,
He leads my feet; and when I roam,
O'ertakes and brings the wanderer home.

3 He leads himself the way
His faithful flock should take:
Them who his voice obey,
His love will ne'er forsake;
And surely truth and mercy will
Attend me on my journey still.

4 Let me but feel him near,
Death's gloomy pass in view,
I'll walk without a fear
The shaded valley through;
With rod and staff, my Shepherd's care
Will guide my steps and guard me there.

197. L. M. 6L. ADDISON.

Jehovah the Shepherd of his People.

1 THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care;
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye;
My noonday walks he shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

2 When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
To fertile vales and dewy meads
My weary, wandering steps he leads,
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

3 Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For thou, O Lord, art with me still:
Thy friendly rod shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

4 Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious, lonely wilds I stray,
Thy presence shall my pains beguile;
The barren wilderness shall smile,
With sudden greens and herbage crowned,
And streams shall murmur all around.

198. C. M. WATTS.

The watchful Shepherd.

1 MY Shepherd will supply my need;
Jehovah is his name;
In pastures fresh he makes me feed,
Beside the living stream.

2 He brings my wandering spirit back
When I forsake his ways,
And leads me, for his mercy's sake,
In paths of truth and grace.

3 When I walk through the shades of death,
Thy presence is my stay;
A word of thy supporting breath
Drives all my fears away.

4 Thy hand, in sight of all my foes,
Doth still my table spread;
My cup with blessings overflows;
Thine oil anoints my head.

5 The sure provisions of my God
Attend me all my days;
O, may thine house be mine abode,
And all my works be praise.

6 There would I find a settled rest,
While others go and come —
No more a stranger or a guest,
But like a child at home.

199. L. M. WATTS.

The faithful Shepherd.

1 THOUGH I walk through the gloomy vale,
Where death and all its terrors are,
My heart and hope shall never fail,
For God my Shepherd 's with me there.

2 Amid the darkness and the deeps,
Thou art my comfort, thou my stay;
Thy staff supports my feeble steps,
Thy rod directs my doubtful way.

200. 11s. MONTGOMERY.

The Care of the good Shepherd.

1 THE Lord is my Shepherd; no want shall I know;
I feed in green pastures, safe folded to rest;
He leadeth my soul where the still waters flow,
Restores me when wandering, redeems when oppressed.

2 Through the valley and shadow of death though I stray,
Since thou art my Guardian, no evil I fear;
Thy rod shall defend me, thy staff be my stay;
No harm can befall with my Comforter near.

3 In the midst of affliction, my table is spread;
With blessings unmeasured my cup runneth o'er;
With oil and perfume thou anointest my head;
O, what shall I ask of thy providence more?

4 Let goodness and mercy, my bountiful God,
Still follow my steps, till I meet thee above;
I seek, by the path which my forefathers trod
Thro' the land of their sojourn, thy kingdom of love.

CHRIST.

201. 8s & 7s. CAWOOD.

The Song of Angels.

1 HARK! what mean those holy voices,
Sweetly sounding through the skies?
Lo! th' angelic host rejoices;
Heavenly hallelujahs rise.

2 Hear them tell the wondrous story;
Hear them chant, in hymns of joy,
"Glory in the highest — glory!
Glory be to God most high!

3 "Peace on earth, good-will from heaven,
Reaching far as man is found,
Souls redeemed, and sins forgiven,"
Loud our golden harps shall sound.

4 "Christ is born, the great Anointed;
Heaven and earth his praises sing;
O, receive whom God appointed,
For your Prophet, Priest, and King."

5 Haste, ye mortals, to adore him;
Learn his name, and taste his joy;
Till in heaven ye sing before him,
"Glory be to God most high!"

202. 11s & 10s. HEBER.

The Infant Saviour.

1 BRIGHTEST and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid;
Star of the east, the horizon adorning,
Guide where the infant Redeemer is laid.

2 Cold, on his cradle, the dew-drops are shining;
Low lies his bed with the beasts of the stall;
Angels adore him, in slumber reclining,
Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour, of all.

3 Say, shall we yield him, in costly devotion,
Odors of Eden and offerings divine?
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the mine?

4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation;
Vainly with gifts would his favor secure:
Richer by far is the heart's adoration;
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

203. H. M. REED'S COL.

Joy at Immanuel's Birth.

1 HARK! hark! the notes of joy
Roll o'er the heavenly plains,
And seraphs find employ
For their sublimest strains:
Some new delight in heaven is known;
Loud sound the harps around the throne.

2 Hark! hark! the sounds draw nigh;
The joyful hosts descend;
The Lord forsakes the sky;
To earth his footsteps bend:
He comes to bless our fallen race;
He comes with messages of grace.

3 Bear, bear the tidings round;
Let every mortal know
What love in God is found,
What pity he can show:
Ye winds that blow, ye waves that roll,
Convey the news from pole to pole.

4 Strike, strike the harps again,
To great Immanuel's name;
Arise, ye sons of men,
And all his grace proclaim:
Angels and men, wake every string:
'Tis God the Saviour's praise we sing.

204. 8s, 7s & 4. MONTGOMERY.

Call to worship the new-born Saviour.

1 ANGELS, from the realms of glory,
Wing your flight o'er all the earth;
Ye, who sang creation's story,
Now proclaim Messiah's birth:
Come and worship —
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

2 Shepherds, in the field abiding,
Watching o'er your flocks by night,
God with man is now residing;
Yonder shines the heavenly light:
Come and worship —
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

3 Saints, before the altar bending,
Watching long in hope and fear,
Suddenly the Lord, descending,
In his temple shall appear:
Come and worship —
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

4 Sinners, bowed in true repentance,
Doomed for guilt to endless pains,
Justice now revokes the sentence;
Mercy calls you; break your chains:
Come and worship —
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

205. C. M. E. H. SEARS.

A joyous Event.

1 CALM on the listening ear of night
Come heaven's melodious strains,
Where wild Judea stretches far
Her silver-mantled plains.

2 Celestial choirs, from courts above,
Shed sacred glories there,
And angels, with their sparkling lyres,
Make music on the air.

3 The joyous hills of Palestine
Send back the glad reply,
And greet, from all their holy heights,
The dayspring from on high.

4 O'er the blue depths of Galilee
There comes a holier calm,
And Sharon waves, in solemn praise,
Her silent groves of palm.

5 "Glory to God!" the sounding skies
Aloud with anthems ring;
"Peace to the earth, good-will to men,
From heaven's eternal King!"

206. H. M. Salisbury Col.

The Song of Angels.

1 HARK! what celestial sounds,
What music fills the air!
Soft warbling to the morn,
It strikes the ravished ear:
Now all is still, | In tuneful notes,
Now wild it floats | Loud, sweet, and shrill.

2 Th' angelic hosts descend,
With harmony divine:
See how from heaven they bend,
And in full chorus join:
"Fear not," say they; | Jesus, your King,
"Great joy we bring: | Is born to-day."

3 He comes, your souls to save
From death's eternal gloom;
To realms of bliss and light
He lifts you from the tomb:
Your voices raise, | Your songs unite
With sons of light; | Of endless praise.

4 Glory to God on high!
Ye mortals, spread the sound,
And let your raptures fly
To earth's remotest bound;
For peace on earth, | To man is given,
From God in heaven, | At Jesus' birth.

207. 7s. C. Wesley.

Song of the Angels.

1 HARK! the herald angels sing,
"Glory to the new-born King;
Peace on earth, and mercy mild;
God and sinners reconciled."

2 Joyful, all ye nations, rise;
Join the triumph of the skies;
With th' angelic host proclaim,
"Christ is born in Bethlehem."

3 See, he lays his glory by,
Born, that man no more may die;
Born to raise the sons of earth;
Born to give them second birth

4 Hail, the holy Prince of Peace!
Hail, the Sun of Righteousness!
Light and life to all he brings,
Risen with healing in his wings.

5 Let us, then, with angels sing,
"Glory to the new-born King;
Peace on earth and mercy mild;
God and sinners reconciled."

208. S. M. WATTS.

The Nativity of Christ.

1 BEHOLD, the grace appears,
The blessing promised long;
Angels announce the Saviour near,
In this triumphant song: —

2 "Glory to God on high,
And heavenly peace on earth;
Good-will to men, to angels joy,
At the Redeemer's birth."

3 In worship so divine
Let men employ their tongues;
With the celestial host we join,
And loud repeat their songs: —

4 "Glory to God on high,
And heavenly peace on earth;
Good-will to men, to angels joy,
At our Redeemer's birth."

209. 8s & 7s. EPIS. COL.

Christ welcomed as a Saviour.

1 HAIL, thou long-expected Jesus,
Born to set thy people free!
From our sins and fears release us;
Let us find our rest in thee.

2 Israel's strength and consolation,
Hope of all the saints, thou art;
Long desired of every nation,
Joy of every waiting heart.

3 Born thy people to deliver,
Born a child, yet God our King,
Born to reign in us forever,
Now thy gracious kingdom bring.

4 By thine own eternal Spirit,
Rule in all our hearts alone;
By thine all-sufficient merit,
Raise us to thy glorious throne.

210. C. M. STEELE.

Humiliation of Christ.

1 AND did the holy and the just,
The Sovereign of the skies,
Stoop down to wretchedness and dust,
That guilty man might rise?

2 Yes, the Redeemer left his throne,
His radiant throne on high, —
Surprising mercy! love unknown! —
To suffer, bleed, and die.

3 He took the dying traitor's place,
And suffered in his stead;
For sinful man, — O, wondrous grace! —
For sinful man he bled.

4 O Lord, what heavenly wonders dwell
In thine atoning blood!
By this are sinners saved from hell,
And rebels brought to God.

211. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

Design of Christ's Advent.

1 HARK! the glad sound! the Saviour comes,
The Saviour promised long!
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.

2 He comes, the prisoner to release,
In Satan's bondage held;
The gates of brass before him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

3 He comes, from thickest films of vice
To clear the mental ray,
And on the eyes oppressed with night
To pour celestial day.

4 He comes, the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure,
And, with the treasures of his grace,
Enrich the humble poor.

5 Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim,
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With thy beloved name.

212. L. M. WATTS.

Object of Christ's Advent

1 NOT to condemn the sons of men,
Did Christ, the Son of God, appear;
No weapons in his hands are seen,
No flaming sword nor thunder there.

2 Such was the pity of our God,
He loved the race of man so well,
He sent his Son to bear our load
Of sins, and save our souls from hell.

3 Sinners, believe the Saviour's word;
Trust in his mighty name, and live;
A thousand joys his lips afford,
His hands a thousand blessings give.

213. C. M. WATTS.

Effects of the Mission of Christ.

1 JOY to the world! the Lord is come!
Let earth receive her King;
Let every heart prepare him room,
And heaven and nature sing.

2 Joy to the earth! the Saviour reigns!
Let men their songs employ;
While fields, and floods, rocks, hills, and plains,
Repeat the sounding joy.

3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;
He comes to make his blessings flow
Far as the curse is found.

4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteousness,
And wonders of his love.

214. C. M. WATTS.

Christ's first and second Coming.

1 SING to the Lord, ye distant lands,
Ye tribes of every tongue;
His new-discovered grace demands
A new and nobler song.

2 Say to the nations, Jesus reigns,
God's own Almighty Son;
His power the sinking world sustains,
And grace surrounds his throne.

3 Let heaven proclaim the joyful day;
Joy through the earth be seen;
Let cities shine in bright array,
And fields in cheerful green.

4 Let new seraphic joy surprise
The islands of the sea;
Ye mountains, sink; ye valleys, rise;
Prepare the Lord his way.

5 Behold, he comes! he comes to bless
The nations, as their God,
To show the world his righteousness,
And send his truth abroad.

6 But when his voice shall raise the dead,
And bid the world draw near,
How will the guilty nations dread
To see their Judge appear!

215. S. M. NEEDHAM.

Christ the Light of the World.

1 BEHOLD, the Prince of Peace,
The chosen of the Lord,
God's well-belovéd Son, fulfils
The sure, prophetic word.

2 No royal pomp adorns
This King of righteousness;
And meekness, patience, truth, and love,
Compose his princely dress.

3 The Spirit of the Lord,
In rich abundance shed,
On this great Prophet gently lights,
And rests upon his head.

4 He is the Light of men;
His doctrine life imparts;
O, may we feel its quickening power
To warm and cheer our hearts.

216. C. M. WATTS.

Christ the Substance of the Levitical Priesthood.

1 THE true Messiah now appears;
The types are all withdrawn:
So fly the shadows and the stars
Before the rising dawn.

2 The smoking sweet and bleeding lamb,
The kid and bullock slain,
And costly spice, of every name,
Would all be burnt in vain.

3 Aaron must lay his robes away,
His mitre and his vest,
When Christ, the Lord, comes down to be
The offering and the priest.

4 He took our mortal flesh, to show
The wonders of his love;
For us he paid his life below,
And prays for us above.

5 "Forgive," he cries, "forgive their sins,
For I myself have died;"
And then he shows his opened veins,
And pleads his wounded side.

217. C. M. C. Wesley.

A Light to lighten the Gentiles.

1 THE race that long in darkness pined
Have seen a glorious light;
The people dwell in day, who dwelt
In death's surrounding night.

2 To hail thy rise, thou better Sun,
The gathering nations come,
With joy, as when the reapers bear
The harvest treasures home.

3 To us a Child of hope is born,
To us a Son is given;
And him shall all the earth obey,
And all the hosts of heaven.

4 His name shall be the Prince of Peace,
Forevermore adored,
The Wonderful, the Counsellor,
The great and mighty Lord.

5 His power increasing still shall spread;
His reign no end shall know;
His throne shall justice guard above,
And peace abound below.

218. C. M. Curtis's Col.

Miracles of Christ.

1 AND didst thou, Jesus, condescend,
When veiled in human clay,
To heal the sick, the lame, the blind,
And drive disease away?

2 Didst thou regard the beggar's cry,
And cause the blind to see?
Thou Son of David, hear — O, hear —
Have mercy, too, on me.

3 And didst thou pity mortal woe,
And sight and health restore?
O, pity, Lord, and save my soul,
Which needs thy mercy more.

4 Didst thou thy trembling servant raise,
When sinking in the wave?
I perish, Lord; O, save my soul;
For thou alone canst save.

219. L. M. W. B. Tappan.

Christ in Gethsemane.

1 'TIS midnight; and on Olive's brow
The star is dimmed that lately shone;
'Tis midnight; in the garden, now,
The suffering Saviour prays alone.

2 'Tis midnight; and, from all removed,
The Saviour wrestles lone, with fears;
E'en that disciple whom he loved
Heeds not his Master's grief and tears.

3 'Tis midnight; and for others' guilt
The man of sorrows weeps in blood;
Yet he that hath in anguish knelt
Is not forsaken by his God.

4 'Tis midnight; and from ether plains
Is borne the song that angels know;
Unheard by mortals are the strains
That sweetly soothe the Saviour's woe.

220. 8s & 6. S. F. Smith.

The Prayer of Agony.

1 BEYOND where Cedron's waters flow,
Behold the suffering Saviour go
To sad Gethsemane;
His countenance is all divine,
Yet grief appears in every line.

2 He bows beneath the sins of men;
He cries to God, and cries again,
In sad Gethsemane;
He lifts his mournful eyes above —
"My Father, can this cup remove?"

3 With gentle resignation still,
He yielded to his Father's will,
In sad Gethsemane;
"Behold me here, thine only Son;
And, Father, let thy will be done."

4 The Father heard; and angels, there,
Sustained the Son of God in prayer,
In sad Gethsemane;
He drank the dreadful cup of pain —
Then rose to life and joy again.

5 When storms of sorrow round us sweep,
And scenes of anguish make us weep,
To sad Gethsemane
We'll look, and see the Saviour there,
And humbly bow, like him, in prayer.

221. C. M. HAWEIS.

Agony in the Garden.

1 DARK was the night, and cold the ground
On which the Lord was laid;
His sweat like drops of blood ran down;
In agony he prayed, —

2 "Father, remove this bitter cup,
If such thy sacred will;
If not, content to drink it up,
Thy pleasure I fulfil."

3 Go to the garden, sinner; see
Those precious drops that flow;
The heavy load he bore for thee;
For thee he lies so low.

4 Then learn of him the cross to bear;
Thy Father's will obey;
And, when temptations press thee near,
Awake to watch and pray.

222. C. H. M. HEMANS.

The Agony in Gethsemane.

1 HE knelt; the Saviour knelt and prayed,
When but his Father's eye
Looked, through the lonely garden's shade,
On that dread agony:
The Lord of all above, beneath,
Was bowed with sorrow unto death.

2 The sun went down in fearful hour;
The heavens might well grow dim,
When this mortality had power
To thus o'ershadow him;
That he who gave man's breath might know
The very depths of human woe.

3 He knew them all, — the doubt, the strife,
The faint, perplexing dread ;
The mists that hang o'er parting life
All darkened round his head ;
And the Deliverer knelt to pray ;
Yet passed it not, that cup, away.

4 It passed not, though the stormy wave
Had sunk beneath his tread ;
It passed not, though to him the grave
Had yielded up its dead ;
But there was sent him, from on high,
A gift of strength, for man to die.

5 And was his mortal hour beset
With anguish and dismay ?
How may we meet our conflict yet
In the dark, narrow way ?
How, but through him that path who trod ?
"Save, or we perish, Son of God."

223. S. M. DODDRIDGE.

Christ on the Cross.

1 BEHOLD th' amazing sight,
The Saviour lifted high ;
Behold the Son of God's delight
Expire in agony.

2 For whom, for whom, my heart,
Were all these sorrows borne ?
Why did he feel that painful smart,
And meet that various scorn ?

3 For us he hung and bled,
For us in torture died ;
'Twas love that bowed his fainting head,
And oped his gushing side.

4 I see, and I adore
In sympathy of love ;
I feel the strong, attractive power
To lift my soul above.

5 Drawn by such cords as these,
Let all the earth combine,
With cheerful ardor, to confess
The energy divine.

6 In thee our hearts unite,
Nor share thy griefs alone,
But from the cross pursue their flight
To thy triumphant throne.

224. C. M. S. Wesley, Sen

Christ on the Cross.

1 BEHOLD the Saviour of mankind
Upon the shameful tree:
How great the love that him inclined
To bleed and die for me!

2 "My God," he cries; all nature shakes,
And earth's strong pillars bend;
The gate of death in sunder breaks;
The solid marbles rend.

3 "'Tis finished; now the ransom 's paid;
Receive my soul," he cries;
Behold, he bows his sacred head;
He bows his head, and dies!

4 But soon he'll break death's tyrant chain,
And in full glory shine:
O Lamb of God, was ever pain,
Was ever love, like thine?

225. 8s, 7s, & 4. Francis.

The expiring Saviour.

1 HARK! the voice of love and mercy
Sounds aloud from Calvary:
See! it rends the rocks asunder,
Shakes the earth, and veils the sky:
"It is finished!"
Hear the dying Saviour cry.

2 "It is finished!" — O, what pleasure
Do these charming words afford!
Heavenly blessings, without measure,
Flow to us through Christ the Lord:
"It is finished!"
Saints, the dying words record.

3 Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs;
Join to sing the pleasing theme:
All in earth and heaven uniting,
Join to praise Immanuel's name:
Hallelujah!
Glory to the bleeding Lamb!

226. L. M. STEELE.

A dying Saviour.

1 STRETCHED on the cross, the Saviour dies;
Hark! his expiring groans arise;
See, from his hands, his feet, his side,
Descends the sacred, crimson tide.

2 And didst thou bleed? — for sinners bleed?
And could the sun behold the deed?
No; he withdrew his cheering ray,
And darkness veiled the mourning day.

3 Can I survey this scene of woe,
Where mingling grief and mercy flow,
And yet my heart so hard remain, —
Unmoved by either love or pain!

4 Come, dearest Lord, thy grace impart,
To warm this cold, this stupid heart,
Till all its powers and passions move
In melting grief and ardent love.

227. 8s & 7s. BICKERSTETH'S COL.

Sufferings of Christ.

1 "STRICKEN, smitten, and afflicted,"
Lo, he dies upon the tree:
'Tis the Christ by man rejected;
Yes, believers, — yes, 'tis he.

2 'Tis the long-expected Saviour,
David's Son and David's Lord,
Sacrificed to bring us favor;
'Tis a true and faithful word.

3 Tell us, ye who heard him groaning, —
Was there ever grief like his?
Friends through fear his cause disowning,
Foes insulting his distress.

4 Many hands conspired to wound him;
None would interpose to save;
But the heaviest stroke that found him
Was the stroke that justice gave.

5 Mark the sacrifice appointed;
See — who bears the awful load?
'Tis the Word, the Lord's Anointed,
Son of man and Son of God.

6 Lamb of God, for sinners wounded,
Sacrifice which cancels guilt,
None shall ever be confounded
Who on thee their hopes have built.

228. 7s & 4. G. E. Head.

Calvary.

1 HARK! from yonder mount arise
Notes of sadness — Jesus dies!
On the cross the Lord of lords
Love for guilty man records;
Sinner, sinner,
Hear your dying Saviour's words.

2 "Mortal, for your guilt I die, —
Guilt that dared your God defy;
Blood for you I freely give;
Death I taste that you may live;
Will you, sinner,
Free salvation now receive?"

229. C. M. S. Wesley, Jr.

Death on the Cross.

1 FROM whence these direful omens round,
Which heaven and earth amaze?
And why do earthquakes cleave the ground?
Why hides the sun his rays?

2 Well may the earth astonished shake,
And nature sympathize,
The sun, as darkest night, be black;
Their Maker, Jesus, dies!

3 Behold, fast streaming from the tree,
His all-atoning blood:
Is this the Infinite? 'tis he,
My Saviour and my God.

4 For me these pangs his soul assail,
For me this death is borne;
My sins gave sharpness to the nail,
And pointed every thorn.

5 Let sin no more my soul enslave;
Break, Lord, its tyrant chain;
O, save me, whom thou cam'st to save,
Nor bleed nor die in vain.

230. L. M. C. STENNETT.

Christ expiring upon the Cross.

1 "'TIS finished!" — so the Saviour cried,
And meekly bowed his head and died:
'Tis finished! — yes, the race is run,
The battle fought, the victory won.

2 'Tis finished! — this his dying groan
Shall sins of deepest hue atone,
And millions be redeemed from death
By Jesus' last, expiring breath.

3 'Tis finished! — Heaven is reconciled,
And all the powers of darkness spoiled;
Peace, love, and happiness, again
Return, and dwell with sinful men.

4 'Tis finished! — let the joyful sound
Be heard through all the nations round:
'Tis finished! — let the triumph rise,
And swell the chorus of the skies.

231. S. M. WATTS.

Christ suffering for our Sins.

1 LIKE sheep we went astray,
And broke the fold of God,
Each wandering in a different way,
But all the downward road.

2 How dreadful was the hour
When God our wanderings laid,
And did at once his vengeance pour,
Upon the Shepherd's head!

3 How glorious was the grace,
When Christ sustained the stroke!
His life and blood the Shepherd pays,
A ransom for the flock.

4 But God shall raise his head
O'er all the sons of men,
And let him see a numerous seed,
To recompense his pain.

5 "I'll give him," saith the Lord,
"A portion with the strong:
He shall possess a large reward,
And hold his honors long."

232. L. M. WATTS.

Death and Resurrection of Christ.

1 HE dies! — the Friend of sinners dies;
Lo! Salem's daughters weep around;
A solemn darkness veils the skies;
A sudden trembling shakes the ground.

2 Ye saints, approach! — the anguish view
Of him who groans beneath your load;
He gives his precious life for you;
For you he sheds his precious blood.

3 Here's love and grief beyond degree;
The Lord of glory dies for men;
But, lo! what sudden joys we see!
Jesus, the dead, revives again.

4 The rising God forsakes the tomb;
Up to his Father's court he flies;
Cherubic legions guard him home,
And shout him welcome to the skies.

5 Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell
How high our great Deliverer reigns;
Sing how he spoiled the hosts of hell,
And led the tyrant Death in chains.

6 Say, "Live forever, glorious King,
Born to redeem, and strong to save!"
Then ask, "O Death, where is thy sting?
And where thy victory, boasting Grave?"

233. 7s. COLLYER.

Resurrection of Christ.

1 MORNING breaks upon the tomb;
Jesus scatters all its gloom;
Day of triumph! through the skies,
See the glorious Saviour rise.

2 Ye who are of death afraid,
Triumph in the scattered shade;
Drive your anxious cares away;
See the place where Jesus lay.

3 Christian, dry your flowing tears;
Chase your unbelieving fears;
Look on his deserted grave;
Doubt no more his power to save.

234. 7s. GIBBONS.

Resurrection of Christ.

1 ANGELS, roll the rock away;
Death, yield up thy mighty prey:
See! he rises from the tomb—
Rises with immortal bloom.

2 'Tis the Saviour; seraphs, raise
Your triumphant shouts of praise;
Let the earth's remotest bound
Hear the joy-inspiring sound.

3 Lift, ye saints, lift up your eyes;
Now to glory see him rise;
Hosts of angels on the road
Hail and sing th' incarnate God.

4 Praise him, all ye heavenly choirs,
Praise him with your golden lyres;
Praise him in your noblest songs;
Praise him from ten thousand tongues.

235. 7s. CUDWORTH.

Resurrection of Christ.

1 CHRIST, the Lord, is risen to-day,
Sons of men and angels say;
Raise your songs of triumph high;
Sing, ye heavens, and, earth, reply.

2 Love's redeeming work is done,
Fought the fight, the battle won;
Lo! our Sun's eclipse is o'er;
Lo! he sets in blood no more.

3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal;
Christ hath burst the gates of hell;
Death in vain forbids his rise;
Christ hath opened Paradise.

4 Lives again our glorious King;
Where, O Death, is now thy sting?
Once he died our souls to save;
Where thy victory, boasting Grave?

5 Soar we now where Christ hath led,
Following our exalted Head:
Made like him, like him we rise;
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.

236. H. M. DODDRIDGE.

Resurrection of Christ.

1 YES, the Redeemer rose;
The Saviour left the dead,
And o'er our hellish foes
High raised his conquering head:
In wild dismay, | Fall to the ground,
The guards around | And sink away.

2 Behold, th' angelic bands
In full assembly meet,
To wait his high commands,
And worship at his feet:
With joy they come, | From realms of day
And wing their way | To Jesus' tomb.

3 Then back to heaven they fly,
The joyful news to bear:
Hark! as they soar on high,
What music fills the air!
Their anthems say, | Hath left the dead;
"The Lord, who bled, | He rose to-day."

4 Ye mortals, catch the sound,
Redeemed by him from hell,
And send the echo round
The globe on which you dwell:
Transported, cry, | Hath left the dead,
"The Lord, who bled, | No more to die."

237. S. M. KELLY.

Redemption completed.

1 "THE Lord is risen indeed;"
He lives to die no more;
He lives the sinner's cause to plead,
Whose curse and shame he bore.

2 "The Lord is risen indeed;"
Then hell has lost his prey;
With him is risen the ransomed seed,
To reign in endless day.

3 "The Lord is risen indeed;"
Attending angels, hear;
Up to the courts of heaven, with speed,
The joyful tidings bear.

4 Then wake your golden lyres,
And strike each cheerful chord;
Join, all ye bright, celestial choirs,
To sing our risen Lord.

238. L. M. BUTCHER.

Resurrection of Christ.

1 HOSANNA! let us join to sing
The glories of our rising King;
Recount his deeds of might, and tell
How Jesus triumphed when he fell.

2 Soon as the morning's early ray
Brings on the third, th' appointed day,
Behold the angel cleave the skies,
Roll back the stone, and Jesus rise.

3 With strength immortal forth he comes,
And power and life from God resumes;
The days of pain and sorrow past,
His triumph shall forever last.

4 Hosanna! sons of men, record
The glories of your rising Lord;
The triumphs of the Saviour tell,
Who died, and conquered when he fell.

239. C. M. S. Wesley, Jr.

Resurrection of Christ.

1 THE Sun of Righteousness appears,
To set in blood no more;
Exult; he banishes your fears;
Your rising God adore.

2 The saints, when he resigned his breath,
Unclosed their sleeping eyes;
He breaks again the bands of death;
Again the dead arise.

3 Alone the dreadful race he ran,
Alone the wine-press trod;
He died and suffered as a man;
He rises as a God.

4 In vain the stone, the watch, and seal,
Forbid an early rise
To him who shuts the gates of hell,
And opens Paradise.

240. C. M. Watts.

The Resurrection Morning.

1 BLEST morning, whose young dawning rays
Beheld our rising God;
That saw him triumph o'er the dust,
And leave his dark abode.

2 A silent prisoner in the tomb
The great Redeemer lay,
Till the revolving skies had brought
The third, th' appointed day.

3 Hell and the grave unite their force
To hold our God in vain:
The sleeping Conqueror arose,
And burst their feeble chain.

4 To thy great name, Almighty Lord,
These sacred hours we pay;
And loud hosannas shall proclaim
The triumph of the day.

5 Salvation and immortal praise
To our victorious King;
Let heaven and earth, and rocks and seas
With glad hosannas ring.

241. H. M. E. Scott.

Resurrection of Christ celebrated.

1 AWAKE, our drowsy souls,
And burst the slothful band;
The wonders of this day
Our noblest songs demand:
Auspicious morn, thy blissful rays
Bright seraphs hail, in songs of praise.

2 At thy approaching dawn,
Reluctant death resigned
The glorious Prince of life,
In dark domains confined:
Th' angelic host around him bends,
And he amid their shouts ascends.

3 All hail, triumphant Lord;
Heaven with hosannas rings;
While earth, in humbler strains,
Thy praise responsive sings:
"Worthy art thou, who once wast slain,
Through endless years to live and reign."

4 Gird on, great Prince, thy sword;
Ascend thy conquering car;
While justice, truth, and love,
Maintain the glorious war:
Victorious, thou thy foes shalt tread,
And sin and hell in triumph lead.

242. C. M. Watts.

The Resurrection and Ascension of Christ.

1 HOSANNA to the Prince of Light,
Who clothed himself in clay,
Entered the iron gates of death,
And tore the bars away.

2 Death is no more the king of dread,
Since our Immanuel rose;
He took the tyrant's sting away,
And spoiled our hellish foes.

3 See how the Conqueror mounts aloft,
And to his Father flies,
With scars of honor in his flesh,
And triumph in his eyes.

4 There our exalted Saviour reigns,
And scatters blessings down;
Our Jesus fills the middle seat
Of the celestial throne.

5 Raise your devotion, mortal tongues,
To reach his blest abode;
Sweet be the accents of your songs
To our incarnate God.

6 Bright angels, strike your loudest strings,
Your sweetest voices raise;
Let heaven, and all created things,
Sound our Immanuel's praise.

243. H. M. BICKERSTETH'S COL.

Captivity led captive.

1 THE happy morn is come:
Triumphant o'er the grave,
The Saviour leaves the tomb,
Omnipotent to save:
Captivity is captive led;
For Jesus liveth, that was dead.

2 Who now accuseth them,
For whom their Ransom died?
Who now shall those condemn
Whom God hath justified?
Captivity is captive led;
For Jesus liveth, that was dead.

3 Christ hath the ransom paid;
The glorious work is done;
On him our help is laid,
By him our victory won:
Captivity is captive led;
For Jesus liveth, that was dead.

244. L. M. WATTS.

Deity, Humiliation, and Exaltation, of Christ.

1 NOW for a tune of lofty praise
To great Jehovah's equal Son;
Awake, my voice, in heavenly lays,
And tell the wonders he hath done.

2 Sing how he left the worlds of light,
And those bright robes he wore above:
How swift and joyful was his flight,
On wings of everlasting love!

3 Deep in the shades of gloomy death,
Th' almighty Captive prisoner lay; —
Th' almighty Captive left the earth,
And rose to everlasting day.

4 Among a thousand harps and songs,
Jesus, the God, exalted reigns:
His sacred name fills all their tongues,
And echoes through the heavenly plains.

245. 7s. SPIR. OF THE PSALMS.

The Conqueror's Welcome.

1 "WIDE, ye heavenly gates, unfold,
Closed no more by death and sin;
Lo! the conquering Lord behold;
Let the King of glory in."

2 Hark! th' angelic host inquire,
"Who is he, th' almighty King?"
Hark again! the answering choir
Thus in strains of triumph sing: —

3 "He whose powerful arm, alone,
On his foes destruction hurled;
He who hath the victory won;
He who saved a ruined world; —

4 "He who God's pure law fulfilled;
Jesus, the incarnate Word;
He whose truth with blood was sealed; —
He is heaven's all-glorious Lord."

5 "Who shall up to that abode
Follow in the Saviour's train?"
"They who in his cleansing blood
Wash away each guilty stain; —

6 "They whose daily actions prove
Steadfast faith and holy fear,
Fervent zeal and grateful love; —
They shall dwell forever here."

246. C. M. Tate & Brady.

Triumphant Ascension.

1 LIFT up your heads, eternal gates,
Unfold, to entertain
The King of glory; — see, he comes
With his celestial train.

2 "Who is this King of glory? — who?"
The Lord, for strength renowned;
In battle mighty, — o'er his foes
Eternal Victor crowned.

3 Lift up your heads, eternal gates,
Unfold, to entertain
The King of glory; — see, he comes
With all his shining train.

4 "Who is this King of glory? — who?"
The Lord of hosts renowned;
Of glory he alone is King,
Who is with glory crowned.

247. L. M. Watts.

Christ's Triumph.

1 LORD, when thou didst ascend on high,
Ten thousand angels filled the sky;
Those heavenly guards around thee wait,
Like chariots, that attend thy state.

2 Not Sinai's mountain could appear
More glorious, when the Lord was there;
While he pronounced his holy law,
And struck the chosen tribes with awe.

3 How bright the triumph none can tell,
When all the rebel powers of hell,
That thousand souls had captive made.
Were all in chains, like captives, led.

4 Raised by his Father to the throne,
He sent his promised Spirit down,
With gifts and grace for rebel men,
That God might dwell on earth again.

248. C. M. WATTS.

Ascension and Reign of Christ.

1 O FOR a shout of sacred joy
To God, the sovereign King!
Let every land their tongues employ,
And hymns of triumph sing.

2 Jesus, our God, ascends on high;
His heavenly guards around
Attend him rising through the sky,
With trumpet's joyful sound.

3 While angels shout, and praise their King,
Let mortals learn their strains;
Let all the earth his honors sing;
O'er all the earth he reigns.

4 Speak forth his praise with awe profound;
Let knowledge guide the song;
Nor mock him with a solemn sound
Upon a thoughtless tongue.

249. H. M. DODDRIDGE.

Christ seen of Angels.

1 O YE immortal throng
Of angels round the throne,
Join with our feeble song
To make the Saviour known;
On earth ye knew | His beauteous face
His wondrous grace; | In heaven ye view.

2 Ye saw the holy Child
In human flesh arrayed,
Supremely meek and mild,
While in the manger laid;
And praise to God, | For such a birth,
And peace on earth, | Proclaimed aloud.

3 Ye in the wilderness
Beheld the tempter spoiled,
Well known in every dress,
In every combat foiled,
And joyed to crown | When Satan fled
The Victor's head, | Before his frown.

4 Around the bloody tree
Ye pressed with strong desire,
That wondrous sight to see,
The Lord of life expire;
And, could your eyes | Had dropped it there
Have known a tear, | In sad surprise.

5 Around his sacred tomb
A willing watch ye keep,
Till the blest moment come
To rouse him from his sleep;
Then rolled the stone, | Your rising Lord
And all adored | With joy unknown.

6 When all arrayed in light
The shining Conqueror rode,
Ye hailed his rapturous flight
Up to the throne of God,
And waved around | And struck your strings
Your golden wings, | Of sweetest sound.

250. C. M. FANCH & TURNER.

Sympathy of Angels.

1 BEYOND the glittering, starry sky,
Which God's right hand sustains,
There, in the boundless worlds of light,
Our great Redeemer reigns.

2 The host of angels, strong and fair,
In countless armies shine;
At his right hand, with golden harps,
They offer songs divine.

3 And when he stooped on earth to dwell,
And suffer rude disdain,
They cast their honors at his feet,
And waited in his train.

4 In all his toils and conflicts here
Their Sovereign they attend,
And pause, and wonder how, at last,
This scene of love will end.

5 When all the powers of hell combined
To fill his cup of woe,
Their wondering eyes beheld his tears
In blood and anguish flow.

6 As on the torturing cross he hung,
And darkness veiled the sky,
Amazed, they saw that awful sight,
The Lord of glory die.

7 They saw him break the bars of death,
Which none e'er broke before,
And rise in conquering majesty,
To stoop to death no more.

8 They brought his chariot from the skies,
To bear him to his throne,
Clapped their triumphant wings, and cried,
"The glorious work is done!"

SALVATION THROUGH CHRIST.

251. L. M. WATTS.

The Grace of God in Christ.

1 NATURE with open volume stands,
To spread her Maker's praise abroad;
And every labor of his hands
Shows something worthy of a God.

2 But in the grace that rescued man
His brightest form of glory shines;
Here, on the cross, 'tis fairest drawn,
In precious blood and crimson lines.

3 Here I behold his inmost heart,
Where truth and mercy strangely join
To pierce his Son with keenest smart,
And make the purchased pleasures mine.

4 O the sweet wonders of that cross,
Where God, the Saviour, loved and died!
Her noblest life my spirit draws
From his dear wounds and bleeding side.

5 I would forever speak his name,
In sounds to mortal ears unknown,
With angels join to praise the Lamb,
And worship at his Father's throne.

252. L. M. WATTS.

Salvation through Christ only.

1 NOW to the power of God supreme
Be everlasting honors given;
He saves from hell, — we bless his name, —
He guides our wandering feet to heaven.

2 Not for our duties or deserts,
But of his own abundant grace,
He works salvation in our hearts,
And forms a people for his praise

3 'Twas his own purpose that begun
To rescue rebels doomed to die;
He gave us grace in Christ his Son,
Before he spread the starry sky.

4 Jesus, the Lord, appears at last,
And makes his Father's counsels known,
Declares the great transaction past,
And brings immortal blessings down.

5 He dies, and, in that dreadful night,
Did all the powers of hell destroy;
He rose, and brought our heaven to light,
And took possession of the joy.

253. L. M. WATTS.

Depending on Christ's Righteousness.

1 NO more, my God, I boast no more
Of all the duties I have done;
I quit the hopes I held before,
To trust the merits of thy Son.

2 Now, for the love I bear his name,
What was my gain I count my loss;
My former pride I call my shame,
And nail my glory to his cross.

3 Yes, and I must and will esteem
All things but loss for Jesus' sake;
O, may my soul be found in him,
And of his righteousness partake.

4 The best obedience of my hands
Dares not appear before thy throne;
But faith can answer thy demands,
By pleading what my Lord has done.

254. S. M. WATTS.

Christ our Sacrifice.

1 NOT all the blood of beasts,
On Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away the stain.

2 But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away;
A sacrifice of nobler name,
And richer blood, than they.

3 My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of thine,
While like a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin.

4 My soul looks back, to see
The burdens thou didst bear,
When hanging on the curséd tree,
And hopes her guilt was there.

5 Believing, we rejoice
To see the curse remove;
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
And sing his bleeding love.

255. L. M. WATTS.

Pardon through the Sufferings of Christ.

1 DEEP in our hearts let us record
The deeper sorrows of our Lord;
Behold, the rising billows roll,
To overwhelm his holy soul.

2 Yet, gracious God, thy power and love
Have made the curse a blessing prove;
Those dreadful sufferings of thy Son
Atoned for sins that we had done.

3 The pangs of our expiring Lord
The honors of thy law restored;
His sorrows made thy justice known,
And paid for follies not his own.

4 O, for his sake our guilt forgive,
And let the mourning sinner live:
The Lord will hear us in his name,
Nor shall our hope be turned to shame.

256. L. M. FAWCETT.

Salvation by Christ.

1 BEHOLD the sin-atoning Lamb,
With wonder, gratitude, and love;
To take away our guilt and shame,
See him descending from above.

2 Our sins and griefs on him were laid;
He meekly bore the mighty load;
Our ransom-price he fully paid
In groans and tears, in sweat and blood.

3 To save a guilty world, he dies;
Sinners, behold the bleeding Lamb;
To him lift up your longing eyes,
And hope for mercy in his name.

4 Pardon and peace through him abound;
He can the richest blessings give;
Salvation in his name is found;
He bids the dying sinner live.

257. C. M. S. STENNETT.

Indebtedness to Christ.

1 MAJESTIC sweetness sits enthroned
Upon the Saviour's brow;
His head with radiant glories crowned,
His lips with grace o'erflow.

2 No mortal can with him compare,
Among the sons of men;
Fairer is he than all the fair
Who fill the heavenly train.

3 He saw me plunged in deep distress,
And flew to my relief;
For me he bore the shameful cross,
And carried all my grief.

4 To him I owe my life and breath,
And all the joys I have;
He makes me triumph over death,
And saves me from the grave.

5 To heaven, the place of his abode,
He brings my weary feet,
Shows me the glories of my God,
And makes my joys complete.

6 Since from his bounty I receive
Such proofs of love divine,
Had I a thousand hearts to give,
Lord, they should all be thine.

258. L. M. C. STENNETT.

Atoning Blood.

1 HOW shall the sons of men appear,
Great God, before thine awful bar?
How may the guilty hope to find
Acceptance with th' Eternal Mind?

2 Not vows, nor groans, nor broken cries,
Not the most costly sacrifice,
Not infant blood profusely spilt,
Will expiate a sinner's guilt.

3 Thy blood, dear Jesus, thine alone,
Hath sovereign virtue to atone:
Here will we rest our only plea,
When we approach, great God, to thee.

259. C. M. GIBBONS.

Salvation by Christ.

1 JESUS, th' eternal Son of God,
Whom seraphim obey,
The bosom of the Father leaves,
And enters human clay.

2 From heaven to sinful earth he comes,
The messenger of grace,
And on the bloody tree expires,
A victim in our place.

3 Transgressors of the deepest stain
In him salvation find;
His blood removes the foulest guilt,
His Spirit heals the mind.

4 He saves our souls from sin and hell;
  His words are true and sure,
And on this Rock our faith may rest
  Immovable, secure.

260. C. M. Watts.

Redemption by Christ.

1 BEHOLD what pity touched the heart
  Of God's eternal Son;
Descending from the heavenly court,
  He left his Father's throne.

2 His living power, and dying love,
  Redeemed unhappy men,
And raised the ruins of our race
  To life and God again.

3 To thee, O Lord, our noblest powers
  We joyfully resign;
Blest Jesus, take us for thy own,
  For we are doubly thine.

261. H. M. C. Wesley.

Justification by Faith.

1 ARISE, my soul, arise;
  Shake off thy guilty fears;
The bleeding Sacrifice
  In my behalf appears:
Before the throne my Surety stands;
My name is written on his hands.

2 The bleeding wounds he bears,
  Received on Calvary,
Now pour effectual prayers,
  And strongly speak for me:
"Forgive him, O, forgive," they cry,
"Nor let that ransomed sinner die."

3 The Father hears him pray,
  The dear Anointed One;—
He cannot turn away
  The pleading of his Son:
His Spirit answers to the blood,
And tells me I am born of God.

4 To God I'm reconciled;
His pardoning voice I hear;
He owns me for his child;
I can no longer fear:
With filial trust I now draw nigh,
And "Father, Abba Father," cry.

262. S. M. BEDDOME.

Hope from the Gospel only.

1 GOD'S holy law, transgressed,
Speaks nothing but despair;
Convinced of guilt, with grief oppressed,
We find no comfort there.

2 Not all our groans and tears,
Nor works which we have done,
Nor vows, nor promises, nor prayers,
Can e'er for sin atone.

3 Relief alone is found
In Jesus' precious blood:
'Tis this that heals the mortal wound,
And reconciles to God.

4 High lifted on the cross,
The spotless Victim dies:
This is salvation's only source;
Hence all our hopes arise.

263. L. M. ANON.

Christ our Salvation.

1 COME, guilty sinners, come and see
Your great atoning Sacrifice:
Behold, on yonder gory tree,
The King of kings for rebels dies.

2 How gracious, how severe thou art,
Just God, in thy redeeming plan!
The spear that pierced Immanuel's heart
Revealed the fount of life for man.

3 Hail, hallowed cross, accursed no more;
Rich tree of life to all our race;
Blest tree of Paradise, which bore
The choicest fruit — the gift of grace.

4 Lord, shall our grief or joy prevail?
Our heart is rent amidst their strife;
Shall we the Victim's death bewail,
Or hail it as our way to life?

5 Thy dying, living, boundless love,
While here below, shall tune our tongue,
And, when we join the choir above,
Thy love be our triumphant song.

264. 7s. C. WESLEY.

Cleansing Blood.

1 JESUS, to thy wounds I fly;
Purge my sins of deepest dye;
Lamb of God, for sinners slain,
Wash away my crimson stain.

2 Plunge me in that sacred flood,
In that fountain of thy blood;
Then thy Father's eye shall see
Not a spot of guilt in me.

265. 7s. RAFFLES.

Confession of Sin.

1 SOVEREIGN Ruler, Lord of all,
Prostrate at thy feet I fall;
Hear, O, hear my earnest cry;
Frown not, lest I faint and die.

2 Vilest of the sons of men,
Chief of sinners, I have been;
Oft have sinned before thy face,
Trampled on thy richest grace.

3 Justly might thy fatal dart
Pierce this bleeding, broken heart;
Justly might thy angry breath
Blast me in eternal death.

4 Jesus, save my dying soul;
Make my broken spirit whole;
Humbled in the dust I lie;
Saviour, leave me not to die.

266. C. M. WATTS.

Salvation by Grace.

1 LORD, we confess our numerous faults,
How great our guilt has been;
Foolish and vain were all our thoughts,
And all our lives were sin.

2 But, O my soul, forever praise,
Forever love his name,
Who turns thy feet from dangerous ways
Of folly, sin, and shame.

3 'Tis not by works of righteousness
Which our own hands have done;
But we are saved by sovereign grace,
Abounding through his Son.

4 'Tis from the mercy of our God
That all our hopes begin;
'Tis by the water and the blood
Our souls are washed from sin.

5 'Tis through the purchase of his death
Who hung upon the tree,
The Spirit is sent down to breathe
On such dry bones as we.

6 Raised from the dead, we live anew;
And, justified by grace,
We shall appear in glory too,
And see our Father's face.

267. L. M. WATTS.

Salvation by Christ.

1 SALVATION is forever nigh
The souls who fear and trust the Lord:
And grace, descending from on high,
Fresh hopes of glory shall afford.

2 Mercy and truth on earth are met,
Since Christ the Lord came down from heaven;
By his atonement, so complete,
Justice is pleased, and peace is given.

3 His righteousness is gone before,
To give us free access to God;
Our wandering feet shall stray no more,
But mark his steps, and keep the road.

268. C. M. WATTS.

Christ's Commission.

1 COME, happy souls, approach your God,
With new, melodious songs;
Come, render to almighty grace
The tribute of your tongues.

2 So strange, so boundless was the love
That pitied dying men,
The Father sent his equal Son
To give them life again.

3 Thy hands, dear Jesus, were not armed
With a revenging rod;
No hard commission to perform
The vengeance of a God.

4 But all was mercy, all was mild,
And wrath forsook the throne,
When Christ on mercy's errand came,
And brought salvation down.

5 Here, sinners, you may heal your wounds,
And wipe your sorrows dry:
Trust in the mighty Saviour's name,
And you shall never die.

6 See, dearest Lord, our willing souls
Accept thine offered grace;
We bless the great Redeemer's love,
And give the Father praise.

269. S. M. WATTS.

Christ's Mediation.

1 RAISE your triumphant songs
To an immortal tune;
Let all the earth resound the deeds
Celestial grace has done.

2 Sing how eternal Love
Its chief Belovéd chose,
And bade him raise our ruined race
From their abyss of woes.

3 His hand no thunder bears;
No terror clothes his brow;
No bolts to drive our guilty souls
To fiercer flames below.

4 'Twas mercy filled the throne,
And wrath stood silent by,
When Christ was sent with pardons down
To rebels doomed to die.

5 Now, sinners, dry your tears;
Let hopeless sorrow cease;
Bow to the sceptre of his love,
And take the offered peace.

6 Lord, we obey thy call;
We lay an humble claim
To the salvation thou hast brought,
And love and praise thy name.

270. L. M. ANON.

The Cross.

1 INSCRIBED upon the cross we see,
In glowing letters, "God is love;"
He bears our sins upon the tree;
He brings us mercy from above.

2 The cross! it takes our guilt away,
It holds the fainting spirit up;
It cheers with hope the gloomy day,
And sweetens every bitter cup; —

3 The balm of life, the cure of woe,
The measure and the pledge of love,
The sinner's refuge here below,
The angel's theme in heaven above.

271. 8s & 7s. BOWRING.

Glorying in the Cross.

1 IN the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

2 When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,
Never shall the cross forsake me;
Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the cross the radiance streaming
Adds new lustre to the day.

4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified;
Peace is there that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.

5 In the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

272. C. M. CAMPBELL'S COL.

The Atonement the only Ground of Pardon.

1 IN vain we seek for peace with God
By methods of our own;
Blest Saviour, nothing but thy blood
Can bring us near the throne.

2 The threatenings of thy broken law
Impress the soul with dread:
If God his sword of justice draw,
It strikes the spirit dead.

3 But thy atoning sacrifice
Hath answered all demands;
And peace and pardon from the skies
Are blessings from thy hands.

4 'Tis by thy death we live, O Lord;
'Tis on thy cross we rest:
Forever be thy love adored,
Thy name forever blest.

273. C. M. HOSKINS.

Behold the Lamb of God.

1 BEHOLD, behold the Lamb of God,
Who takes away our guilt;
Behold th' atoning, precious blood
That for our sins he spilt.

2 O sinners, now to Christ draw near,
Invited by his word;
The chief of sinners need not fear;
Behold the Lamb of God.

3 Backsliders, too, the Saviour calls,
And washes in his blood:
Arise, return from grievous falls;
Behold the Lamb of God.

4 In every state, and time, and place,
Nought plead but Jesus' blood;
However wretched be your case,
Behold the Lamb of God.

5 Spirit of grace, to us apply
Immanuel's precious blood,
That we may, with thy saints on high,
Behold the Lamb of God.

274. C. M. COWPER.

Sufficiency of the Atonement.

1 THERE is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain, in his day;
O, may I there, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

3 Thou dying Lamb, thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed church of God
Are saved, to sin no more.

4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be, till I die.

5 And when this feeble, faltering tongue
Lies silent in the grave,
Then, in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy power to save.

275. 7s. LANGFORD

Redeeming Love.

1 NOW begin the heavenly theme;
Sing aloud in Jesus' name;
Ye who his salvation prove,
Triumph in redeeming love.

2 Ye who see the Father's grace
Beaming in the Saviour's face,
As to Canaan on ye move,
Praise and bless redeeming love.

3 Mourning souls, dry up your tears;
Banish all your guilty fears;
See your guilt and curse remove,
Cancelled by redeeming love.

4 Welcome, all by sin oppressed,
Welcome to his sacred rest;
Nothing brought him from above,
Nothing but redeeming love.

5 Hither, then, your music bring;
Strike aloud each cheerful string;
Mortals, join the host above, —
Join to praise redeeming love.

276. S. M. ANON.

Christ precious.

1 O CHRIST, what gracious words
Are ever, ever thine!
Thy voice is music to the soul,
And life, and peace divine.

2 Grace, everlasting grace,
Glad tidings, full of joy,
Flow from thy lips, the lips of truth,
And flow without alloy.

3 The broken heart, the poor,
The bruised, the deaf, the blind,
The dumb, the dead, the captive wretch,
In thee compassion find.

4 Lord Jesus, speed the day,
The promised day of grace,
To all the poor, the dumb, the deaf,
The dead, of Adam's race.

5 One blissful anthem then
Around the earth shall roll,
And human nature shout thy name,
The life of every soul.

277. C. M. WATTS.

Salvation.

1 SALVATION! O, the joyful sound!
'Tis pleasure to our ears,
A sovereign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.

2 Buried in sorrow, and in sin,
At hell's dark door we lay;
But we arise, by grace divine,
To see a heavenly day.

3 Salvation! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around,
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.

CHARACTERS OF CHRIST.

278. 7s. TOPLADY.

Sun of Righteousness.

1 CHRIST, whose glory fills the skies,
Christ, the true, the only light,
Sun of Righteousness, arise,
Triumph o'er the shades of night:
Dayspring from on high, be near;
Daystar, in my heart appear.

2 Dark and cheerless is the morn,
If thy light is hid from me;
Joyless is the day's return,
Till thy mercy's beams I see;
Till they inward light impart,
Warmth and gladness to my heart.

3 Visit, then, this soul of mine;
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief;
Fill me, radiant Sun divine;
Scatter all my unbelief;
More and more thyself display,
Shining to the perfect day.

279. L. M. STEELE.

Christ the Physician of the Soul.

1 DEEP are the wounds which sin has made;
Where shall the sinner find a cure?
In vain, alas! is Nature's aid;
The work exceeds her utmost power.

2 But can no sovereign balm be found?
And is no kind physician nigh,
To ease the pain, and heal the wound,
Ere life and hope forever fly?

3 There is a great Physician near;
Look up, O fainting soul, and live;
See, in his heavenly smiles appear
Such help as nature cannot give.

4 See, in the Saviour's dying blood,
Life, health, and bliss, abundant flow:
'Tis only that dear, sacred flood
Can ease thy pain, and heal thy woe.

280. C. M. DOANE.

The Way, the Truth, and the Life.

1 THOU art the way; to thee alone
From sin and death we flee;
And he who would the Father seek,
Must seek him, Lord, through thee.

2 Thou art the truth; thy word alone
True wisdom can impart;
Thou, only, canst instruct the mind,
And purify the heart.

3 Thou art the life; the rending tomb
Proclaims thy conquering arm;
And those who put their trust in thee,
Nor death nor hell shall harm.

4 Thou art the way, the truth, the life;
Grant us to know that way,
That truth to keep, that life to win,
Which lead to endless day.

281. S. M. C. Wesley.

Christ our Guide.

1 JESUS, my truth, my way,
My sure, unerring light,
On thee my feeble soul I stay,
Which thou wilt lead aright.

2 My wisdom, and my guide,
My counsellor, thou art;
O, never let me leave thy side,
Or from thy paths depart.

282. 7s. Toplady.

Christ the Rock of Ages.

1 ROCK of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From thy side, a healing flood,
Be of sin the double cure, —
Save from wrath, and make me pure.

2 Should my tears forever flow,
Should my zeal no languor know,
All for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and thou alone;
In my hand no price I bring;
Simply to thy cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eyelids close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
See thee on thy judgment throne, —
Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

283. S. M. Hoskins.

Christ the Bread of Life.

1 BEHOLD the gift of God:
Sinners, adore his name,
Who shed for us his precious blood,
Who bore our curse and shame.

2 Behold the living bread
Which Jesus came to give,
By dying in the sinner's stead,
That he might ever live.

3 The Lord delights to give;
He knows you've nought to buy:
To Jesus haste; this bread receive,
And you shall never die.

284. L. M. 6 L. ENG. BAP. COL.

A Support in Temptation.

1 STILL nigh me, O my Saviour, stand,
And guard in fierce temptation's hour;
Support by thy almighty hand;
Show forth in me thy saving power;
Still be thine arm my sure defence;
Nor earth nor hell shall pluck me thence.

2 In suffering be thy love my peace;
In weakness be thy love my power;
And, when the storms of life shall cease,
O Saviour, in that trying hour,
In death, as life, be thou my Guide,
And save me, who for me hast died.

285. 7s. C. WESLEY.

A Refuge.

1 JESUS, refuge of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the raging billows roll,
While the tempest still is high;
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide;
O, receive my soul at last.

2 Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
Leave, ah, leave me not alone;
Still support and comfort me:
All my trust on thee is stayed,
All my help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
All in all in thee I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind:
Just and holy is thy name;
I am all unrighteousness;
Vile and full of sin I am;
Thou art full of truth and grace.

286. 8s, 7s & 4. KELLY.

Fountain of Life.

1 SEE, from Zion's sacred mountain,
Streams of living water flow;
God has opened there a fountain
That supplies the plains below:
They are blesséd
Who its sovereign virtues know.

2 Through ten thousand channels flowing,
Streams of mercy find their way;
Life, and health, and joy, bestowing,
Making all around look gay:
O ye nations,
Hail the long-expected day.

3 Gladdened by the flowing treasure,
All-enriching as it goes,
Lo! the desert smiles with pleasure,
Buds and blossoms as the rose:
Every object
Sings for joy, where'er it flows.

4 Trees of life, the banks adorning,
Yield their fruit to all around;
Those who eat are saved from mourning;
Pleasure comes, and hopes abound:
Fair their portion —
Endless life with glory crowned.

287. L. M. STEELE.

Christ our Life.

1 WHEN sins and fears, prevailing, rise,
And fainting hope almost expires,
To thee, O Lord, I lift my eyes;
To thee I breathe my soul's desires.

2 Art thou not mine, my living Lord?
And can my hope, my comfort, die?
'Tis fixed on thine almighty word —
That word which built the earth and sky.

3 If my immortal Saviour lives,
Then my immortal life is sure;
His word a firm foundation gives;
Here I may build, and rest secure.

4 Here let my faith unshaken dwell;
Forever sure the promise stands;
Not all the powers of earth or hell
Can e'er dissolve the sacred bands.

5 Here, O my soul, thy trust repose;
If Jesus is forever mine,
Not death itself — that last of foes —
Shall break a union so divine.

288. L. M. COWPER.

Christ ever present in his Churches.

1 JESUS, where'er thy people meet,
There they behold thy mercy-seat;
Where'er they seek thee, thou art found,
And every place is hallowed ground.

2 For thou, within no walls confined,
Dost dwell within the humble mind;
Such ever bring thee where they come,
And, going, take thee to their home.

3 Great Shepherd of thy chosen few,
Thy former mercies here renew;
Here, to our waiting hearts, proclaim
The sweetness of thy saving name.

289. C. M. SWAIN.

Christ a Friend.

1 A FRIEND there is — your voices join,
Ye saints, to praise his name —
Whose truth and kindness are divine,
Whose love 's a constant flame.

2 When most we need his helping hand,
This Friend is always near;
With heaven and earth at his command,
He waits to answer prayer.

3 When frowns appear to veil his face,
And clouds surround his throne,
He hides the purpose of his grace,
To make it better known.

4 And, if our dearest comforts fall
Before his sovereign will,
He never takes away our all;
Himself he gives us still.

5 Our sorrows in the scale he weighs,
And measures out our pains;
The wildest storm his word obeys;
His word its rage restrains.

290. S. M. DODDRIDGE.

Christ a Shepherd.

1 MY soul, with joy attend,
While Jesus silence breaks;
No angel's harp such music yields,
As what my Shepherd speaks.

2 "I know my sheep," he cries;
"My soul approves them well:
Vain is the world's delusive guise,
And vain the rage of hell.

3 "I freely feed them now
With tokens of my love;
But richer pastures I prepare,
And sweeter streams, above.

4 "Unnumbered years of bliss
I to my people give;
And while my throne unshaken stands
Shall all my chosen live.

5 "This tried, almighty hand
Is raised for their defence;
Where is the power shall reach them there,
Or what shall force them thence?"

6 "Enough, my gracious Lord,"
Let faith triumphant cry;
"My heart can on this promise live, —
Can with this promise die."

291. S. M. STEELE.

The kind Shepherd.

1 WHILE my Redeemer 's near,
My Shepherd and my Guide,
I bid farewell to every fear;
My wants are all supplied.

2 To ever-fragrant meads,
Where rich abundance grows,
His gracious hand indulgent leads,
And guards my sweet repose.

3 Dear Shepherd, if I stray,
My wandering feet restore;
And guard me with thy watchful eye,
And let me rove no more.

292. C. M. HEGINBOTHAM.

Praise to the Shepherd.

1 TO thee, my Shepherd and my Lord,
A grateful song I raise;
O, let the feeblest of thy flock
Attempt to speak thy praise.

2 But how shall mortal tongues express
A subject so divine? —
Do justice to so vast a theme,
Or praise a love like thine?

3 My life, my joy, my hope, I owe
To this amazing love;
Ten thousand thousand comforts here,
And nobler bliss above.

4 To thee my trembling spirit flies,
With sin and grief oppressed;
Thy gentle voice dispels my fears,
And lulls my cares to rest.

293. S. M. Urwick's Col.

The Grace of Christ.

1 WE sing the Saviour's love,
Who pitied wretched man,
Delighting in the thought of peace,
Ere time and worlds began.

2 We see its smiling beams,
Forthshining at his birth,
And trace its lustre day by day,
While he sojourned on earth.

3 But, in his closing hour,
How infinite his grace,
When, bowed beneath the curse, he died
To save the chosen race!

4 Ten thousand thousand songs,
With high, seraphic flame,
Fall far below the boundless praise
Of our Immanuel's name.

294. L. M. Watts.

Faithfulness.

1 HE lives! he lives! and sits above,
Forever interceding there:
Who shall divide us from his love,
Or what should tempt us to despair?

2 Shall persecution, or distress,
Shall famine, sword, or nakedness?
He who hath loved us bears us through,
And makes us more than conquerors too.

3 Faith hath an overcoming power;
It triumphs in the dying hour:
Christ is our life, our joy, our hope;
Nor can we sink with such a prop.

4 Not all that men on earth can do,
Nor powers on high, nor powers below,
Shall cause his mercy to remove,
Or wean our hearts from Christ, our love.

295. L. M. Pratt's Col.

Christ a living and almighty Saviour.

1 THE Saviour lives, no more to die;
He lives, the Lord enthroned on high;
He lives, triumphant o'er the grave;
He lives, eternally to save.

2 He lives, to still his servants' fears;
He lives, to wipe away their tears;
He lives, their mansions to prepare;
He lives, to bring them safely there.

3 Ye mourning souls, dry up your tears;
Dismiss your gloomy doubts and fears;
With cheerful hope your hearts revive,
For Christ, the Lord, is yet alive.

4 His saints he loves, and never leaves;
The contrite sinner he receives:
Abundant grace will he afford,
Till all are present with the Lord.

296. L. M. Steele.

Peace and Hope through Christ's Intercession.

1 HE lives! the great Redeemer lives!
What joy the blest assurance gives!
And now, before his Father, God,
He pleads the merits of his blood.

2 Repeated crimes awake our fears,
And justice, armed with frowns, appears;
But in the Saviour's lovely face
Sweet mercy smiles, and all is peace.

3 Hence, then, ye dark, despairing thoughts;
Above our fears, above our faults,
His powerful intercessions rise;
And guilt recedes, and terror dies.

4 Great Advocate, almighty Friend,
On thee our humble hopes depend;
Our cause can never, never fail,
For thou dost plead, and must prevail.

297. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

High Priest.

1 NOW let our cheerful eyes survey
Our great High Priest above,
And celebrate his constant care
And sympathizing love.

2 Though raised to heaven's exalted throne,
Where angels bow around,
And high o'er all the hosts of light,
With matchless honors crowned, —

3 The names of all his saints he bears,
Deep graven on his heart;
Nor shall the meanest Christian say
That he hath lost his part.

4 Those characters shall fair abide,
Our everlasting trust,
When gems, and monuments, and crowns,
Are mouldered down to dust.

5 So, gracious Saviour, on our breasts
May thy dear name be worn, —
A sacred ornament and guard,
To endless ages borne.

298. C. M. WATTS.

Christ a merciful High Priest.

1 WITH joy we meditate the grace
Of our High Priest above:
His heart is full of tenderness;
His bosom glows with love.

2 Touched with a sympathy within,
He knows our feeble frame;
He knows what sore temptations mean,
For he has felt the same.

3 He, in the days of feeble flesh,
Poured out his cries and tears,
And in his measure feels afresh
What every member bears.

4 Then let our humble faith address
His mercy and his power;
We shall obtain delivering grace
In each distressing hour.

299. L. M. 6 L. URWICK'S COL.

Christ All and in All.

1 JESUS, thou source of calm repose,
All fulness dwells in thee divine;
Our strength, to quell the proudest foes;
Our light, in deepest gloom to shine;
Thou art our fortress, strength, and tower,
Our trust, and portion, evermore.

2 Jesus, our Comforter thou art;
Our rest in toil, our ease in pain;
The balm to heal each broken heart;
In storms our peace, in loss our gain;
Our joy, beneath the worldling's frown;
In shame our glory and our crown;—

3 In want, our plentiful supply;
In weakness, our almighty power;
In bonds, our perfect liberty;
Our refuge in temptation's hour;
Our comfort, 'midst all grief and thrall;
Our life in death; our all in all.

300. S. M. C. WESLEY.

Christ's Exaltation and Intercession.

1 JESUS, the Conqueror, reigns,
In glorious strength arrayed;
His kingdom over all maintains,
And bids the earth be glad.

2 Ye sons of men, rejoice
In Jesus' mighty love:
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice,
To him who rules above.

3 Extol his kingly power;
Adore th' exalted Son,
Who died, but lives, to die no more,
High on his Father's throne.

4 Our Advocate with God,
He undertakes our cause,
And spreads through all the earth abroad
The triumph of his cross.

301. H. M. WATTS.

Christ a Prophet, Priest, and King.

1 JOIN all the glorious names
Of wisdom, love, and power,
That ever mortals knew,
Or angels ever bore:
All are too mean | Too mean to set
To speak his worth, | The Saviour forth.

2 Great Prophet of our God,
Our tongues shall bless thy name;
By thee the joyful news
Of our salvation came, —
The joyful news | Of hell subdued,
Of sins forgiven, | And peace with heaven.

3 Jesus, our great High Priest,
Has shed his blood and died;
Our guilty conscience needs
No sacrifice beside:
His precious blood | And now it pleads
Did once atone, | Before the throne.

4 O thou almighty Lord,
Our Conqueror and our King,
Thy sceptre and thy sword,
Thy reigning grace, we sing:
Thine is the power; | In willing bonds
O, make us sit | Beneath thy feet.

302. C. M. STEELE.

A Name above every Name.

1 JESUS, in thy transporting name
What glories meet our eyes!
Thou art the seraphs' lofty theme,
The wonder of the skies.

2 Well might the heavens with wonder view
A love so strange as thine;
No thought of angels ever knew
Compassion so divine.

3 And didst thou, Saviour, leave the sky,
To sink beneath our woes?
Didst thou descend to bleed and die
For thy rebellious foes?

4 O, may our willing hearts confess
Thy sweet, thy gentle sway;
Glad captives of thy matchless grace,
Thy righteous rule obey.

303. S. M. DODDRIDGE.

Vital Union to Christ.

1 DEAR Saviour, we are thine
By everlasting bands;
Our hearts, our souls, we would resign
Entirely to thy hands.

2 To thee we still would cleave
With ever-growing zeal;
If millions tempt us Christ to leave,
O, let them ne'er prevail.

3 Thy Spirit shall unite
Our souls to thee, our Head;
Shall form us to thy image bright,
And teach thy paths to tread.

4 Death may our souls divide
From these abodes of clay;
But love shall keep us near thy side,
Through all the gloomy way.

5 Since Christ and we are one,
Why should we doubt or fear?
If he in heaven hath fixed his throne,
He'll fix his members there.

304. C. P. M. MEDLEY.

Excellency of Christ.

1 O, COULD we speak the matchless worth,
O, could we sound the glories forth,
Which in our Saviour shine,
We'd soar, and touch the heavenly strings,
And vie with Gabriel, while he sings,
In notes almost divine.

2 We'd sing the precious blood he spilt —
Our ransom from the dreadful guilt
Of sin and wrath divine;
We'd sing his glorious righteousness,
In which all-perfect, heavenly dress
We shall forever shine.

3 We'd sing the characters he bears,
And all the forms of love he wears,
Exalted on his throne:
In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,
We would, to everlasting days,
Make all his glories known.

4 Well, the delightful day will come,
When our dear Lord will bring us home,
And we shall see his face:
Then, with our Saviour, Brother, Friend,
A blest eternity we'll spend,
Triumphant in his grace.

305. C. M. BEDDOME.

Christ precious.

1 JESUS! delightful, charming name!
It spreads a fragrance round;
Justice and mercy, truth and peace,
In union here are found.

2 He is our life, our joy, our strength;
In him all glories meet;
He is a shade above our heads,
A light to guide our feet.

3 The thickest clouds are soon dispersed,
If Jesus shows his face;
To weary, heavy-laden souls
He is the resting-place.

4 When storms arise and tempests blow,
He speaks the stilling word;
The threatening billows cease to flow,
The winds obey their Lord.

5 Through every age he's still the same;
But we ungrateful prove,
Forget the savor of his name,
The sweetness of his love.

306. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

Jesus precious to them that believe.

1 JESUS, I love thy charming name;
'Tis music to my ear;
Fain would I sound it out so loud
That earth and heaven might hear.

2 Yes, thou art precious to my soul,
My transport and my trust:
Jewels to thee are gaudy toys,
And gold is sordid dust.

3 All my capacious powers can wish
In thee doth richly meet;
Nor to my eyes is light so dear,
Nor friendship half so sweet.

4 Thy grace shall dwell upon my heart,
And shed its fragrance there, —
The noblest balm of all its wounds,
The cordial of its care.

5 I'll speak the honors of thy name
With my last, laboring breath,
And, dying, clasp thee in my arms,
The antidote of death.

307. C. M. WATTS.

God in Christ.

1 DEAREST of all the names above,
My Saviour and my God,
Who can resist thy heavenly love,
Or trifle with thy blood?

2 'Tis by the merits of thy death
The Father smiles again;
'Tis by thine interceding breath
The Spirit dwells with men.

3 Till God in human flesh I see,
My thoughts no comfort find;
The holy, just, and sacred Three
Are terrors to my mind.

4 But if Immanuel's face appear,
My hope, my joy, begin;
His name forbids my slavish fear;
His grace removes my sin.

5 While Jews on their own law rely,
And Greeks of wisdom boast,
I love th' incarnate mystery,
And there I fix my trust.

PRAISE TO CHRIST.

308. C. M. WATTS.

Praise to the Redeemer.

1 PLUNGED in a gulf of dark despair,
We wretched sinners lay,
Without one cheerful beam of hope,
Or spark of glimmering day.

2 With pitying eyes the Prince of grace
Beheld our helpless grief;
He saw, and — O, amazing love! —
He flew to our relief.

3 Down from the shining seats above,
With joyful haste he fled,
Entered the grave in mortal flesh,
And dwelt among the dead.

4 O, for this love, let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break,
And all harmonious human tongues
The Saviour's praises speak.

5 Angels, assist our mighty joys;
Strike all your harps of gold;
But when you raise your highest notes,
His love can ne'er be told.

309. C. M. STEELE.

Condescension of Christ.

1 THE Saviour! O, what endless charms
Dwell in that blissful sound!
Its influence every fear disarms,
And spreads delight around.

2 Here pardon, life, and joy divine,
In rich profusion flow,
For guilty rebels, lost in sin,
And doomed to endless woe.

3 The mighty Former of the skies
Descends to our abode,
While angels view with wondering eyes,
And hail th' incarnate God.

4 How rich the depths of love divine!
Of bliss, a boundless store!
Dear Saviour, let me call thee mine;
I cannot wish for more.

5 On thee alone my hope relies;
Beneath thy cross I fall,
My Lord, my life, my sacrifice,
My Saviour, and my all.

310. C. M. STEELE.

Love of Christ celebrated.

1 TO our Redeemer's glorious name
Awake the sacred song!
O, may his love — immortal flame —
Tune every heart and tongue.

2 His love what mortal thought can reach!
What mortal tongue display!
Imagination's utmost stretch
In wonder dies away.

3 Dear Lord, while we, adoring, pay
Our humble thanks to thee,
May every heart with rapture say,
"The Saviour died for me."

4 O, may the sweet, the blissful theme
Fill every heart and tongue,
Till strangers love thy charming name,
And join the sacred song.

311. C. M. BEDDOME.

Wonders of Redemption.

1 HOW great the wisdom, power, and grace,
Which in redemption shine!
The heavenly host with joy confess
The work is all divine.

2 Before his feet they cast their crowns, —
Those crowns which Jesus gave, —
And, with ten thousand thousand tongues,
Proclaim his power to save.

3 They tell the triumphs of his cross,
The sufferings which he bore,—
How low he stooped, how high he rose,
And rose to stoop no more.

4 O, let them still their voices raise,
And still their songs renew;
Salvation well deserves the praise
Of men and angels too.

312. S. M. BEDDOME.

Praise to the Saviour.

1 YE angels, bless the Lord,
And praise his sacred name;
Diffuse his glories all abroad,
His gracious acts proclaim.

2 Praise him, ye heavenly powers,
And make his goodness known;
Christ is your Head, as well as ours,
And ye surround his throne.

3 Praise him, ye hosts of light,
In accents sweet and high;
To him you owe your power and might;
At his command you fly.

4 Ye wingéd seraphim,
Your grateful voices raise;
Created and preserved by him,
Let him have all your praise.

5 The lofty song begin,
And tune your harps anew;
While we in sacred concert join,
And strive to vie with you.

313. S. M. HAMMOND.

Song of Moses and the Lamb.

1 AWAKE, and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb;
Wake every heart, and every tongue,
To praise the Saviour's name.

2 Sing of his dying love;
Sing of his rising power;
Sing how he intercedes, above,
For us, whose sins he bore.

3 Sing, till we feel our heart
Ascending with our tongue;
Sing, till the love of sin depart,
And grace inspire our song.

4 Sing on your heavenly way,
Ye ransomed sinners, sing;
Sing on, rejoicing every day
In Christ, th' eternal King.

5 Soon shall we hear him say,
"Ye blesséd children, come!"
Soon will he call us hence away,
To our eternal home.

6 There shall our raptured tongue
His endless praise proclaim,
And sweeter voices tune the song
Of Moses and the Lamb.

314. 6s & 4s. PRATT'S COL.

Worthy is the Lamb.

1 COME, all ye saints of God;
Wide through the earth abroad
Spread Jesus' fame:
Tell what his love has done;
Trust in his name alone;
Shout to his lofty throne,
"Worthy the Lamb."

2 Hence, gloomy doubts and fears!
Dry up your mournful tears;
Swell the glad theme;
Praise yé our gracious King;
Strike each melodious string;
Join heart and voice to sing,
"Worthy the Lamb."

3 Hark! how the choirs above,
Filled with the Saviour's love,
Dwell on his name!
There, too, may we be found,
With light and glory crowned,
While all the heavens resound,
"Worthy the Lamb."

315. C. M. WATTS.

Praise for Mediation.

1 FATHER, I sing thy wondrous grace;
I bless my Saviour's name;
He bought salvation for the poor,
And bore the sinner's shame.

2 His deep distress has raised us high;
His duty and his zeal
Fulfilled the law which mortals broke,
And finished all thy will.

3 Zion is thine, most holy God;
Thy Son shall bless her gates;
And glory, purchased by his blood,
For thine own Israel waits.

4 Let heaven, and all that dwell on high,
To God their voices raise;
While lands and seas assist the sky,
And join t' advance his praise.

316. C. M. PERCY CHAPEL COL.

Praise to the Saviour.

1 O, SING to Him who loved and bled,
Ye heaven-born sinners, sing;
'Twas Jesus suffered in your stead;
Own him your God and King.

2 He washed us, in his precious blood,
From every guilty stain;
He made us kings and priests to God,
And we shall with him reign.

3 Sing of his everlasting love,
From whence salvation flows;
Sing to him here, then sing above,
Of all that he bestows.

4 To him that loved us when depraved,
When guilty, blind, and poor;
To him that loved, and died, and saved,
Be glory evermore.

317. 6s, 8s & 4s. URWICK'S COL.

Praise to Christ.

1 PROCLAIM the lofty praise
Of Him who once was slain,
But now is risen, through endless days
To live and reign:
He lives and reigns on high,
Who bought us with his blood,
Enthroned above the farthest sky,
Our Saviour God.

2 The Son of God adore;
Ye ransomed, spread his fame;
With joy and gladness, evermore
Laud his great name:
Let every tongue confess
That Jesus Christ is Lord,
And every creature join to bless
Th' incarnate Word.

3 All honor, power, and praise,
To Jesus' name belong;
With hosts seraphic, glad, we raise
The sacred song:
"Worthy the Lamb," they cry,
"That on the cross was slain;
But now, ascended up on high,
He lives to reign."

4 He lives to bless and save
The souls redeemed by grace,
And rescue from the dreary grave
His chosen race;
And soon we hope, above,
A louder strain to sing,
With all our powers to praise and love
Our Saviour King.

318. C. M. WATTS.

The divine Character exhibited in the Gospel.

1 FATHER, how wide thy glory shines!
How high thy wonders rise!
Known through the earth by thousand signs,
By thousand through the skies.

2 Those mighty orbs proclaim thy power;
Their motions speak thy skill;
And on the wings of every hour
We read thy patience still.

3 But when we view thy strange design
To save rebellious worms,
Where justice and compassion join
In their divinest forms, —

4 Here the whole Deity is known;
Nor dares a creature guess
Which of the glories brightest shone
The justice or the grace.

5 Now the full glories of the Lamb
Adorn the heavenly plains;
Bright seraphs chant Immanuel's name,
And try their choicest strains.

6 O, may I bear some humble part
In that immortal song;
Wonder and joy shall tune my heart,
And love command my tongue.

319. L. M. WATTS.

Glory and Grace in the Person of Christ.

1 NOW to the Lord a noble song;
Awake, my soul, awake, my tongue;
Hosanna to th' eternal name,
And all his boundless love proclaim.

2 See where it shines in Jesus' face,
The brightest image of his grace;
God, in the person of his Son,
Has all his mightiest works outdone.

3 The spacious earth and spreading flood
Proclaim the wise, the powerful God,
And thy rich glories from afar
Sparkle in every rolling star.

4 But in his looks a glory stands,
The noblest labor of thine hands:
The pleasing lustre of his eyes
Outshines the wonders of the skies.

5 Grace, 'tis a sweet, a charming theme;
My thoughts rejoice at Jesus' name;
Ye angels, dwell upon the sound;
Ye heavens, reflect it to the ground.

6 O, may I reach the happy place
Where he unveils his lovely face,
His beauties there may I behold,
And sing his name to harps of gold.

320. 6s & 4s. KINGSBURY.

Christ's final Triumph.

1 LET us awake our joys;
Strike up with cheerful voice;
Each creature, sing;
Angels, begin the song;
Mortals, the strain prolong,
In accents sweet and strong,
"Jesus is King."

2 Proclaim abroad his name;
Tell of his matchless fame;
What wonders done;
Above, beneath, around,
Let all the earth resound,
Till heaven's high arch rebound,
"Victory is won."

3 He vanquished sin and hell,
And our last foe will quell;
Mourners, rejoice;
His dying love adore;
Praise him, now raised in power;
Praise him forevermore,
With joyful voice.

4 All hail the glorious day,
When, through the heavenly way,
Lo, he shall come,
While they who pierced him wail;
His promise shall not fail;
Saints, see your King prevail:
Great Saviour, come.

321. L. M. WATTS.

Christ the Redeemer and Judge.

1 NOW to the Lord, who makes us know
The wonders of his dying love,
Be humble honors paid below,
And strains of nobler praise above.

2 'Twas he who cleansed us from our sins,
And washed us in his precious blood;
'Tis he who makes us priests and kings
And brings us, rebels, near to God.

3 To Jesus, our atoning Priest,
To Jesus, our eternal King,
Be everlasting power confessed;
Let every tongue his glory sing.

4 Behold, on flying clouds he comes,
And every eye shall see him move;
Though with our sins we pierced him once,
Now he displays his pardoning love.

5 The unbelieving world shall wail,
While we rejoice to see the day:
Come, Lord, nor let thy promise fail,
Nor let thy chariot long delay.

322. H. M. CAMPBELL'S COL.

Christ's Humiliation and Triumph.

1 COME, ye who love the Lord,
And feel his quickening power,
Unite, with one accord,
His goodness to adore:
To heaven and earth aloud proclaim
Your great Redeemer's glorious name.

2 He left his throne above,
His glory laid aside,
Came down on wings of love,
And wept, and bled, and died:
The pangs he bore what tongue can tell,
To save our souls from death and hell?

3 He burst the grave; he rose
Victorious from the dead;
And thence his vanquished foes
In glorious triumph led:
Up through the heavens the Conqueror rode,
Triumphant, to the throne of God.

4 Soon he again will come —
His chariot will not stay —
To take his children home
To realms of endless day:
There shall we see him face to face,
And sing the triumphs of his grace.

323. 8s & 7s. [Peculiar.] Kelly.

Christ the Lamb enthroned and worshipped.

1 HARK! ten thousand harps and voices
Sound the note of praise above;
Jesus reigns, and heaven rejoices;
Jesus reigns, the God of love:
See, he sits on yonder throne;
Jesus rules the world alone.

2 Jesus, hail! whose glory brightens
All above, and gives it worth;
Lord of life, thy smile enlightens,
Cheers, and charms, thy saints on earth:
When we think of love like thine,
Lord, we own it love divine.

3 King of glory, reign forever;
Thine an everlasting crown:
Nothing from thy love shall sever
Those whom thou hast made thine own;
Happy objects of thy grace,
Destined to behold thy face.

4 Saviour, hasten thine appearing;
Bring, O, bring the glorious day,
When, the awful summons hearing,
Heaven and earth shall pass away:
Then, with golden harps, we'll sing,
"Glory, glory to our King."

324. C. M. Watts.

Praise to God the Saviour.

1 MY Saviour, my almighty Friend,
When I begin thy praise,
Where will the growing numbers end,
The numbers of thy grace?

2 Thou art my everlasting trust;
Thy goodness I adore;
And since I knew thy graces first,
I speak thy glories more.

3 When I am filled with sore distress
For some surprising sin,
I'll plead thy perfect righteousness,
And mention none but thine.

4 How will my lips rejoice to tell
The victories of my King!
My soul, redeemed from sin and hell,
Shall thy salvation sing.

325. H. M. C. Wesley.

Christ our King.

1 REJOICE! the Lord is King;
Your God and King adore;
Mortals, give thanks, and sing,
And triumph evermore:
Lift up the heart; | Rejoice aloud;
Lift up the voice; | Ye saints, rejoice.

2 His kingdom cannot fail;
He rules o'er earth and heaven;
The keys of death and hell
Are to the Saviour given:
Lift up the heart; | Rejoice aloud;
Lift up the voice; | Ye saints, rejoice.

3 He every foe shall quell,
Shall all our sins destroy;
And every bosom swell
With pure seraphic joy:
Lift up the heart; | Rejoice aloud;
Lift up the voice; | Ye saints, rejoice.

4 Rejoice in glorious hope;
Jesus, the Judge, shall come,
And take his servants up
To their eternal home:
We soon shall hear | The trump of God
Th' archangel's voice; | Shall sound; rejoice.

326. 10s & 11s. WINCHELL'S SEL.

God's Servants should praise Him.

1 YE servants of God, your Master proclaim,
And publish abroad his wonderful name;
The name all-victorious of Jesus extol;
His kingdom is glorious; he rules over all.

2 God ruleth on high, almighty to save;
And still he is nigh; his presence we have:
The great congregation his triumph shall sing,
Ascribing salvation to Jesus our King.

3 "Salvation to God, who sits on the throne,"
Let all cry aloud, and honor the Son:
The praises of Jesus the angels proclaim,
Fall down on their faces, and worship the Lamb.

4 Then let us adore, and give him his right, —
All glory and power, and wisdom and might,
All honor and blessing, with angels above,
And thanks never ceasing, for infinite love.

327. 8s & 7s. KELLY.

Universal Adoration.

1 HARK! the notes of angels, singing,
"Glory, glory to the Lamb!"
All in heaven their tribute bringing,
Raising high the Saviour's name.

2 Ye for whom his life is given,
Sacred themes to you belong:
Come, assist the choir of heaven;
Join the everlasting song.

3 Filled with holy emulation,
Let us vie with those above:
Sweet the theme — a free salvation!
Fruit of everlasting love.

4 Endless life in him possessing,
Let us praise his precious name;
Glory, honor, power, and blessing,
Be forever to the Lamb.

328. 6s & 4s. Sac. Lyrics.

Worthy the Lamb.

1 GLORY to God on high!
Let heaven and earth reply;
Praise ye his name;
His love and grace adore,
Who all our sorrows bore;
And sing forevermore,
"Worthy the Lamb."

2 Ye who surround the throne,
Join cheerfully in one,
Praising his name:
Ye who have felt his blood
Sealing your peace with God,
Sound his dear name abroad, —
"Worthy the Lamb."

3 Join, all ye ransomed race,
Our Lord and God to bless;
Praise ye his name;
In him we will rejoice,
And make a joyful noise,
Shouting with heart and voice,
"Worthy the Lamb."

4 Soon must we change our place;
Yet will we never cease
Praising his name:
To him our songs we'll bring,
Hail him our gracious King,
And through all ages sing,
"Worthy the Lamb."

329. C. M. Steele.

The incarnate Lord.

1 AWAKE, awake the sacred song
To our incarnate Lord;
Let every heart and every tongue
Adore th' eternal Word.

2 When Jesus left his throne above,
To dwell with sinful worms,
Then shone almighty power and love,
In all their glorious forms.

3 To dwell with sorrow here below,
The Saviour left the skies,
And stooped to wretchedness and woe,
That worthless man might rise.

4 Adoring angels tuned their songs,
To hail the joyful day;
With rapture, then, let mortal tongues
Their grateful worship pay.

330. C. M. STEELE.

King of Saints.

1 COME, ye that love the Saviour's name,
And joy to make it known,
The Sovereign of your hearts proclaim,
And bow before his throne.

2 When in his earthly courts we view
The glories of our King,
We long to love as angels do,
And wish like them to sing.

3 And shall we long and wish in vain?
Lord, teach our songs to rise:
Thy love can raise our humble strain,
And bid it reach the skies.

4 O, happy period! glorious day!
When heaven and earth shall raise
With all their powers, their raptured lay,
To celebrate thy praise.

331. L. M. CAMPBELL'S COL.

Hosanna to the Son of David.

1 WHAT are those soul-reviving strains,
Which echo thus from Salem's plains?
What anthems loud, and louder still,
So sweetly sound from Zion's hill?

2 Lo! 'tis an infant chorus sings
Hosanna to the King of kings:
The Saviour comes! — and babes proclaim
Salvation, sent in Jesus' name.

3 Nor these alone their voice shall raise,
For we will join this song of praise;
Still Israel's children forward press
To hail the Lord their Righteousness.

4 Messiah's name shall joy impart
Alike to Jew and Gentile heart:
He bled for us, he bled for you,
And we will sing hosanna too.

5 Proclaim hosannas loud and clear;
See David's Son and Lord appear!
All praise on earth to him be given,
And glory shout through highest heaven.

332. C. M. WATTS.

The Reign of Christ.

1 LET earth, with every isle and sea,
Rejoice; the Saviour reigns:
His word, like fire, prepares his way,
And mountains melt to plains.

2 His presence sinks the proudest hills,
And makes the valleys rise;
The humble soul enjoys his smiles,
The haughty sinner dies.

3 Adoring angels, at his birth,
Made our Redeemer known;
Thus shall he come to judge the earth,
And angels guard his throne.

4 His foes shall tremble at his sight,
And hills and seas retire;
His children take their upward flight,
And leave the world on fire.

5 The seeds of joy and glory sown
For saints in darkness here,
Shall rise and spring in worlds unknown,
And a rich harvest bear.

333. L. M. Watts.

Victory and Exaltation of Christ.

1 NOW be my heart inspired to sing
The glories of my Saviour King;
He comes with blessings from above,
And wins the nations to his love.

2 Thy throne, O God, forever stands;
Grace is the sceptre in thy hands:
Thy laws and works are just and right,
But truth and mercy thy delight.

3 Let endless honors crown thy head;
Let every age thy praises spread;
Let all the nations know thy word,
And every tongue confess thee Lord.

334. 8s & 7s. Pratt's Col.

Praise to Christ, the Author of Salvation.

1 CROWN his head with endless blessing,
Who, in God the Father's name,
With compassion never ceasing,
Comes, salvation to proclaim.

2 Lo, Jehovah, we adore thee, —
Thee, our Saviour, — thee, our God;
From thy throne let beams of glory
Shine through all the world abroad.

3 Jesus, thee our Saviour hailing,
Thee our God in praise we own;
Highest honors, never failing,
Rise eternal round thy throne.

4 Now, ye saints, his power confessing,
In your grateful strains adore;
For his mercy, never ceasing,
Flows, and flows forevermore.

335. C. M. Watts.

Christ's Kingdom and Priesthood.

1 JESUS, our Lord, ascend thy throne,
And near thy Father sit:
In Zion shall thy power be known,
And make thy foes submit.

2 What wonders shall thy gospel do!
Thy converts shall surpass
The numerous drops of morning dew,
And own thy sovereign grace.

3 Jesus, our Priest, forever lives,
To plead for us above;
Jesus, our King, forever gives
The blessings of his love.

4 God shall exalt his glorious head,
And his high throne maintain;
Shall strike the powers and princes dead,
Who dare oppose his reign.

336. 8s, 7s & 4. KELLY.

Coronation of the King of Kings.

1 LOOK, ye saints; — the sight is glorious; —
See the Man of sorrows now;
From the fight returned victorious,
Every knee to him shall bow:
Crown him, crown him;
Crowns become the Victor's brow.

2 Crown the Saviour, angels, crown him;
Rich the trophies Jesus brings;
In the seat of power enthrone him,
While the heavenly concave rings:
Crown him, crown him;
Crown the Saviour King of kings.

3 Sinners in derision crowned him,
Mocking thus the Saviour's claim;
Saints and angels crowd around him,
Own his title, praise his name:
Crown him, crown him;
Spread abroad the Victor's fame.

4 Hark! those bursts of acclamation!
Hark! those loud, triumphant chords!
Jesus takes the highest station;
O, what joy the sight affords!
Crown him, crown him,
King of kings, and Lord of lords.

337. C. M. WALLIN.

The Victories of Christ.

1 HAIL, mighty Jesus! how divine
Is thy victorious sword!
The stoutest rebel must resign
At thy commanding word.

2 How deep the wounds thine arrows give!
They pierce the hardest heart;
Thy smiles of grace the slain revive,
And joy succeeds to smart.

3 Still gird thy sword upon thy thigh;
Ride with majestic sway;
Go forth, great Prince, triumphantly,
And make thy foes obey.

4 And, when thy victories are complete, —
When all the chosen race
Shall round the throne of glory meet
To sing thy conquering grace, —

5 O, may my humble soul be found
Among that glorious throng;
And I with them thy praise will sound
In heaven's immortal song.

338. C. M. DUNCAN.

The spiritual Coronation.

1 ALL hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.

2 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race, —
A remnant weak and small, —
Hail him, who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all.

3 Ye Gentile sinners, ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall;
Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all.

4 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all.

5 O that, with yonder sacred throng,
We at his feet may fall!
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all.

339. 7s, 6 L. KELLY.

Glory to the King.

1 GLORY, glory to our King!
Crowns unfading wreath his head;
Jesus is the name we sing —
Jesus risen from the dead;
Jesus, Conqueror o'er the grave;
Jesus, mighty now to save.

2 Now behold him high enthroned,
Glory beaming from his face,
By adoring angels owned,
God of holiness and grace:
O for hearts and tongues to sing,
Glory, glory to our King!

3 Jesus, on thy people shine;
Warm our hearts and tune our tongues,
That with angels we may join, —
Share their bliss, and swell their songs:
Glory, honor, praise, and power,
Lord, be thine forevermore.

340. 8, 7s & 4. KELLY.

Glory to the Lamb

1 GLORY, glory everlasting,
Be to Him who bore the cross,
Who redeemed our souls by tasting
Death, the death deserved by us:
Sound his glory,
While the soul with transport glows.

2 Jesus' love is love unbounded,
Without measure, without end;
Human thought is here confounded;
'Tis too vast to comprehend;
Praise the Saviour;
Magnify the sinner's Friend.

3 While we hear the wondrous story
Of the Saviour's cross and shame,
Sing we, "Everlasting glory
Be to God and to the Lamb!"
Saints and angels,
Give ye glory to his name.

341. 8s & 7s. ROBINSON.

Praise to God the Saviour.

1 MIGHTY God, while angels bless thee,
May a mortal lisp thy name?
Lord of men as well as angels,
Thou art every creature's theme:
Lord of every land and nation,
Ancient of eternal days,
Sounded through the wide creation
Be thy just and lawful praise.

2 For the grandeur of thy nature, —
Grand beyond a seraph's thought, —
For the wonders of creation, —
Works with skill and kindness wrought, —
For thy providence, that governs
Through thine empire's wide domain,
Wings an angel, guides a sparrow, —
Blessed be thy gentle reign.

3 For thy rich, thy free redemption, —
Bright, though veiled in darkness long, —
Thought is poor, and poor expression;
Who can sing that wondrous song?
Brightness of the Father's glory,
Shall thy praise unuttered lie?
Break, my tongue, such guilty silence;
Sing the Lord who came to die; —

4 From the highest throne of glory,
To the cross of deepest woe,
Came to ransom guilty captives;—
Flow, my praise, forever flow:
Re-ascend, immortal Saviour;
Leave thy footstool, take thy throne;
Thence return and reign forever;
Be the kingdom all thy own.

342. C. M. BEDDOME.

Christ supremely exalted.

1 JESUS, my Saviour and my God,
Thy wondrous love reveal;
Let angels spread thy name abroad,
And men thy glories tell.

2 Let all, with sweet and cheerful voice,
Harmonious anthems raise;
Be thou the spring of all their joys,
The life of all their praise.

3 Be thou exalted in the heavens,
And o'er this earthly ball;
Let creatures into nothing sink,
And Christ be all in all.

343. C. M. WATTS.

A new Song to the Lamb.

1 BEHOLD the glories of the Lamb
Amidst his Father's throne;
Prepare new honors for his name,
And songs before unknown.

2 Let elders worship at his feet,
The church adore around,
With vials full of odors sweet,
And harps of sweeter sound.

3 Those are the prayers of all the saints,
And these the hymns they raise:
Jesus is kind to our complaints;
He loves to hear our praise.

4 Now to the Lamb, that once was slain,
Be endless blessings paid;
Salvation, glory, joy, remain
Forever on thy head.

5 Thou hast redeemed our souls with blood,
Hast set the prisoner free,
Hast made us kings and priests to God,
And we shall reign with thee.

344. L. M. WATTS.

Blessing and Honor to the Lamb.

1 WHAT equal honors shall we bring
To thee, O Lord our God, the Lamb,
When all the notes that angels sing
Are far inferior to thy name?

2 Worthy is he that once was slain,
The Prince of life, that groaned and died,
Worthy to rise, and live and reign
At his almighty Father's side.

3 Honor immortal must be paid,
Instead of scandal and of scorn;
While glory shines around his head,
He wears a crown without a thorn.

4 Blessings forever on the Lamb,
Who bore the curse for wretched men!
Let angels sound his sacred name,
And every creature say, "Amen."

345. 8s & 7s. LOCK HOSP. COL.

Jesus exalted to the Throne.

1 JESUS, hail! enthroned in glory,
There forever to abide;
All the heavenly host adore thee,
Seated at thy Father's side.

2 There for sinners thou art pleading;
There thou dost our place prepare;
Ever for us interceding,
Till in glory we appear.

3 Worship, honor, power, and blessing,
Thou art worthy to receive;
Loudest praises, without ceasing,
Meet it is for us to give.

4 Help, ye bright, angelic spirits;
Bring your sweetest, noblest lays;
Help to sing our Saviour's merits,
Help to chant Immanuel's praise.

346. C. M. WATTS.

The Lamb of God worshipped.

1 COME, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels' round the throne;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

2 "Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,
"To be exalted thus:"
"Worthy the Lamb," our lips reply,
"For he was slain for us."

3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honor and power divine;
And blessings, more than we can give,
Be, Lord, forever thine.

4 Let all that dwell above the sky,
And air, and earth, and seas,
Conspire to lift thy glories high,
And speak thy endless praise.

5 The whole creation join in one
To bless the sacred name
Of Him who sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

347. 11s. DE FLEURY.

Praise to the Lamb.

1 COME, saints, let us join in the praise of the Lamb,
The theme most sublime of the angels above;
They dwell with delight on the sound of his name,
And gaze on his glories with wonder and love.

2 Come, saints, and adore him; come, bow at his feet;
Let grateful hosannas unceasing arise;
O, give him the glory and praise that are meet,
And join the full chorus that gladdens the skies.

3 Behold to what honors the Saviour is raised;
He sits on the throne, and he rules over all;
By man once rejected, by seraphs now praised,
While powers and dominions, him worshipping, fall.

4 They worship the Lamb who for sinners was slain;
But their loftiest songs never equal his love:
The claims of his mercy will ever remain,
Transcending the anthems in glory above.

5 Yet even our service he will not despise,
When we join in his worship and tell of his name;
Then let us unite in the song of the skies,
And, trusting his mercy, sing, "Worthy the Lamb."

348. C. M. C. Wesley.

Praise to the Saviour.

1 O FOR a thousand tongues to sing
My dear Redeemer's praise, —
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace!

2 My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread through all the earth abroad,
The honors of thy name.

3 Jesus! the name that calms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears;
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

4 He breaks the power of reigning sin;
He sets the prisoner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean;
His blood availed for me.

349. L. M. Percy Chapel Col.

The Song of Heaven.

1 THE countless multitude on high,
Who tune their songs to Jesus' name,
All merit of their own deny,
And Jesus' worth alone proclaim.

2 Firm, on the ground of sovereign grace,
They stand before Jehovah's throne;
The only song in that blest place
Is, "Thou art worthy, thou alone."

3 With spotless robes of purest white,
And branches of triumphal palm,
They shout, with transports of delight,
The ceaseless, universal psalm,—

4 "Salvation's glory all be paid
To Him who sits upon the throne,
And to the Lamb, whose blood was shed;
Thou, thou art worthy, thou alone."

350. C. M. WATTS.

Triumph of Christ.

1 HOSANNA to our conquering King!
All hail, incarnate Love!
Ten thousand songs and glories wait
To crown thy head above.

2 Thy victories and thy deathless fame
Through all the world shall run,
And everlasting ages sing
The triumphs thou hast won.

351. C. M. C. WESLEY.

Praise to the Son.

1 O FOR a thousand seraph tongues
To bless th' incarnate Word!
O for a thousand thankful songs
In honor of my Lord!

2 Come, tune afresh your golden lyres,
Ye angels round the throne;
Ye saints, in all your sacred choirs,
Adore th' eternal Son.

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

352. 8s, 6 & 4. Spir. of the Psalms.

The Holy Spirit the Comforter.

1 OUR blest Redeemer, ere he breathed
His tender, last farewell,
A Guide, a Comforter, bequeathed
With us to dwell.

2 He came in tongues of living flame,
To teach, convince, subdue;
All powerful as the wind he came,
As viewless too.

3 He came sweet influence to impart,
A gracious, willing guest,
While he can find one humble heart
Wherein to rest.

4 He breathes that gentle voice we hear,
Soft as the breeze of even,
That checks each fault, that calms each fear,
And speaks of heaven.

5 And every virtue we possess,
And every victory won,
And every thought of holiness,
Are his alone.

6 Spirit of purity and grace,
Our weakness, pitying, see;
O, make our hearts thy dwelling-place,
And worthier thee.

353. C. M. Watts.

Breathing after the Holy Spirit.

1 COME, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers,
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love
In these cold hearts of ours.

2 Look! how we grovel here below,
Fond of these trifling toys!
Our souls can neither fly nor go,
To reach eternal joys.

3 In vain we tune our formal songs;
In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

4 Dear Lord, and shall we ever live
At this poor, dying rate, —
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
And thine to us so great?

5 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers,
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

354. L. M. Doddridge.

The Spirit invoked.

1 COME, sacred Spirit, from above,
And fill the coldest heart with love;
O, turn to flesh the flinty stone,
And let thy sovereign power be known.

2 O, let a holy flock await,
In crowds, around thy temple gate,
Each pressing on with zeal to be
A living sacrifice to thee.

355. C. M. Bickersteth's Col.

The Spirit's Power.

1 COME, Holy Spirit, from above,
With thy celestial fire;
Come, and with flames of zeal and love
Our hearts and tongues inspire.

2 The Spirit, by his heavenly breath,
New life creates within;
He quickens sinners from the death
Of trespasses and sin.

3 The things of Christ the Spirit takes,
And to our hearts reveals;
Our bodies he his temple makes,
And our redemption seals.

356. S. M. PRATT'S COL.

Prayer for the Spirit.

1 BLEST Comforter divine,
Let rays of heavenly love
Amid our gloom and darkness shine,
And guide our souls above.

2 Turn us, with gentle voice,
From every sinful way,
And bid the mourning saint rejoice,
Though earthly joys decay.

3 By thine inspiring breath
Make every cloud of care,
And e'en the gloomy vale of death,
A smile of glory wear.

4 O, fill thou every heart
With love to all our race;
Great Comforter, to us impart
These blessings of thy grace.

357. L. M. BEDDOME.

The indwelling Spirit.

1 COME, thou eternal Spirit, come
From heaven, thy glorious dwelling-place;
O, make my sinful heart thy home,
And consecrate it by thy grace.

2 There fix, O Lord, thy blest abode,
And drive thy foes forever thence;
There shed a Saviour's love abroad,
And light, and life, and joy, dispense.

3 My wants supply; my fears suppress;
Direct my way, and hold me up;
Teach me, in times of deep distress,
To pray in faith, and wait in hope.

358. L. M. BURDER'S COL.

Quickening Spirit.

1 COME, Holy Spirit, calm my mind,
And fit me to approach my God;
Remove each vain, each worldly thought,
And lead me to thy blest abode.

2 Hast thou imparted to my soul
A living spark of holy fire?
O, kindle now the sacred flame,
And make me burn with pure desire.

3 A brighter faith and hope impart,
And let me now my Saviour see;
O, soothe and cheer my burdened heart,
And bid my spirit rest in thee.

359. H. M. CAMPBELL'S COL.

Pleading the Promise of the Spirit.

1 O THOU that hearest prayer,
Attend our humble cry,
And let thy servants share
Thy blessing from on high:
We plead the promise of thy word;
Grant us thy Holy Spirit, Lord.

2 If earthly parents hear
Their children when they cry, —
If they, with love sincere,
Their varied wants supply, —
Much more wilt thou thy love display,
And answer when thy children pray.

3 Our heavenly Father, thou;
We, children of thy grace:
O, let thy Spirit now
Descend and fill the place:
So shall we feel the heavenly flame,
And all unite to praise thy name.

4 O, may that sacred fire,
Descending from above,
Our languid hearts inspire
With fervent zeal and love:
Enlighten our beclouded eyes,
And teach our grovelling souls to rise.

5 And send thy Spirit down
On all the nations, Lord,
With great success to crown
The preaching of thy word,
Till heathen lands shall own thy sway,
And cast their idol gods away.

360. C. M. PRATT'S COL.

Reviving Spirit.

1 ETERNAL Spirit, God of truth,
Our contrite hearts inspire;
Revive the flame of heavenly love,
And feed the pure desire.

2 'Tis thine to soothe the sorrowing mind,
With guilt and fear oppressed;
'Tis thine to bid the dying live,
And give the weary rest.

3 Subdue the power of every sin,
Whate'er that sin may be,
That we, with humble, holy heart,
May worship only thee.

4 Then with our spirits witness bear
That we are sons of God,
Redeemed from sin, from death, and hell,
Through Christ's atoning blood.

361. S. M. HART.

Sanctifying Influence.

1 COME, Holy Spirit, come;
Let thy bright beams arise;
Dispel the sorrow from our minds,
The darkness from our eyes.

2 Convince us all of sin;
Then lead to Jesus' blood,
And to our wondering view reveal
The mercies of our God.

3 Revive our drooping faith,
Our doubts and fears remove,
And kindle in our breasts the flame
Of never-dying love.

4 'Tis thine to cleanse the heart,
To sanctify the soul,
To pour fresh life in every part,
And new-create the whole.

5 Dwell, Spirit, in our hearts;
Our minds from bondage free;
Then shall we know, and praise, and love,
The Father, Son, and Thee.

362. S. M. BEDDOME.

Sanctifying Influence.

1 COME, Holy Spirit, come,
With energy divine,
And on this poor, benighted soul
With beams of mercy shine.

2 Melt, melt this frozen heart;
This stubborn will subdue;
Each evil passion overcome,
And form me all anew.

3 Mine will the profit be,
But thine shall be the praise;
And unto thee will I devote
The remnant of my days.

363. S. M. ANON.

Seal of Truth.

1 THOU, Holy Spirit, art
Of truth the promised seal;
Convincing power thou dost impart,
And Jesus' grace reveal.

2 O, breathe thy quickening breath,
And light and life afford;
Instruct us how to live by faith,
And glorify the Lord.

364. L. M. ENG. BAP. COL.

Divine Influences compared to Rain.

1 AS showers on meadows newly mown,
Our God shall send his Spirit down:
Eternal Source of grace divine,
What soul-refreshing drops are thine!

2 That heavenly influence let us find
In holy silence of the mind,
While every grace maintains its bloom,
Diffusing wide its rich perfume.

3 Nor let these blessings be confined
To us, but poured on all mankind,
Till earth's rude wastes in verdure rise,
And Eden's beauty greet our eyes.

365. 8s & 7s. JAY.

Indwelling Spirit.

1 HOLY Ghost, dispel our sadness;
Pierce the clouds of nature's night;
Come, thou Source of joy and gladness,
Breathe thy life, and spread thy light.

2 Author of our new creation,
Bid us all thine influence prove;
Make our souls thy habitation;
Shed abroad the Saviour's love.

366. 7s. BATHURST.

The teaching Spirit.

1 HOLY Spirit, from on high,
Bend o'er us a pitying eye;
Now refresh the drooping heart;
Bid the power of sin depart.

2 Light up every dark recess
Of our heart's ungodliness;
Show us every devious way
Where our steps have gone astray.

3 Teach us, with repentant grief,
Humbly to implore relief;
Then the Saviour's blood reveal,
And our broken spirits heal.

4 May we daily grow in grace,
And pursue the heavenly race,
Trained in wisdom, led by love,
Till we reach our rest above.

367. C. M. HAWEIS.

Source of Life and Light.

1 GREAT Spirit, by whose mighty power
All creatures live and move,
On us thy benediction shower;
Inspire our souls with love.

2 Hail, Source of light! arise and shine;
All gloom and doubt dispel;
Give peace and joy, for we are thine;
In us forever dwell.

3 From death to life our spirits raise ;
Complete redemption bring ;
New tongues impart to speak the praise
Of Christ, our God and King.

4 Thine inward witness bear, unknown
To all the world beside ;
Exulting, then, we feel and own
Our Saviour glorified.

368. L. M. BROWNE.

Our Guide.

1 COME, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With light and comfort from above ;
Be thou our Guardian, thou our Guide ;
O'er every thought and step preside.

2 To us the light of truth display,
And make us know and choose thy way ;
Plant holy fear in every heart,
That we from God may ne'er depart.

3 Lead us to holiness — the road
Which we must take to dwell with God ;
Lead us to Christ — the living way ;
Nor let us from his pastures stray ; —

4 Lead us to God, — our final rest, —
To be with him forever blest ;
Lead us to heaven, its bliss to share —
Fulness of joy forever there.

369. L. M. BEDDOME.

Teachings of the Spirit.

1 COME, blessèd Spirit, Source of light,
Whose power and grace are unconfined,
Dispel the gloomy shades of night,
The thicker darkness of the mind.

2 To mine illumined eyes display
The glorious truth thy words reveal ;
Cause me to run the heavenly way ;
Make me delight to do thy will.

3 Thine inward teachings make me know
The wonders of redeeming love,
The vanity of things below,
And excellence of things above.

4 While through these dubious paths I stray,
Spread, like the sun, thy beams abroad;
O, show the dangers of the way,
And guide my feeble steps to God.

370. 8s & 7s. Noel's Col.

Source of Blessings.

1 HOLY Source of consolation,
Light and life thy grace imparts;
Visit us in thy compassion;
Guide our minds, and fill our hearts.

2 Heavenly blessings, without measure,
Thou canst bring us from above;
Lord, we ask that heavenly treasure,
Wisdom, holiness, and love.

3 Dwell within us, blesséd Spirit;
Where thou art no ill can come;
Bless us now, through Jesus' merit;
Reign in every heart and home.

4 Saviour, lead us to adore thee,
While thou dost prolong our days;
Then, with angel hosts before thee,
May we worship, love, and praise.

371. 7s. Stocker.

Influences of the Spirit.

1 GRACIOUS Spirit — Love divine!
Let thy light within me shine;
All my guilty fears remove;
Fill me with thy heavenly love.

2 Speak thy pardoning grace to me;
Set the burdened sinner free;
Lead me to the Lamb of God;
Wash me in his precious blood.

3 Life and peace to me impart;
Seal salvation on my heart;
Dwell thyself within my breast,
Earnest of immortal rest.

4 Let me never from thee stray;
Keep me in the narrow way;
Fill my soul with joy divine;
Keep me, Lord, forever thine.

372. 7s. REED.

The Sanctifier.

1 HOLY Ghost, with light divine,
Shine upon this heart of mine;
Chase the shades of night away;
Turn the darkness into day.

2 Holy Ghost, with power divine,
Cleanse this guilty heart of mine:
Long has sin, without control,
Held dominion o'er my soul.

3 Holy Ghost, with joy divine,
Cheer this saddened heart of mine;
Bid my many woes depart;
Heal my wounded, bleeding heart.

4 Holy Spirit, all divine,
Dwell within this heart of mine;
Cast down every idol throne;
Reign supreme, and reign alone.

373. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

The Spirit desired.

1 GREAT Father of our feeble race,
Behold, thy servants wait;
With longing eyes and lifted hands,
We flock around thy gate.

2 O, shed abroad that royal gift,
Thy Spirit, from above,
To bless our eyes with sacred light,
And fire our hearts with love.

3 With speedy flight may he descend,
And solid comfort bring,
And o'er our languid souls extend
His all-reviving wing.

4 Blest earnest of eternal joy,
Declare our sins forgiven,
And bear, with energy divine,
Our raptured thoughts to heaven.

5 Diffuse, O God, refreshing showers,
That earth its fruit may yield,
And change this barren wilderness
To Carmel's flowery field.

374. 7s & 6s. [Peculiar.] Toplady.

The Witness.

1 SAVIOUR, I thy word believe;
My unbelief remove;
Now thy quickening Spirit give,
The unction from above;
Show me, Lord, how good thou art;
Now thy gracious word fulfil;
Send the witness to my heart;
The Holy Ghost reveal.

2 Blessed Comforter, come down,
And live and move in me;
Make my every deed thine own,
In all things led by thee;
Bid my sin and fear depart,
And within, O, deign to dwell;
Faithful witness, in my heart
Thy perfect light reveal.

3 Whom the world cannot receive,
O Lord, reveal in me;
Son of God, I cease to live,
Unless I live to thee:
Make me choose the better part;
O, do thou my pardon seal;
Send the witness to my heart;
The Holy Ghost reveal.

375. C. M. CAMPBELL'S COL.

Prayer for Edification.

1 THY Spirit pour, O gracious Lord,
On all assembled here;
Let us receive th' ingrafted word
With meekness and with fear.

2 By faith in thee, the soul receives
New life, though dead before;
And he who in thy name believes
Shall live, to die no more.

3 Preserve the power of faith alive
In those who love thy name;
For sin and Satan daily strive
To quench the sacred flame.

4 Thy grace and mercy first prevailed
From death to set us free;
And, often since, our life had failed,
Unless renewed by thee.

5 To thee we look; to thee we bow;
To thee for help we call;
Our life, our resurrection, thou,
Our hope, our joy, our all.

376. L. M. WATTS.

The Spirit enlightening and renewing.

1 ETERNAL Spirit, we confess
And sing the wonders of thy grace;
Thy power conveys our blessings down
From God the Father, and the Son.

2 Enlightened by thine heavenly ray,
Our shades and darkness turn to day;
Thine inward teachings make us know
Our danger and our refuge too.

3 Thy power and glory work within,
And break the chains of reigning sin;
Our wild, imperious lusts subdue,
And form our wretched hearts anew.

4 The troubled conscience knows thy voice;
Thy cheering words awake our joys;
Thy words allay the stormy wind,
And calm the surges of the mind.

377 C. M. WATTS.

Regeneration by the Spirit.

1 NOT all the outward forms on earth,
Nor rites that God has given,
Nor will of man, nor blood, nor birth,
Can raise a soul to heaven.

2 The sovereign will of God alone
Creates us heirs of grace,
Born in the image of his Son,
A new, peculiar race.

3 The Spirit, like some heavenly wind,
Breathes on the sons of flesh,
Creates anew the carnal mind,
And forms the man afresh.

4 Our quickened souls awake and rise
From their long sleep of death;
On heavenly things we fix our eyes,
And praise employs our breath

378. S. M. MONTGOMERY.

God working in the Soul.

1 'TIS God the Spirit leads
In paths before unknown:
The work to be performed is ours;
The strength is all his own.

2 Supported by his grace,
We still pursue our way,
And hope at last to reach the prize,
Secure in endless day.

3 'Tis he that works to will;
'Tis he that works to do;
The power by which we act is his,
And his the glory too.

379. C. M. BEDDOME.

Sovereignty of the Spirit.

1 THE blesséd Spirit, like the wind,
Blows when and where he please:
How happy are the men who feel
The soul-enlivening breeze!

2 He moulds the carnal mind afresh,
Subdues the power of sin,
Transforms the heart of stone to flesh,
And plants his grace within.

3 He sheds abroad the Father's love,
Applies redeeming blood,
Bids both our guilt and fear remove,
And brings us home to God.

4 Lord, fill each dead, benighted soul
With light, and life, and joy:
None can thy mighty power control,
Or shall thy work destroy.

380. L. M. C. Wesley.

The Spirit entreated not to depart.

1 STAY, thou insulted Spirit, stay,
Though I have done thee such despite;
Cast not a sinner quite away,
Nor take thine everlasting flight.

2 Though I have most unfaithful been
Of all who e'er thy grace received, —
Ten thousand times thy goodness seen,
Ten thousand times thy goodness grieved, —

3 Yet, O, the chief of sinners spare,
In honor of my great High Priest;
Nor, in thy righteous anger, swear
I shall not see thy people's rest.

4 My weary soul, O God, release;
Uphold me with thy gracious hand;
O, guide me into perfect peace,
And bring me to the promised land.

381. C. M. Campbell's Col.

The Holy Spirit grieved.

1 THE God of grace will never leave
Or cast away his own;
And yet, when we his Spirit grieve,
His comforts are withdrawn.

2 If noisy war, or strife, abound,
We grieve the peaceful Dove;
His gracious aid is ever found
In paths of truth and love.

3 Should we indulge one secret sin,
Or disregard his laws,
His succors and support, within,
The Spirit, vexed, withdraws.

4 Forbid it, gracious Lord, that we,
Who, from thy hand, receive
The Spirit's power to make us free,
Should e'er that Spirit grieve.

382. C. M. WATTS.

The Earnest of Heaven.

1 WHY should the children of a King
Go mourning all their days?
Great Comforter, descend, and bring
Some tokens of thy grace.

2 Dost thou not dwell in all thy saints,
And seal them, heirs of heaven?
When wilt thou banish my complaints,
And show my sins forgiven?

3 Assure my conscience of her part
In my Redeemer's blood,
And bear thy witness, with my heart,
That I am born of God.

4 Thou art the earnest of his love,
The pledge of joys to come;
And thy soft wings, celestial Dove,
Will safely bear me home.

383. L. M. T. SCOTT.

Prayer for the Return of the Spirit.

1 O LORD, and shall our fainting souls
Thy just displeasure ever mourn?
Thy Spirit grieved, and long withdrawn,
Will he no more to us return?

2 Great source of light and peace, return,
Nor let us mourn and sigh in vain;
Come, repossess our longing hearts
With all the graces of thy train.

3 This temple, hallowed by thine hand,
Once more be with thy presence blest;
Here be thy grace anew displayed;
Be this thine everlasting rest.

384. C. M. S. F. Smith.

Spirit of Holiness.

1 SPIRIT of holiness, descend;
Thy people wait for thee;
Thine ear, in kind compassion, lend;
Let us thy mercy see.

2 Behold, thy weary churches wait,
With wishful, longing eyes;
Let us no more lie desolate;
O, bid thy light arise.

3 Thy light, that on our souls hath shone,
Leads us in hope to thee;
Let us not feel its rays alone —
Alone thy people be.

4 O, bring our dearest friends to God;
Remember those we love;
Fit them, on earth, for thine abode;
Fit them for joys above.

5 Spirit of holiness, 'tis thine
To hear our feeble prayer;
Come, — for we wait thy power divine, —
Let us thy mercy share.

385. C. M. Bathurst.

Spirit of Holiness.

1 SPIRIT of holiness, look down,
Our fainting hearts to cheer;
And, when we tremble at thy frown,
O, bring thy comforts near.

2 The fear which thy convictions wrought,
O, let thy grace remove;
And may the souls which thou hast taught
To weep, now learn to love.

3 Now let thy saving mercy heal
The wounds it made before;
Now on our hearts impress thy seal,
That we may doubt no more.

4 Complete the work thou hast begun,
And make our darkness light,
That we a glorious race may run,
Till faith be lost in sight.

5 Then, as our wondering eyes discern
The Lord's unclouded face,
In fitter language we shall learn
To sing triumphant grace.

THE SCRIPTURES.

386. C. M. WATTS.

Excellency of the Scriptures.

1 LET all the heathen writers join
To form one perfect book;
Great God, if once compared with thine,
How mean their writings look!

2 Not the most perfect rules they gave
Could show one sin forgiven,
Nor lead a step beyond the grave;
But thine conduct to heaven.

3 I've seen an end of what we call
Perfection here below —
How short the powers of nature fall,
And can no farther go.

4 Yet men would fain be just with God,
By works their hands have wrought;
But thy commands, exceeding broad,
Extend to every thought.

5 In vain we boast perfection here,
While sin defiles our frame,
And sinks our virtues down so far,
They scarce deserve the name.

6 Our faith, and love, and every grace,
Fall far below thy word;
But perfect truth and righteousness
Dwell only with the Lord.

387. L. M. HEGINBOTHAM.

A Saviour seen in the Scriptures.

1 NOW let my soul, eternal King,
To thee its grateful tribute bring;
My knee with humble homage bow;
My tongue perform its solemn vow.

2 All nature sings thy boundless love,
In worlds below, and worlds above;
But in thy blesséd word I trace
Diviner wonders of thy grace.

3 There what delightful truths I read!
There I behold the Saviour bleed;
His name salutes my listening ear,
Revives my heart, and checks my fear.

4 There Jesus bids my sorrows cease,
And gives my laboring conscience peace;
There lifts my grateful passions high,
And points to mansions in the sky.

5 For love like this, O, let my song,
Through endless years, thy praise prolong;
Let distant climes thy name adore,
Till time and nature are no more.

388. L. M. WATTS.

A written Revelation.

1 LET everlasting glories crown
Thy head, my Saviour and my Lord;
Thy hands have brought salvation down,
And stored the blessings in thy word.

2 In vain the trembling conscience seeks
Some solid ground to rest upon;
With long despair the spirit breaks,
Till we apply to Christ alone.

3 How well thy blesséd truths agree!
How wise and holy thy commands!
Thy promises, how firm they be!
How firm our hope and comfort stands!

4 Should all the forms that men devise
Assault my faith with treacherous art,
I'd call them vanity and lies,
And bind the gospel to my heart.

389. C. M. Watts.

Love of the Scriptures.

1 O, HOW I love thy holy law!
'Tis daily my delight;
And thence my meditations draw
Divine advice by night.

2 My waking eyes prevent the day,
To meditate thy word;
My soul with longing melts away,
To hear thy gospel, Lord.

3 Thy heavenly words my heart engage,
And well employ my tongue,
And, through my weary pilgrimage,
Yield me a heavenly song.

4 When nature sinks, and spirits droop,
Thy promises of grace
Are pillars to support my hope,
And there I write thy praise.

390. S. M. Beddome.

Superiority of the Scriptures.

1 O LORD, thy perfect word
Directs our steps aright;
Nor can all other books afford
Such profit or delight.

2 Celestial light it sheds,
To cheer this vale below;
To distant lands its glory spreads,
And streams of mercy flow.

3 True wisdom it imparts;
Commands our hope and fear;
O, may we hide it in our hearts,
And feel its influence there.

391. S. M. WATTS.

The Books of Nature and Scripture.

1 BEHOLD, the lofty sky
Declares its Maker, God,
And all his starry works on high
Proclaim his power abroad.

2 The darkness and the light
Still keep their course the same;
While night to day, and day to night,
Divinely teach his name.

3 In every different land
Their general voice is known;
They show the wonders of his hand,
And orders of his throne.

4 Ye Christian lands, rejoice;
Here he reveals his word;
We are not left to nature's voice
To bid us know the Lord.

392. C. M. FAWCETT.

Preciousness of the Bible.

1 HOW precious is the book divine,
By inspiration given!
Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine,
To guide our souls to heaven.

2 It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts
In this dark vale of tears;
Life, light, and joy, it still imparts,
And quells our rising fears.

3 This lamp, through all the tedious night
Of life, shall guide our way,
Till we behold the clearer light
Of an eternal day.

393. C. M. Epis. Col.

Sufficiency of the Scriptures.

1 GREAT God, with wonder and with praise
On all thy works I look;
But still thy wisdom, power, and grace,
Shine brightest in thy book.

2 Here are my choicest treasures hid;
Here my best comfort lies;
Here my desires are satisfied;
And here my hopes arise.

3 Lord, make me understand thy law;
Show what my faults have been;
And from thy gospel let me draw
The pardon of my sin.

394. L. P. M. Watts.

Delight and Instruction from the Bible.

1 I LOVE the volume of thy word;
What light and joy those leaves afford
To souls benighted and distressed!
Thy precepts guide my doubtful way;
Thy fear forbids my feet to stray;
Thy promise leads my heart to rest.

2 Thy threatenings wake my slumbering eyes,
And warn me where my danger lies;
But 'tis thy blessèd gospel, Lord,
That makes my guilty conscience clean,
Converts my soul, subdues my sin,
And gives a free, but large reward.

3 Who knows the errors of his thoughts?
My God, forgive my secret faults,
And from presumptuous sins restrain;
Accept my poor attempts of praise,
That I have read thy book of grace,
And book of nature, not in vain.

395. C. M. COWPER.

The Bible the Light of the World.

1 WHAT glory gilds the sacred page!
Majestic, like the sun,
It gives a light to every age;
It gives, but borrows none.

2 The power that gave it still supplies
The gracious light and heat:
Its truths upon the nations rise;
They rise, but never set.

3 Let everlasting thanks be thine
For such a bright display
As makes a world of darkness shine
With beams of heavenly day.

4 My soul rejoices to pursue
The steps of Him I love,
Till glory breaks upon my view
In brighter worlds above.

396. C. M. CAMPBELL'S COL.

The Glory of the Word.

1 A GLORY in the word we find,
When grace restores our sight;
But sin has darkened all the mind,
And veiled the heavenly light.

2 When God the Spirit clears our view,
How bright the doctrines shine!
Their holy fruits and sweetness show
The Author is divine.

3 How blest are we with open face
To view thy glory, Lord,
And all thy image here to trace
Reflected in thy word!

4 O, teach us, as we look, to grow
In holiness and love,
That we may long to see and know
Thy glorious face above.

397. C. M. STEELE.

The Bible suited to our Wants.

1 FATHER of mercies, in thy word
What endless glory shines!
Forever be thy name adored,
For these celestial lines.

2 'Tis here the tree of knowledge grows,
And yields a free repast;
Here purer sweets than nature knows
Invite the longing taste.

3 'Tis here the Saviour's welcome voice
Spreads heavenly peace around,
And life, and everlasting joys,
Attend the blissful sound.

4 O, may these heavenly pages be
My ever-dear delight;
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light.

5 Divine Instructor, gracious Lord,
Be thou forever near;
Teach me to love thy sacred word,
And view my Saviour here.

398. C. M. WATTS.

Value of the Scriptures.

1 LADEN with guilt, and full of fears,
I fly to thee, my Lord;
And not a gleam of hope appears,
But in thy written word.

2 The volume of my Father's grace
Does all my grief assuage;
Here I behold my Saviour's face
In almost every page.

3 This is the field where hidden lies
The pearl of price unknown;
That merchant is divinely wise
Who makes this pearl his own.

4 Here consecrated water flows,
To quench my thirst of sin;
'Tis here the tree of knowledge grows;
No danger dwells therein.

5 This is the Judge that ends the strife
Where wit and reason fail,
My Guide to everlasting life
Through all this gloomy vale.

6 O, may thy counsels, mighty God,
My roving feet command,
Nor I forsake the happy road
Which leads to thy right hand.

399. C. M. Evan. Mag.

Revelation welcomed.

1 HAIL, sacred truth! whose piercing rays
Dispel the shades of night,
Diffusing o'er the mental world
The healing beams of light.

2 Thy word, O Lord, with friendly aid,
Restores our wandering feet,
Converts the sorrows of the mind
To joys divinely sweet.

3 O, send thy light and truth abroad
In all their radiant blaze,
And bid th' admiring world adore
The glories of thy grace.

400. L. M. Watts.

Divine Authority of the Bible.

1 'TWAS by an order from the Lord,
The ancient prophets spoke his word;
His Spirit did their tongues inspire,
And warm their hearts with heavenly fire.

2 Great God, mine eyes with pleasure look
On all the pages of thy book;
There my Redeemer's face I see,
And read his name who died for me.

3 Let the false raptures of the mind
Be lost and vanish in the wind:
Here I can fix my hope secure;
This is thy word, and must endure.

401. C. M. STENNETT.

The Riches of God's Word.

1 LET worldly men, from shore to shore,
Their chosen good pursue;
Thy word, O Lord, we value more
Than treasures of Peru.

2 Here mines of knowledge, love, and joy,
Are opened to our sight;
The purest gold without alloy,
And gems divinely bright.

3 The counsels of redeeming grace
These sacred leaves unfold;
And here the Saviour's lovely face
Our raptured eyes behold.

4 Here light, descending from above,
Directs our doubtful feet;
Here promises of heavenly love
Our ardent wishes meet.

5 Our numerous griefs are here redressed,
And all our wants supplied:
Nought we can ask to make us blest
Is in this book denied.

402. C. M. WATTS.

Comfort from the Bible.

1 LORD, I have made thy word my choice,
My lasting heritage;
There shall my noblest powers rejoice,
My warmest thoughts engage.

2 I'll read the histories of thy love,
And keep thy laws in sight,
While through the promises I rove,
With ever-fresh delight.

3 'Tis a broad land, of wealth unknown,
Where springs of life arise,
Seeds of immortal bliss are sown,
And hidden glory lies.

4 The best relief that mourners have,
It makes our sorrows blest;
Our fairest hope beyond the grave,
And our eternal rest.

403. S. M. WATTS.

Power of God's Word.

1 BEHOLD, the morning sun
Begins his glorious way;
His beams through all the nations run,
And life and light convey.

2 But where the gospel comes,
It spreads diviner light;
It calls dead sinners from their tombs,
And gives the blind their sight.

3 How perfect is thy word!
And all thy judgments just!
Forever sure thy promise, Lord,
And we securely trust.

4 My gracious God, how plain
Are thy directions given!
O, may I never read in vain,
But find the path to heaven.

INVITATIONS OF THE GOSPEL.

404. L. M. BEDDOME.

The Gospel originating in sovereign Mercy.

1 GOD, in the gospel of his Son,
Makes his eternal counsels known:
Here love in all its glory shines,
And truth is drawn in fairest lines.

2 Here sinners, of an humble frame,
May taste his grace, and learn his name;
May read, in characters of blood,
The wisdom, power, and grace, of God.

3 Here faith reveals to mortal eyes
A brighter world beyond the skies;
Here shines the light which guides our way
From earth to realms of endless day.

4 O, grant us grace, almighty Lord,
To read and mark thy holy word,
Its truths with meekness to receive,
And by its holy precepts live.

405. S. M. WATTS.

God's Purpose of Mercy.

1 THE Lord on high proclaims
His Godhead from his throne;
Mercy and justice are the names
By which he will be known.

2 Ye dying souls, that sit
In darkness and distress,
Look from the borders of the pit
To his recovering grace.

3 Sinners shall hear the sound;
Their thankful tongues shall own
Their righteousness and strength are found
In thee, O Lord, alone.

4 In thee shall Israel trust,
And see their guilt forgiven;
Thou wilt pronounce the sinners just,
And take the saints to heaven.

406. L. M. BOWRING.

The Teaching of Jesus.

1 HOW sweetly flowed the gospel sound
From lips of gentleness and grace,
When listening thousands gathered round,
And joy and gladness filled the place!

2 From heaven he came, of heaven he spoke,
To heaven he led his followers' way;
Dark clouds of gloomy night he broke,
Unveiling an immortal day.

3 "Come, wanderers, to my Father's home;
Come, all ye weary ones, and rest:"
Yes, sacred Teacher, we will come,
Obey thee, love thee, and be blest.

4 Decay, then, tenements of dust;
Pillars of earthly pride, decay:
A nobler mansion waits the just,
And Jesus has prepared the way.

407. H. M. TOPLADY.

The Jubilee proclaimed.

1 BLOW ye the trumpet, blow,
The gladly-solemn sound;
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound,
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

2 Exalt the Lamb of God,
The sin-atoning Lamb;
Redemption by his blood,
Through all the lands, proclaim:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

3 Ye slaves of sin and hell,
Your liberty receive,
And safe in Jesus dwell,
And blest in Jesus live:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

4 The gospel trumpet hear,
The news of pardoning grace:
Ye happy souls, draw near;
Behold your Saviour's face:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

5 Jesus, our great High Priest,
Has full atonement made;
Ye weary spirits, rest;
Ye mourning souls, be glad:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

408. C. M. WATTS.

Rejoicing in the Gospel.

1 BLEST are the souls that hear and know
The gospel's joyful sound;
Peace shall attend the paths they go,
And light their steps surround.

2 Their joy shall bear their spirits up,
Through their Redeemer's name;
His righteousness exalts their hope,
Nor Satan dares condemn.

3 The Lord, our glory and defence,
Strength and salvation gives;
Israel, thy King forever reigns,
Thy God forever lives.

409. L. M. WATTS.

The Power of Truth.

1 THIS is the word of truth and love,
Sent to the nations from above;
Jehovah here resolves to show
What his almighty grace can do.

2 This remedy did wisdom find,
To heal diseases of the mind —
This sovereign balm, whose virtues can
Restore the ruined creature, man.

3 The gospel bids the dead revive;
Sinners obey the voice, and live;
Dry bones are raised, and clothed afresh,
And hearts of stone are turned to flesh.

4 May but this grace my soul renew,
Let sinners gaze and hate me too;
The word that saves me does engage
A sure defence from all their rage.

410. C. M. MEDLEY.

The Fountain of living Waters.

1 O, WHAT amazing words of grace
Are in the gospel found!
Suited to every sinner's case,
Who hears the joyful sound.

2 Come, then, with all your wants and wounds;
Your every burden bring;
Here love, unchanging love, abounds,
A deep, celestial spring.

3 This spring with living water flows,
And heavenly joy imparts;
Come, thirsty souls, your wants disclose,
And drink with thankful hearts.

4 A host of sinners, vile as you,
Have here found life and peace;
Come, then, and prove its virtues too,
And drink, adore, and bless.

411. C. M. WATTS.

The Gospel a Savor of Life or Death.

1 CHRIST and his cross are all our theme;
The mysteries that we speak
Are scandal in the Jews' esteem,
And folly to the Greek.

2 But souls enlightened from above
With joy receive the word:
They see what wisdom, power, and love,
Shine in their dying Lord.

3 The vital savor of his name
Restores their fainting breath;
But unbelief perverts the same
To guilt, despair, and death.

4 Till God diffuse his graces down,
Like showers of heavenly rain,
In vain Apollos sows the ground,
And Paul may plant in vain.

412. S. M. DODDRIDGE.

Sinners called by Jehovah.

1 THE Lord Jehovah calls;
Be every ear inclined;
May such a voice awake each heart,
And captivate the mind.

2 If he in thunder speak,
Earth trembles at his nod;
But milder accents here proclaim
The condescending God.

3 O, harden not your hearts,
But hear his voice to-day;
Lest, ere to-morrow's earliest dawn,
He call your souls away.

4 Almighty God, pronounce
The word of conquering grace;
So shall the flint dissolve to tears,
And scorners seek thy face.

413. 7s. BARBAULD.

Christ's Invitation.

1 COME, saith Jesus' sacred voice,
Come, and make my paths your choice;
I will guide you to your home;
Weary pilgrims, hither come.

2 Hither come; for here is found
Balm for every bleeding wound,
Peace which ever shall endure,
Rest, eternal, sacred, sure.

414. L. M. BICKERSTETH'S COL.

The Wanderer invited.

1 WANDERER from God, return, return,
And seek an injured Father's face;
Those warm desires, that in thee burn,
Were kindled by reclaiming grace.

2 Wanderer from God, return, return;
Thy Father hears that deep-felt sigh;
He sees thy softened spirit mourn;
And mercy's voice invites thee nigh.

3 Wanderer from God, return, return;
Renounce thy fears; thy Saviour lives;
Go to his bleeding cross, and learn
How freely, fully, he forgives.

415. 7s. Winchell's Sel.

Sinners urged to accept the Invitation.

1 YE who in his courts are found,
Listening to the joyful sound,
Lost and helpless as ye are,
Sons of sorrow, sin, and care,
Glorify the King of kings;
Take the peace the gospel brings.

2 Turn to Christ your longing eyes;
View this bleeding sacrifice;
See in him your sins forgiven,
Pardon, holiness, and heaven;
Glorify the King of kings;
Take the peace the gospel brings.

416. 8s, 7s & 4. Hart.

Sinners entreated by the Mercies of Christ.

1 COME, ye sinners, poor and wretched,
Come in mercy's gracious hour;
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, love, and power:
He is able —
He is willing — doubt no more.

2 Let no sense of guilt prevent you,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness he requireth
Is to feel your need of him:
This he gives you;
'Tis the Spirit's rising beam.

3 Agonizing in the garden,
Lo! your Saviour prostrate lies;
On the bloody tree behold him;
There he groans, and bleeds, and dies:
"It is finished;"
Heaven's atoning sacrifice.

4 Lo! th' incarnate God, ascended,
Pleads the merit of his blood;
Venture on him — venture wholly;
Let no other trust intrude:
None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good.

417. L. M. Watts.

Christ's Invitation to Sinners.

1 "COME hither, all ye weary souls,
Ye heavy-laden sinners, come;
I'll give you rest from all your toils,
And raise you to my heavenly home.

2 "They shall find rest who learn of me:
I'm of a meek and lowly mind;
But passion rages like the sea,
And pride is restless as the wind.

3 "Blest is the man whose shoulders take
My yoke, and bear it with delight:
My yoke is easy to the neck;
My grace shall make the burden light."

4 Jesus, we come at thy command;
With faith, and hope, and humble zeal,
Resign our spirits to thy hand,
To mould and guide us at thy will.

418. C. M. Huntingdon's Col.

Yet there is Room.

1 COME, sinner, to the gospel feast;
O, come without delay;
For there is room in Jesus' breast
For all who will obey.

2 There's room in God's eternal love
To save thy precious soul;
Room in the Spirit's grace above
To heal and make thee whole.

3 There's room within the church, redeemed
With blood of Christ divine;
Room in the white-robed throng, convened,
For that dear soul of thine.

4 There's room in heaven among the choir,
And harps and crowns of gold,
And glorious palms of victory there,
And joys that ne'er were told.

5 There's room around thy Father's board
For thee and thousands more:
O, come and welcome to the Lord;
Yea, come this very hour.

419. L. M. 6 L. Epis. Col.

The Gospel adapted to give Peace and Rest.

1 PEACE, troubled soul, whose plaintive moan
Hath taught the rocks the notes of woe;
Cease thy complaint, suppress thy groan,
And let thy tears forget to flow:
Behold, the precious balm is found,
To lull thy pain, to heal thy wound.

2 Come, freely come, by sin oppressed;
Unburden here thy weighty load;
Here find thy refuge and thy rest,
And trust the mercy of thy God:
Thy God 's thy Saviour — glorious word!
Forever love and praise the Lord.

420. C. M. Steele.

Yet there is Room.

1 YE wretched, hungry, starving poor,
Behold a royal feast,
Where Mercy spreads her bounteous store
For every humble guest.

2 There Jesus stands with open arms;
He calls — he bids you come:
Though guilt restrains, and fear alarms,
Behold there yet is room.

3 O, come, and with his children taste
The blessings of his love;
While hope expects the sweet repast
Of nobler joys above.

4 There, with united heart and voice,
Before th' eternal throne,
Ten thousand thousand souls rejoice,
In songs on earth unknown.

5 And yet ten thousand thousand more
Are welcome still to come:
Ye longing souls, the grace adore,
And enter while there's room.

421. L. M. STEELE.

Rest for the weary Penitent.

1 COME, weary souls, with sin distressed,
Come, and accept the promised rest;
The Saviour's gracious call obey,
And cast your gloomy fears away.

2 Oppressed with sin, a painful load,
O, come and spread your woes abroad:
Divine compassion, mighty love,
Will all the painful load remove.

3 Here mercy's boundless ocean flows,
To cleanse your guilt and heal your woes;
Pardon, and life, and endless peace;
How rich the gift! how free the grace!

4 Lord, we accept, with thankful heart,
The hope thy gracious words impart;
We come with trembling, yet rejoice,
And bless the kind, inviting voice.

5 Dear Saviour, let thy wondrous love
Confirm our faith, our fears remove;
O, sweetly influence every breast,
And guide us to eternal rest.

422. C. M. WATTS.

The Gospel Trumpet.

1 LET every mortal ear attend,
And every heart rejoice;
The trumpet of the gospel sounds
With an inviting voice.

2 Ho! all ye hungry, starving souls,
That feed upon the wind,
And vainly strive with earthly toys
To fill an empty mind, —

3 Eternal Wisdom has prepared
A soul-reviving feast,
And bids your longing appetites
The rich provision taste.

4 Ho! ye that pant for living streams,
And pine away, and die, —
Here you may quench your raging thirst
With springs that never dry.

5 The happy gates of gospel grace
Stand open night and day;
Lord, we are come to seek supplies,
And drive our wants away.

423. C. M. STEELE.

The Saviour's Invitation.

1 THE Saviour calls; let every ear
Attend the heavenly sound;
Ye doubting souls, dismiss your fear;
Hope smiles reviving round.

2 For every thirsty, longing heart,
Here streams of bounty flow,
And life, and health, and bliss, impart,
To banish mortal woe.

3 Ye sinners, come; 'tis mercy's voice;
That gracious voice obey;
'Tis Jesus calls to heavenly joys;
And can you yet delay?

4 Dear Saviour, draw reluctant hearts;
To thee let sinners fly,
And take the bliss thy love imparts,
And drink, and never die.

424. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

All Things ready.

1 THE King of heaven his table spreads,
And dainties crown the board:
Not Paradise, with all its joys,
Could such delight afford.

2 Ye hungry poor, that long have strayed
In sin's dark mazes, come;
Come from your most obscure retreats,
And grace shall find you room.

3 Millions of souls, in glory now,
Were fed and feasted here;
And millions more, still on the way,
Around the board appear.

4 Yet are his house and heart so large,
That millions more may come;
Nor could the whole assembled world
O'erfill the spacious room.

5 All things are ready; come away,
Nor weak excuses frame:
Come, taste the dainties of the feast,
And bless the Master's name.

425. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

Mutual Invitation.

1 COME, let us join our souls to God
In everlasting bands,
And seize the blessings he bestows
With eager hearts and hands.

2 Come, let us to his temple haste,
And seek his favor there,
Before his footstool humbly bow,
And offer fervent prayer.

3 Come, let us share, without delay,
The blessings of his grace;
Nor shall the years of distant life
Their memory e'er efface.

4 O, may our children ever haste
To seek their fathers' God,
Nor e'er forsake the happy path
Their fathers' feet have trod.

426. 7s, 6 L. HAWEIS.

Come and welcome.

1 FROM the cross uplifted high,
Where the Saviour deigns to die,
What melodious sounds we hear,
Bursting on the ravished ear! —
"Love's redeeming work is done;
Come and welcome, sinner, come.

2 "Sprinkled now with blood the throne,
Why beneath thy burdens groan?
On my piercéd body laid,
Justice owns the ransom paid;
Bow the knee, embrace the Son;
Come and welcome, sinner, come.

3 "Spread for thee, the festal board
See with richest dainties stored;
To thy Father's bosom pressed,
Yet again a child confessed,
Never from his house to roam,
Come and welcome, sinner, come.

4 "Soon the days of life shall end;
Lo, I come, your Saviour, Friend,
Safe your spirits to convey
To the realms of endless day,
Up to my eternal home;
Come and welcome, sinner, come."

427. 7s, 6 L. ANON.

Look to Christ.

1 WEARY sinner, keep thine eyes
On th' atoning Sacrifice;
View him bleeding on the tree
Pouring out his life for thee:
There the dreadful curse he bore;
Weeping soul, lament no more.

2 Cast thy guilty soul on him;
Find him mighty to redeem;
At his feet thy burden lay;
Look thy doubts and care away;
Now by faith the Son embrace,
Plead his promise, trust his grace.

428. C. M. WATTS.

None excluded from Hope

1 JESUS, thy blessings are not few,
Nor is thy gospel weak:
Thy grace can melt the stubborn Jew,
And bow th' aspiring Greek.

2 Wide as the reach of Satan's rage
Doth thy salvation flow;
'Tis not confined to sex or age,
The lofty or the low.

3 While grace is offered to the prince,
The poor may take their share;
No mortal has a just pretence
To perish in despair.

4 Come, all ye vilest sinners, come;
He'll form your souls anew:
His gospel and his heart have room
For rebels such as you.

5 His doctrine is almighty love;
There's virtue in his name
To turn the raven to a dove,
The lion to a lamb.

429. 7s. CONVERT'S COMP.

Offered Peace.

1 WEEPING sinners, dry your tears;
Jesus on the throne appears;
Mercy comes with balmy wing,
Bids you his salvation sing.

2 Peace he brings you by his death,
Peace he speaks with every breath;
Can you slight such heavenly charms?
Flee, O flee to Jesus' arms.

430. S. M. PRATT'S COL.

The Gospel Trumpet.

1 YE trembling captives, hear;
The gospel trumpet sounds:
No music more can charm the ear,
Or heal your heartfelt wounds.

2 'Tis not the trump of war,
Nor Sinai's awful roar:
Salvation's news it spreads afar,
And vengeance is no more.

3 Forgiveness, love, and peace,
Glad heaven aloud proclaims;
And earth the jubilee release,
With eager rapture, claims.

4 Far, far, to distant lands
The saving news shall spread,
And Jesus all his willing bands
In glorious triumph lead.

431. S. M. Epis. Col.

The Spirit inviting.

1 THE Spirit, in our hearts,
Is whispering, "Sinner, come;"
The bride, the church of Christ, proclaims
To all his children, "Come!"

2 Let him that heareth say
To all about him, "Come;"
Let him that thirsts for righteousness
To Christ, the fountain, come.

3 Yes, whosoever will,
O, let him freely come,
And freely drink the stream of life;
'Tis Jesus bids him come.

4 Lo! Jesus, who invites,
Declares, "I quickly come:"
Lord, even so; we wait thy hour;
O blest Redeemer, come.

432. S. M. Pratt's Col.

Returning to Christ.

1 YE sons of earth, arise,
Ye creatures of a day;
Redeem the time — be bold — be wise,
And cast your bonds away.

2 The year of gospel grace
With us rejoice to see,
And thankfully in Christ embrace
Your proffered liberty.

3 Blest Saviour, Lord of all,
Thee help us to receive;
Obedient to thy gracious call,
O, bid us turn and live.

4 Our former years misspent
Now let us deeply mourn,
And, softened by thy grace, repent,
And to thine arms return.

433. C. M. E. Jones.

The Invitation and the Resolve.

1 COME, weary sinner, in whose breast
A thousand thoughts revolve ;
Come, with your guilt and fear oppressed,
And make this last resolve : —

2 "I'll go to Jesus, though my sin
Hath like a mountain rose ;
I know his courts; I'll enter in,
Whatever may oppose.

3 "I'll prostrate lie before his throne,
And there my guilt confess ;
I'll tell him I'm a wretch undone,
Without his sovereign grace.

4 "I'll to the gracious King approach,
Whose sceptre pardon gives ;
Perhaps he may command my touch,
And then the suppliant lives.

5 "Perhaps he will admit my plea,
Perhaps will hear my prayer ;
But, if I perish, I will pray,
And perish only there.

6 "I can but perish if I go ;
I am resolved to try ;
For if I stay away, I know
I must forever die."

ENTREATY AND EXPOSTULATION.

434. C. M. HYMNS OF ZION.

The Saviour at the Door.

1 AMAZING sight! the Saviour stands
And knocks at every door!
Ten thousand blessings in his hands,
To satisfy the poor.

2 "Behold," he saith, "I bleed and die
To bring you to my rest:
Hear, sinners, while I'm passing by,
And be forever blest.

3 "Will you despise my bleeding love,
And choose the way to hell?
Or in the glorious realms above,
With me, forever dwell?

4 "Say, will you hear my gracious voice,
And have your sins forgiven?
Or will you make that wretched choice,
And bar yourselves from heaven?"

435. S. M. DOBELL.

Now the accepted Time.

1 NOW is th' accepted time;
Now is the day of grace;
Now, sinners, come, without delay,
And seek the Saviour's face.

2 Now is th' accepted time;
The Saviour calls to-day;
To-morrow it may be too late;
Then why should you delay?

3 Now is th' accepted time;
The gospel bids you come,
And every promise in his word
Declares there yet is room.

4 Lord, draw reluctant souls,
And feast them with thy love;
Then will the angels swiftly fly
To bear the news above.

436. S. M. Select Hymns.

Now the Day of Grace.

1 NOW is the day of grace;
Now to the Saviour come;
The Lord is calling, "Seek my face,
And I will guide you home."

2 A Father bids you speed;
O, wherefore then delay?
He calls in love; he sees your need;
He bids you come to-day.

3 To-day the prize is won;
The promise is to save;
Then, O, be wise; to-morrow's sun
May shine upon your grave.

437. L. M. Doddridge.

One Thing needful.

1 WHY will ye waste on trifling cares
That life which God's compassion spares,
While, in the various range of thought,
The one thing needful is forgot?

2 Shall God invite you from above?
Shall Jesus urge his dying love?
Shall troubled conscience give you pain?
And all these pleas unite in vain?

3 Not so your eyes will always view
Those objects which you now pursue;
Not so will heaven and hell appear,
When death's decisive hour is near.

4 Almighty God, thy grace impart;
Fix deep conviction on each heart;
Nor let us waste on trifling cares
That life which thy compassion spares.

438. 11s. Sacred Songs.

Delay not.

1 DELAY not, delay not; O sinner, draw near;
The waters of life are now flowing for thee;
No price is demanded; the Saviour is here;
Redemption is purchased, salvation is free.

2 Delay not, delay not; why longer abuse
The love and compassion of Jesus, thy God?
A fountain is opened; how canst thou refuse
To wash and be cleansed in his pardoning blood?

3 Delay not, delay not, O sinner, to come,
For Mercy still lingers, and calls thee to-day;
Her voice is not heard in the shades of the tomb;
Her message, unheeded, will soon pass away.

4 Delay not, delay not; the Spirit of grace,
Long grieved and resisted, may take his sad flight,
And leave thee in darkness to finish thy race,
To sink in the gloom of eternity's night.

5 Delay not, delay not; the hour is at hand;
The earth shall dissolve, and the heavens shall fade;
The dead, small and great, in the judgment shall stand
What helper, then, sinner, shall lend thee his aid?

439. 8s, 7s & 4. REED.

The Sinner invited and warned.

1 HEAR, O sinner! Mercy hails you;
Now with sweetest voice she calls;
Bids you haste to seek the Saviour,
Ere the hand of justice falls:
Trust in Jesus;
'Tis the voice of Mercy calls.

2 Haste, O sinner, to the Saviour;
Seek his mercy while you may;
Soon the day of grace is over;
Soon your life will pass away:
Haste to Jesus;
You must perish if you stay.

440. S. M. DWIGHT.

Come to-day.

1 YE sinners, fear the Lord,
While yet 'tis called to-day;
Soon will the awful voice of death
Command your souls away.

2 Soon will the harvest close,
The summer soon be o'er;
O sinners, then your injured God
Will heed your cries no more.

3 Then, while 'tis called to-day,
O, hear the gospel's sound;
Come, sinners, haste, O, haste away,
While pardon may be found.

441. 7s. T. Scott.

Danger of Delay.

1 HASTE, O sinner; now be wise;
Stay not for the morrow's sun:
Wisdom if you still despise,
Harder is it to be won.

2 Haste, and mercy now implore;
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest thy season should be o'er,
Ere this evening's stage be run.

3 Haste, O sinner; now return;
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest thy lamp should cease to burn
Ere salvation's work is done.

4 Haste, O sinner; now be blest;
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest perdition thee arrest,
Ere the morrow is begun.

442. S. M. Hyde.

Danger of Neglect.

1 AND canst thou, sinner, slight
The call of love divine?
Shall God with tenderness invite,
And gain no thought of thine?

2 Wilt thou not cease to grieve
The Spirit from thy breast,
Till he thy wretched soul shall leave
With all thy sins oppressed?

3 To-day, a pardoning God
Will hear the suppliant pray;
To-day, a Saviour's cleansing blood
Will wash thy guilt away.

4 But grace so dearly bought
If yet thou wilt despise,
Thy fearful doom, with sorrow fraught,
Will fill thee with surprise.

443. S. M. PRATT'S COL.

Danger of Delay.

1 ALL yesterday is gone;
To-morrow 's not our own;
O sinner, come, without delay,
To bow before the throne.

2 O, hear his voice to-day,
And harden not your heart;
To-morrow, with a frown, he may
Pronounce the word, — "Depart."

444. 7s. URWICK'S COL

Expostulation.

1 SINNER, what has earth to show
Like the joys believers know?
Is thy path, of fading flowers,
Half so bright, so sweet, as ours?

2 Doth a skilful, healing friend
On thy daily path attend,
And, where thorns and stings abound,
Shed a balm on every wound?

3 When the tempest rolls on high,
Hast thou still a refuge nigh?
Can, O, can thy dying breath
Summon one more strong than death?

4 Canst thou, in that awful day,
Fearless tread the gloomy way,
Plead a glorious ransom given,
Burst from earth, and soar to heaven?

445. S. M. Doddridge.

Exhortation to work while it is Day.

1 THE swift declining day,
How fast its moments fly,
While evening's broad and gloomy shade
Gains on the western sky!

2 Ye mortals, mark its pace,
And use the hours of light;
For know, its Maker can command
An instant, endless night.

3 Give glory to the Lord,
Who rules the rolling sphere;
Submissive, at his footstool bow,
And seek salvation there.

4 Then shall new lustre break
Through all the heavy gloom,
And lead you to unchanging light,
In your celestial home.

446. S. M. Village Hymns.

Parental Entreaty.

1 MY son, know thou the Lord;
Thy fathers' God obey;
Seek his protecting care by night,
His guardian hand by day.

2 Call while he may be found;
O, seek him while he's near;
Serve him with all thy heart and mind,
And worship him with fear.

3 If thou wilt seek his face,
His ear will hear thy cry;
Then shalt thou find his mercy sure,
His grace forever nigh.

4 But if thou leave thy God,
Nor choose the path to heaven,
Then shalt thou perish in thy sins,
And never be forgiven.

447. C. M. Fawcett.

Expostulation with Sinners.

1 SINNER, the voice of God regard;
His mercy speaks to-day;
He calls you, by his sovereign word,
From sin's destructive way.

2 Like the rough sea, that cannot rest,
You live devoid of peace;
A thousand stings within your breast
Deprive your soul of ease.

3 Why will you in the crooked ways
Of sin and folly go?
In pain you travel all your days,
To reap immortal woe.

4 But he who turns to God shall live,
Through his abounding grace;
His mercy will the guilt forgive
Of those who seek his face.

5 Bow to the sceptre of his word,
Renouncing every sin;
Submit to him, your sovereign Lord,
And learn his will divine.

6 His love exceeds your highest thoughts;
He pardons like a God;
He will forgive your numerous faults
Through our Redeemer's blood.

448. 7s. J. Wesley.

Sinners entreated.

1 SINNERS, turn; why will ye die?
God, your Maker, asks you why;
God, who did your being give,
Made you with himself to live.

2 Sinners, turn; why will ye die?
God, your Saviour, asks you why:
Will ye not in him believe?
He has died that ye might live.

3 Will ye let him die in vain?
Crucify your Lord again?
Why, unpardoned sinners, why
Will ye slight his grace, and die?

4 Sinners, turn; why will ye die?
God, the Spirit, asks you why —
Often with you has he strove,
Wooed you to embrace his love.

5 Will ye not his grace receive?
Will ye still refuse to live?
O, ye dying sinners, why,
Why will ye forever die?

449. 8s, 7s & 4. ALLEN.

Glad Tidings.

1 SINNERS, will you scorn the message
Sent in mercy from above?
Every sentence, O, how tender!
Every line is full of love:
Listen to it;
Every line is full of love.

2 Hear the heralds of the gospel
News from Zion's King proclaim:
"Pardon to each rebel sinner;
Free forgiveness in his name:"
How important!
"Free forgiveness in his name."

3 Tempted souls, they bring you succor;
Fearful hearts, they quell your fears;
And, with news of consolation,
Chase away the falling tears;
Tender heralds!
Chase away the falling tears.

4 Who hath our report believéd?
Who received the joyful word?
Who embraced the news of pardon
Offered to you by the Lord?
Can you slight it?
Offered to you by the Lord.

5 O ye angels, hovering round us,
Waiting spirits, speed your way;
Haste ye to the court of heaven;
Tidings bear without delay:
Rebel sinners
Glad the message will obey.

450. L. M. Watts.

Expostulation.

1 O SINNER, why so thoughtless grown?
Why in such dreadful haste to die? —
Daring to leap to worlds unknown!
Heedless against thy God to fly!

2 Wilt thou despise eternal fate,
Urged on by sin's delusive dreams?
Madly attempt th' infernal gate,
And force thy passage to the flames?

3 Stay, sinner, on the gospel plains,
And hear the Lord of life unfold
The glories of his dying pains, —
Forever telling, yet untold.

451. L. M. Dwight.

Sinners invited to immediate Repentance.

1 WHILE life prolongs its precious light,
Mercy is found, and peace is given;
But soon, ah, soon, approaching night
Shall blot out every hope of heaven.

2 While God invites, how blest the day!
How sweet the gospel's charming sound!
Come, sinners, haste, O, haste away,
While yet a pardoning God is found.

3 Soon, borne on time's most rapid wing,
Shall death command you to the grave,
Before his bar your spirits bring,
And none be found to hear or save.

4 In that lone land of deep despair,
No Sabbath's heavenly light shall rise,
No God regard your bitter prayer,
No Saviour call you to the skies.

5 Now God invites; how blest the day!
How sweet the gospel's charming sound!
Come, sinners, haste, O, haste away,
While yet a pardoning God is found.

452. C. M. Doddridge.

Exhortation to Repentance.

1 "REPENT!" the voice celestial cries;
No longer dare delay:
The soul that scorns the mandate dies,
And meets a fiery day.

2 No more the sovereign eye of God
O'erlooks the crimes of men;
His heralds now are sent abroad
To warn the world of sin.

3 O sinners, in his presence bow,
And all your guilt confess;
Accept the offered Saviour now,
Nor trifle with his grace.

4 Soon will the awful trumpet sound,
And call you to his bar;
His mercy knows th' appointed bound,
And yields to justice there.

5 Amazing love, that yet will call,
And yet prolong our days!
Our hearts, subdued by goodness, fall,
And weep, and love, and praise.

453. 6s & 4s. Sac. Songs.

The Saviour calls.

1 TO-DAY the Saviour calls:
Ye wanderers, come;
O ye benighted souls,
Why longer roam?

2 To-day the Saviour calls:
O, hear him now;
Within these sacred walls
To Jesus bow.

3 To-day the Saviour calls:
For refuge fly;
The storm of justice falls
And death is nigh.

4 The Spirit calls to-day:
Yield to his power:
O, grieve him not away;
'Tis mercy's hour.

454. 12s & 11s. J. B. Hague.

"The Harvest is past, the Summer is ended."

1 HARK, sinner, while God from on high doth entreat thee,
And warnings with accents of mercy doth blend;
Give ear to his voice, lest in judgment he meet thee;
"The harvest is passing, the summer will end."

2 How oft of thy danger and guilt he hath told thee!
How oft still the message of mercy doth send!
Haste, haste, while he waits in his arms to enfold thee;
"The harvest is passing, the summer will end."

3 Despiséd, rejected, at length he may leave thee:
What anguish and horror thy bosom will rend!
Then haste thee, O sinner, while he will receive thee;
"The harvest is passing, the summer will end."

4 Ere long, and Jehovah will come in his power;
Our God will arise, with his foes to contend:
Haste, haste thee, O sinner; prepare for that hour;
"The harvest is passing, the summer will end."

5 The Saviour will call thee in judgment before him:
O, bow to his sceptre, and make him thy Friend;
Now yield him thy heart; make haste to adore him;
"Thy harvest is passing, thy summer will end."

455. 7s. S. F. Smith.

The Sinner at the Judgment.

1 WHEN thy mortal life is fled,
When the death-shades o'er thee spread,
When is finished thy career,
Sinner, where wilt thou appear?

2 When the world has passed away,
When draws near the judgment day,
When the awful trump shall sound,
Say, O, where wilt thou be found?

3 When the Judge descends in light,
Clothed in majesty and might,
When the wicked quail with fear,
Where, O, where wilt thou appear?

4 What shall soothe thy bursting heart,
When the saints and thou must part?
When the good with joy are crowned,
Sinner, where wilt thou be found?

5 While the Holy Ghost is nigh,
Quickly to the Saviour fly;
Then shall peace thy spirit cheer;
Then in heaven shalt thou appear.

456. C. M. EPIS. COL.

The barren Fig-Tree.

1 SEE, in the vineyard of the Lord
A barren fig-tree stands;
It yields no fruit, no blossom bears,
Though planted by his hands.

2 From year to year he seeks for fruit,
And still no fruit is found;
It stands, amid the living trees,
A cumberer of the ground.

3 But, see, an Intercessor pleads,
The barren tree to spare;
"Let justice still withhold his hand,
And grant another year.

4 "Perhaps some means of grace untried
May reach the stony heart;
The softening dews of heavenly grace
May life anew impart.

5 "But if these means should prove in vain,
And still no fruit is found,
Then mercy shall no longer plead,
But justice cut it down."

457. 7s. Epis. Col.

The Sinner entreated to awake.

1 SINNER, rouse thee from thy sleep;
Wake, and o'er thy folly weep;
Raise thy spirit, dark and dead;
Jesus waits his light to shed.

2 Wake from sleep; arise from death;
See the bright and living path;
Watchful, tread that path; be wise;
Leave thy folly; seek the skies.

3 Leave thy folly; cease from crime;
From this hour redeem thy time;
Life secure without delay;
Evil is thy mortal day.

4 O, then, rouse thee from thy sleep;
Wake, and o'er thy folly weep;
Jesus calls from death and night;
Jesus waits to shed his light.

458. C. M. Harbottle.

The fruitless Fig-Tree.

1 SEE how the fruitless fig-tree stands
Beneath the owner's frown;
The axe is lifted in his hands,
To cut the cumberer down.

2 "Year after year, I come," he cries,
"And still no fruit is shown;
I see but empty leaves arise;
Then cut the cumberer down.

3 "The axe of death, at one sharp stroke,
Shall make my justice known;
Each bough shall tremble at the shock
Which cuts the cumberer down."

4 Sinner, beware! — the axe of death
Is raised, and aimed at thee:
Awhile thy Maker spares thy breath;
Beware, O barren tree!

REPENTANCE AND FAITH.

459. C. M. Addison.

Solemn Apprehension.

1 WHEN, rising from the bed of death,
O'erwhelmed with guilt and fear,
I see my Maker face to face, —
O, how shall I appear!

2 If yet, while pardon may be found,
And mercy may be sought,
My heart with inward terror shrinks,
And trembles at the thought, —

3 When thou, O Lord, shalt stand disclosed
In majesty severe,
And sit in judgment on my soul, —
O, how shall I appear!

4 But there's forgiveness, Lord, with thee;
Thy nature is benign;
Thy pardoning mercy I implore,
For mercy, Lord, is thine.

460. C. M. Middleton.

Painful Recollections.

1 AS o'er the past my memory strays,
Why heaves the secret sigh?
'Tis that I mourn departed days,
Still unprepared to die.

2 The world and worldly things beloved
My anxious thoughts employed;
And time, unhallowed, unimproved,
Presents a fearful void.

3 Yet, holy Father, wild despair
Chase from my laboring breast:
Thy grace it is which prompts the prayer;
That grace can do the rest.

4 My life's brief remnant all be thine;
And when thy sure decree
Bids me this fleeting breath resign,
O, speed my soul to thee.

461. C. M. STEELE.

Sense of Ingratitude.

1 DEAR Saviour, when my thoughts recall
The wonders of thy grace,
Low at thy feet, ashamed, I fall,
And hide this wretched face.

2 Shall love like thine be thus repaid?
Ah, vile, ungrateful heart!
By earth's low cares detained, betrayed
From Jesus to depart;—

3 From Jesus, who alone can give
True pleasure, peace, and rest;—
When absent from my Lord, I live
Unsatisfied, unblest.

4 But he, for his own mercy's sake,
My wandering soul restores;
He bids the mourning heart partake
The pardon it implores.

5 O, while I breathe to thee, my Lord,
The penitential sigh,
Confirm the kind, forgiving word,
With pity in thine eye.

6 Then shall the mourner, at thy feet,
Rejoice to seek thy face;
And, grateful, own how kind, how sweet,
Is thy forgiving grace.

462. 7s. J. TAYLOR.

Confession of Sin.

1 GOD of mercy, God of grace,
Hear our sad, repentant songs;
O, restore thy suppliant race,
Thou, to whom our praise belongs.

2 Deep regret for follies past,
Talents wasted, time misspent;
Hearts debased by worldly cares,
Thankless for the blessings lent;—

3 Foolish fears, and fond desires,
Vain regrets for things as vain,
Lips too seldom taught to praise,
Oft to murmur and complain;—

4 These, and every secret fault,
Filled with grief and shame, we own;
Humbled at thy feet we lie,
Seeking pardon from thy throne.

5 God of mercy, God of grace,
Hear our sad, repentant songs;
O, restore thy suppliant race,
Thou, to whom our praise belongs.

463. C. M. HEGINBOTHAM.

Repentance in View of the Cross.

1 AND can mine eyes, without a tear,
A weeping Saviour see?
Shall I not weep his groans to hear,
Who groaned and died for me?

2 Blest Jesus, let those tears of thine
Subdue each stubborn foe;
Come, fill my heart with love divine,
And bid my sorrows flow.

464. S. M. WATTS.

Holy Fear of God.

1 AH, how shall fallen man
Be just before his God!
If he contend in righteousness,
We fall beneath his rod.

2 If he our ways should mark
With strict, inquiring eyes,
Could we for one of thousand faults
A just excuse devise?

3 All-seeing, powerful God,
Who can with thee contend?
Or who that tries th' unequal strife
Shall prosper in the end?

4 The mountains, in thy wrath,
Their ancient seats forsake;
The trembling earth deserts her place;
Her rooted pillars shake.

5 Ah, how shall guilty man
Contend with such a God?
None, none can meet him, and escape,
But through the Saviour's blood.

465. S. M. RIPPON'S COL.

Prayer for Deliverance.

1 LIKE Israel, Lord, am I;
My soul is at a stand;
A sea before, a host behind,
And rocks on either hand.

2 O Lord, I cry to thee,
And would thy word obey;
Bid me advance; and, through the sea,
Create a new-made way.

3 The time of greatest straits
Thy chosen time has been
To manifest thy power is great,
And make thy glory seen.

4 O, send deliverance down;
Display the arm divine;
So shall the praise be all thy own,
And I be doubly thine.

466. C. M. ANON.

Burden of Guilt.

1 WITH guilt oppressed, bowed down with sin,
Beneath its load I groan;
Give me, O Lord, a heart of flesh;
Remove this heart of stone.

2 A burdened sinner, lo! I come,
In dread of death and hell;
O, seal my pardon with thy blood,
And all my fears dispel.

3 Nor peace, nor rest, my soul can find,
Till thy dear cross I see;
Till there in humble faith I cry,
"The Saviour died for me."

4 O, give this true and living faith,
This soul-supporting view;
Till old things be forever past,
And all within be new.

467. L. M. WATTS.

The Backslider's Supplication.

1 O THOU that hear'st when sinners cry,
Though all my crimes before thee lie,
Behold them not with angry look,
But blot their memory from thy book.

2 Create my nature pure within,
And form my soul averse to sin;
Let thy good Spirit ne'er depart,
Nor hide thy presence from my heart.

3 I cannot live without thy light,
Cast out and banished from thy sight;
Thy holy joys, my God, restore,
And guard me, that I fall no more.

4 Though I have grieved thy Spirit, Lord,
His help and comfort still afford,
And let a wretch come near thy throne,
To plead the merits of thy Son.

468. L. M. WATTS.

Returning to God.

1 A BROKEN heart, my God, my King,
Is all the sacrifice I bring;
The God of grace will ne'er despise
A broken heart for sacrifice.

2 My soul is humbled in the dust,
And owns thy dreadful sentence just;
Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye,
And save the soul condemned to die.

3 Then will I teach the world thy ways;
Sinners shall learn thy sovereign grace;
I'll lead them to my Saviour's blood,
And they shall praise a pardoning God.

4 O, may thy love inspire my tongue;
Salvation shall be all my song;
And all my powers shall join to bless
The Lord, my strength and righteousness.

469. C. M. NEWTON.

Subdued by the Cross.

1 IN evil long I took delight,
Unawed by shame or fear,
Till a new object struck my sight,
And stopped my wild career.

2 I saw one hanging on a tree,
In agonies and blood;
He fixed his languid eyes on me,
As near his cross I stood.

3 O, never, till my latest breath,
Shall I forget that look;
It seemed to charge me with his death,
Though not a word he spoke.

4 My conscience felt and owned the guilt;
It plunged me in despair;
I saw my sins his blood had spilt,
And helped to nail him there.

5 A second look he gave, which said,
"I freely all forgive;
This blood is for thy ransom paid;
I die that thou mayst live."

6 Thus, while his death my sin displays
In all its darkest hue,
Such is the mystery of grace,
It seals my pardon too.

470. L. M. Watts.

Relying on the Atonement.

1 O LORD, I fall before thy face;
My only refuge is thy grace:
No outward forms can make me clean;
The leprosy lies deep within.

2 No bleeding bird nor bleeding beast,
Nor hyssop branch nor sprinkling priest,
Nor running brook, nor flood, nor sea,
Can wash the dismal stain away.

3 Jesus, my God, thy blood alone
Hath power sufficient to atone;
Thy blood can make me white as snow;
No human power could cleanse me so.

4 While guilt disturbs and breaks my peace,
Nor flesh nor soul hath rest or ease;
Lord, let me hear thy pardoning voice,
And make my broken bones rejoice.

471. S. M. Beddome.

Repentance in View of Christ's Compassion.

1 DID Christ o'er sinners weep,
And shall our cheeks be dry?
Let floods of penitential grief
Burst forth from every eye.

2 The Son of God in tears
The wondering angels see;
Be thou astonished, O my soul;
He shed those tears for thee.

3 He wept that we might weep;
Each sin demands a tear:
In heaven alone no sin is found,
And there's no weeping there.

472. C. M. Watts.

Godly Sorrow at the Cross.

1 ALAS! and did my Saviour bleed?
And did my Sovereign die?
Would he devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?

2 Was it for crimes that I had done
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When Christ, the mighty Maker, died
For man the creature's sin.

4 Thus might I hide my blushing face
While his dear cross appears,
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt mine eyes to tears.

5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe:
Here, Lord, I give myself away;
'Tis all that I can do.

473. C. M. S. STENNETT.

Indwelling Sin lamented.

1 WITH tears of anguish I lament,
Here at thy cross, my God,
My passion, pride, and discontent,
And vile ingratitude.

2 O, was there e'er a heart so base,
So false, as mine has been —
So faithless to its promises,
So prone to every sin?

3 Yet, I remember, thy commands
Are holy, just, and true;
I feel that what my God demands
Is his most rightful due.

4 Thy word I hear, thy counsels weigh,
And all thy works approve:
Still, nature finds it hard t' obey,
And harder yet to love.

5 How long, dear Saviour, shall I feel
This warfare in my breast?
In mercy bow this stubborn will,
And give my spirit rest.

6 Break, sovereign grace, O, break the charm,
And set the captive free;
Reveal, almighty God, thine arm,
And haste to rescue me.

474. C. M. S. STENNETT.

Pardon implored.

1 DEAR Saviour, prostrate at thy feet
A guilty rebel lies,
And upward to thy mercy-seat
Presumes to lift his eyes.

2 If tears of sorrow would suffice
To pay the debt I owe,
Tears should from both my weeping eyes
In ceaseless torrents flow.

3 But no such sacrifice I plead
To expiate my guilt;
No tears, but those which thou hast shed—
No blood, but thou hast spilt.

4 I plead thy sorrows, gracious Lord;
Do thou my sins forgive:
Thy justice will approve the word
That bids the sinner live.

475. L. M. BEDDOME.

Burden of Guilt.

1 LORD, with a grieved and aching heart,
To thee I look, to thee I cry;
Supply my wants, and ease my smart;
O, hear an humble prisoner's sigh.

2 Here on my soul the burden lies;
No human power can ease the load;
My numerous sins against me rise,
And far remove me from my God.

3 Break, break, O Lord, these tyrant chains,
And set the struggling captive free;
Redeem from everlasting pains,
And bring me safe to heaven and thee.

476. 7s. C. Wesley.

The penitent Inquirer.

1 DEPTH of mercy! — can there be
Mercy still reserved for me?
Can my God his wrath forbear,
And the chief of sinners spare?

2 I have long withstood his grace;
Long provoked him to his face;
Would not hear his gracious calls;
Grieved him by a thousand falls.

3 Jesus, answer from above:
Is not all thy nature love?
Wilt thou not the wrong forget? —
Lo, I fall before thy feet.

4 Now incline me to repent;
Let me now my fall lament;
Deeply my revolt deplore;
Weep, believe, and sin no more.

477. 7s, 6 l. Har. Sac.

Repentance at the Cross of Christ.

1 HEART of stone, relent, relent;
Break, by Jesus' cross subdued;
See his body mangled, rent,
Covered with a gore of blood;
Sinful soul, what hast thou done?
Crucified th' eternal Son.

2 Yes, thy sins have done the deed,
Driven the nails that fixed him there,
Crowned with thorns his sacred head,
Plunged into his side the spear,
Made his soul a sacrifice,
While for sinful man he dies.

3 Wilt thou let him bleed in vain?
Still to death thy Lord pursue?
Open all his wounds again?
And the shameful cross renew?
No; with all my sins I'll part;
Break, O, break, my bleeding heart.

478. C. M. Watts.

Conviction by the Law.

1 LORD, how secure my conscience was,
And felt no inward dread!
I was alive without the law,
And thought my sins were dead.

2 My hopes of heaven were firm and bright;
But since the precept came
With such convincing power and light,
I find how vile I am.

3 My guilt appeared but small before,
Till I with terror saw
How perfect, holy, just, and pure,
Is thine eternal law.

4 Then felt my soul the heavy load;
My sins revived again;
I had provoked a dreadful God,
And all my hopes were slain.

5 My God, I cry with every breath,
Exert thy power to save;
O, break the yoke of sin and death,
And thus redeem the slave.

479. S. M. Tate & Brady.

Pleading for Mercy.

1 HAVE mercy, Lord, on me,
As thou wert ever kind;
Let me, oppressed with loads of guilt,
Thy wonted pardon find.

2 Against thee, Lord, alone,
And only in thy sight,
Have I transgressed; and, though condemned
Must own thy judgments right.

3 Blot out my crying sins,
Nor me in anger view;
Create in me a heart that's clean,
An upright mind renew.

4 Withdraw not thou thy help,
Nor cast me from thy sight,
Nor let thy Holy Spirit take
His everlasting flight.

5 The joy thy favor gives
Let me again obtain,
And thy free Spirit's firm support
My fainting soul sustain.

480. S. M. Anon.

Confession.

1 ONCE more we meet to pray,
Once more our guilt confess;
Turn not, O Lord, thine ear away
From creatures in distress.

2 Our sins to heaven ascend,
And there for vengeance cry;
O God, behold the sinner's Friend,
Who intercedes on high.

3 Though we are vile indeed,
And well deserve thy curse,
The merits of thy Son we plead,
Who lived and died for us.

4 Now let thy bosom yearn,
As it hath done before;
Return to us, O God, return,
And ne'er forsake us more.

481. C. M. Village Hymns.

The Prodigal's Return.

1 THE long-lost son, with streaming eyes,
From folly just awake,
Reviews his wanderings with surprise;
His heart begins to break.

2 "I starve," he cries, "nor can I bear
The famine in this land,
While servants of my Father share
The bounty of his hand.

3 "With deep repentance I'll return
And seek my Father's face;
Unworthy to be called a son,
I'll ask a servant's place."

4 Far off the Father saw him move,
In pensive silence mourn,
And quickly ran, with arms of love,
To welcome his return.

5 Through all the courts the tidings flew,
And spread the joy around;
The angels tuned their harps anew;
The long-lost son is found!

482. C. M. STEELE.

Contrition.

1 O LORD, thy tender mercy hears
Contrition's humble sigh;
Thy hand, indulgent, wipes the tears
From sorrow's weeping eye.

2 See, low before thy throne of grace,
A sinful wanderer mourn;
Hast thou not bid me seek thy face?
Hast thou not said, "Return"?

3 O, shine on this benighted heart,
With beams of mercy shine;
And let thy healing voice impart
A taste of joys divine.

4 Thy presence only can bestow
Delights which never cloy;
Be this my solace here below,
And my eternal joy.

483. S. M. BEDDOME.

Mercy implored.

1 THOU Lord of all above,
And all below the sky,
Before thy feet I prostrate fall,
And for thy mercy cry.

2 Forgive my follies past,
The crimes which I have done;
O, bid a contrite sinner live,
Through thy incarnate Son.

3 Guilt, like a heavy load,
Upon my conscience lies;
To thee I make my sorrows known,
And lift my weeping eyes.

4 The burden which I feel,
Thou only canst remove;
Display, O Lord, thy pardoning grace,
And thy unbounded love.

5 One gracious look of thine
Will ease my troubled breast;
O, let me know my sins forgiven,
And I shall then be blest.

484. L. M. WATTS.

Pardon penitently implored.

1 SHOW pity, Lord; O Lord, forgive;
Let a repenting rebel live;
Are not thy mercies large and free?
May not a sinner trust in thee?

2 My crimes, though great, cannot surpass
The power and glory of thy grace;
Great God, thy nature hath no bound;
So let thy pardoning love be found.

3 O, wash my soul from every sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean;
Here, on my heart, the burden lies,
And past offences pain mine eyes.

4 My lips, with shame, my sins confess,
Against thy law, against thy grace;
Lord, should thy judgment grow severe,
I am condemned, but thou art clear.

5 Should sudden vengeance seize my breath,
I must pronounce thee just in death;
And if my soul were sent to hell,
Thy righteous law approves it well.

6 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,
Whose hope, still hovering round thy word,
Would light on some sweet promise there,
Some sure support against despair.

485. C. M. WATTS.

Pleading the Death of Christ.

1 O GOD of mercy, hear my call;
My load of guilt remove;
Break down this separating wall
That bars me from thy love.

2 Give me the presence of thy grace;
Then my rejoicing tongue
Shall speak aloud thy righteousness,
And make thy praise my song.

3 No blood of goats, nor heifer slain,
For sin could e'er atone;
The death of Christ shall still remain
Sufficient and alone.

4 A soul, oppressed with sin's desert,
My God will ne'er despise;
A broken and a contrite heart
Is our best sacrifice.

486. C. M. WATTS.

Repentance in View of divine Patience.

1 AND are we, wretches, yet alive?
And do we yet rebel?
'Tis boundless, 'tis amazing love,
That bears us up from hell.

2 The burden of our weighty guilt
Would sink us down to flames;
And threatening terror rolls above,
To crush our feeble frames.

3 Almighty goodness cries, "Forbear,"
And straight the thunder stays;
And dare we now provoke his wrath,
And weary out his grace?

4 Lord, we have long abused thy love,
Too long indulged our sin;
Our aching hearts now bleed to see
What rebels we have been.

5 No more, ye lusts, shall ye command;
No more will we obey;
Stretch out, O God, thy conquering hand,
And drive thy foes away.

487. L. M. STEELE.

Sense of Sin.

1 JESUS demands this heart of mine,
Demands my love, my joy, my care;
But, ah, how dead to things divine,
How cold, my best affections are!

2 'Tis sin, alas! with dreadful power,
Divides my Saviour from my sight;
O for one happy, shining hour
Of sacred freedom, sweet delight!

3 Come, gracious Lord; thy love can raise
My captive powers from sin and death,
And fill my heart and life with praise,
And tune my last, expiring breath.

488. C. M. C. WESLEY.

Prayer for Repentance.

1 O FOR that tenderness of heart
Which bows before the Lord,
That owns how just and good thou art,
And trembles at thy word!

2 O for those humble, contrite tears,
Which from repentance flow,
That sense of guilt, which, trembling, fears
The long-suspended blow!

3 O Lord, to me in pity give
For sin the deep distress,
The pledge thou wilt at last receive,
And bid me die in peace.

4 O, fill my soul with faith and love,
And strength to do thy will;
Raise my desires and hopes above;
Thyself to me reveal.

489. L. M. COLLYER.

Returning to God.

1 RETURN, my wandering soul, return,
And seek an injured Father's face;
Those warm desires that in thee burn
Were kindled by redeeming grace.

2 Return, my wandering soul, return,
And seek a Father's melting heart;
His pitying eyes thy grief discern,
His heavenly balm shall heal thy smart.

3 Return, my wandering soul, return;
Thy dying Saviour bids thee live;
Go, view his bleeding side, and learn
How freely Jesus can forgive.

4 Return, my wandering soul, return,
And wipe away the falling tear;
'Tis God who says, "No longer mourn;"
'Tis mercy's voice invites thee near.

490. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

Secret Self-Examination.

1 RETURN, my roving heart, return,
And life's vain shadows chase no more;
Seek out some solitude to mourn,
And thy forsaken God implore.

2 O thou great God, whose piercing eye
Distinctly marks each deep retreat,
In these sequestered hours draw nigh,
And let me here thy presence meet.

3 Through all the windings of my heart,
My search let heavenly wisdom guide,
And still its radiant beams impart
Till all be known and purified.

4 Then let the visits of thy love
My inmost soul be made to share,
Till every grace combine to prove
That God has fixed his dwelling there.

491. S. M. COWPER.

Trembling Solicitude.

1 MY former hopes are fled;
My terror now begins;
I feel, alas! that I am dead
In trespasses and sins.

2 Ah, whither shall I fly?
I hear the thunder roar;
The law proclaims destruction nigh,
And vengeance at the door.

3 When I review my ways,
I dread impending doom;
But, hark! a friendly whisper says,
"Flee from the wrath to come."

4 I see, or think I see,
A glimmering from afar,
A beam of day that shines for me,
To save me from despair.

5 Forerunner of the sun,
It marks the pilgrim's way;
I'll gaze upon it while I run,
And watch the rising day.

492. C. M. LOGAN.

Sense of Depravity.

1 GREAT King of glory and of grace,
We own, with humble shame,
How vile is our degenerate race,
And our first father's name.

2 We live estranged, afar from God,
And love the distance well;
With haste we run the dangerous road
That leads to death and hell.

3 And can such rebels be restored?
Such natures made divine?
Let sinners see thy glory, Lord,
And feel this power of thine.

4 We raise our Father's name on high,
Who his own Spirit sends
To bring rebellious strangers nigh,
And turn his foes to friends.

493. C. M. JERVIS.

Peace to the Penitent.

1 SWEET is the friendly voice which speaks
The words of life and peace, —
That bids the penitent rejoice,
And sin and sorrow cease.

2 No healing balm on earth, like this,
Can cheer the contrite heart;
No flattering dreams of earthly bliss
Such pure delight impart.

3 Thou still art merciful and kind;
Thy mercy, Lord, reveal:
The broken heart thy grace can bind,
The wounded spirit heal.

4 Let thy bright presence, Lord, restore
True peace within my breast;
Conduct me in the path that leads
To everlasting rest.

494. C. M. WATTS.

Self-righteous Hopes renounced.

1 VAIN are the hopes the sons of men
On their own works have built;
Their hearts by nature all unclean,
And all their actions guilt.

2 Let Jew and Gentile silent bow,
Without a murmuring word;
Let all the race of man confess
Their guilt before the Lord.

3 In vain we ask God's righteous law
To justify us now;
Since to convince and to condemn
Is all the law can do.

4 Jesus, how glorious is thy grace!
When in thy name we trust,
Our faith receives a righteousness
That makes the sinner just.

495. S. M. WATTS.

Forgiveness of Sin upon Confession.

1 O, BLESSED souls are they
Whose sins are covered o'er;
Divinely blest, to whom the Lord
Imputes their guilt no more.

2 They mourn their follies past,
And keep their hearts with care;
Their lips and lives, without deceit,
Shall prove their faith sincere.

3 While I concealed my guilt,
I felt the festering wound,
Till I confessed my sins to thee,
And ready pardon found.

4 Let sinners learn to pray;
Let saints keep near the throne;
Our help in times of deep distress
Is found in God alone.

496. L. M. WATTS.

Confession and Pardon.

1 WHILE I keep silence, and conceal
My heavy guilt within my heart,
What torments doth my conscience feel!
How keen the pangs of inward smart!

2 I spread my sins before the Lord,
And all my secret faults confess;
Thy gospel speaks a pardoning word,
Thy Holy Spirit seals the grace.

3 For this shall every humble soul
Make swift addresses at thy feet;
When floods of strong temptation roll,
There shall they find a blest retreat.

4 How safe beneath thy wings I lie,
When days grow dark and storms appear!
And, when I walk, thy watchful eye
Shall guide me safe from every snare.

497. L. M. WATTS.

A Remedy for Sin found in the Gospel.

1 WHAT shall the dying sinner do,
Who seeks relief for all his woe?
Where shall the guilty sufferer find
A balm to soothe his anguished mind?

2 In vain we search, in vain we try,
Till Jesus brings his gospel nigh;
'Tis there we find a sure relief,
A soothing balm for inward grief.

3 Be this the pillar of our hope;
This bears the fainting spirit up;
We read the grace, we trust the word,
And find salvation in the Lord.

4 Then let his name, who shed his blood
To bring the guilty nigh to God,
Be great in all the earth, and sung
In every land, by every tongue.

498. C. P. M. TOPLADY.

Trusting in Christ for Pardon.

1 O THOU that hear'st the prayer of faith,
Wilt thou not save a soul from death
That casts itself on thee?
I have no refuge of my own,
But fly to what my Lord hath done
And suffered once for me.

2 Slain in the guilty sinner's stead,
His spotless righteousness I plead,
And his availing blood:
That righteousness my robe shall be;
That merit shall atone for me,
And bring me near to God.

3 Then save me from eternal death;
The Spirit of adoption breathe;
His consolations send;
By him some word of life impart,
And sweetly whisper to my heart,
"Thy Maker is thy Friend."

4 The king of terrors then would be
A welcome messenger to me,
To bid me come away:
Unclogged by earth, or earthly things,
I'd mount, I'd fly, with eager wings,
To everlasting day.

499. C. M. STEELE.

Surprising Grace.

1 AND will the Lord thus condescend
To visit sinful worms?
Thus at the door shall Mercy stand,
In all her winning forms?

2 Surprising grace! — and shall my heart
Unmoved and cold remain?
Has it no soft, no tender part?
Must Mercy plead in vain?

3 Shall Jesus for admission sue,
His charming voice unheard?
And shall my heart, his rightful due,
Remain forever barred?

4 O Lord, exert thy conquering grace;
Thy mighty power display:
One beam of glory from thy face
Can melt my sin away.

500. C. M. WATTS.

Pardon and Sanctification in Christ.

1 HOW sad our state by nature is!
Our sin, how deep it stains!
And Satan binds our captive minds
Fast in his slavish chains.

2 But, hark! a voice of sovereign love!
'Tis Christ's inviting word —
"Ho! ye despairing sinners, come,
And trust upon the Lord."

3 My soul obeys th' almighty call,
And runs to this relief;
I would believe thy promise, Lord;
O, help my unbelief.

4 To the dear fountain of thy blood,
Incarnate God, I fly;
Here let me wash my spotted soul
From stains of deepest dye.

5 A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,
On thy kind arms I fall;
Be thou my strength and righteousness,
My Saviour and my all.

501. C. M. WATTS.

Deliverance from deep Distress.

1 I WAITED patient for the Lord;
He bowed to hear my cry;
He saw me resting on his word,
And brought salvation nigh.

2 He raised me from a gloomy pit,
Where, mourning, long I lay,
And from my bonds released my feet —
Deep bonds of miry clay.

3 Firm on a rock he made me stand,
And taught my cheerful tongue
To praise the wonders of his hand,
In new and thankful song.

4 I'll spread his works of grace abroad;
The saints with joy shall hear,
And sinners learn to make my God
Their only hope and fear.

5 How many are thy thoughts of love!
Thy mercies, Lord, how great!
We have not words nor hours enough
Their numbers to repeat.

502. H. M. BEDDOME.

The efficacious Fountain.

1 FROM thy dear, piercéd side,
Unspotted Lamb of God,
Came forth a mingled stream
Of water and of blood:
My sinful soul | Till every stain
There I would lay, | Is washed away.

2 'Tis from this sacred spring
A sovereign virtue flows,
To heal my painful wounds,
And cure my deadly woes:
Here, then, I'll bathe, | Till not a wound
And bathe again, | Or woe remain.

3 A fountain 'tis, unsealed,
Divinely rich and free,
Open for all who come,
And open, too, for me:
To this pure fount | Come, sinners, come;
Will I repair; | There's mercy there.

503. C. M. NEEDHAM.

Sufficiency of Grace.

1 KIND are the words that Jesus speaks
To cheer the drooping saint:
"My grace sufficient is for you,
Though nature's powers may faint.

2 "My grace its glories shall display,
And make your griefs remove;
Your weakness shall the triumphs tell
Of boundless power and love."

3 What though my griefs are not removed?
Yet why should I despair?
For, if my Saviour's arm support,
I can the burden bear.

4 O thou, my Saviour and my Lord,
'Tis good to trust thy name:
Thy power, thy faithfulness, and love,
Will ever be the same.

5 Weak as I am, yet through thy grace
I all things can perform,
And, smiling, triumph in thy name
Amid the raging storm.

504. C. M. PRESB. COL.

Confidence in atoning Blood.

1 O LORD, when billows o'er me rise,
When deep cries out to deep,
When angry clouds obscure the skies,
My soul in safety keep.

2 Thy promise has in troubles past
My staff of succor been;
Support me now, while trials last,
Nor leave me in my sin.

3 No sacrifice my soul can plead,
But that rich offering paid,
When Christ on Calvary deigned to bleed,
And full atonement made.

4 Forever here I rest my cause;
In faith I make this plea:
Christ hath obeyed thy righteous laws;
Christ hath expired for me.

505. S. M. BEDDOME.

Office of Faith.

1 FAITH is a precious grace,
Where'er it is bestowed;
It boasts a high, celestial birth,
And is the gift of God.

2 Jesus it owns as King,
And all-atoning Priest;
It claims no merit of its own,
But looks for all in Christ.

3 To him it leads the soul,
When filled with deep distress,
Flies to the fountain of his blood,
And trusts his righteousness.

4 Since 'tis thy work alone,
And that divinely free,
Lord, send the Spirit of thy Son,
To work this faith in me.

506. C. M. WATTS.

Faith the Evidence of Things not seen.

1 FAITH is the brightest evidence
Of things beyond our sight;
It pierces through the veil of sense,
And dwells in heavenly light.

2 It sets time past in present view,
Brings distant prospects home,
Of things a thousand years ago,
Or thousand years to come.

3 By faith we know the world was made
By God's almighty word;
We know the heavens and earth shall fade,
And be again restored.

4 Abrah'm obeyed the Lord's command,
From his own country driven;
By faith he sought a promised land,
But found his rest in heaven.

5 Thus through life's pilgrimage we stray,
The promise in our eye;
By faith we walk the narrow way,
That leads to joy on high.

507. C. M. TURNER.

Power of Faith.

1 FAITH adds new charms to earthly bliss,
And saves us from its snares;
It yields support in all our toils,
And softens all our cares.

2 The wounded conscience knows its power
The healing balm to give;
That balm the saddest heart can cheer,
And make the dying live.

3 Unveiling wide the heavenly world,
Where endless pleasures reign,
It bids us seek our portion there,
Nor bids us seek in vain.

4 Faith shows the promise fully sealed
With our Redeemer's blood;
It helps our feeble hope to rest
Upon a faithful God.

5 There, still unshaken, would we rest,
Till this frail body dies,
And then, on faith's triumphant wing,
To endless glory rise.

508. C. M. C. WESLEY.

Faith the Gift of God.

1 FATHER, I stretch my hands to thee;
No other help I know;
If thou withdraw thyself from me,
Ah, whither shall I go?

2 What did thine only Son endure
Before I drew my breath!
What pain, what labor, to secure
My soul from endless death!

3 Author of faith, to thee I lift
My weary, longing eyes;
O, may I now receive that gift;
My soul, without it, dies.

509. C. M. STEELE.

Effects of Faith.

1 THOU lovely source of true delight,
Unseen whom I adore,
Unveil thy beauties to my sight,
That I may love thee more.

2 Thy glory o'er creation shines;
But in thy sacred word
I read, in fairer, brighter lines,
My bleeding, dying Lord.

3 'Tis here, whene'er my comforts droop,
And sins and sorrows rise,
Thy love, with cheerful beams of hope,
My fainting heart supplies.

4 But, ah, too soon the pleasing scene
Is clouded o'er with pain;
My gloomy fears arise between,
And I again complain.

5 Jesus, my Lord, my life, my light,
O, come with blissful ray;
Break, radiant through the shades of night,
And chase my fears away.

6 Then shall my soul with rapture trace
The wonders of thy love;
Then shall I see thy glorious face
In endless joy above.

510. C. M. BEDDOME.

Salvation by Faith.

1 'TIS faith that lays the sinner low,
And covers him with shame;
Renouncing all self-righteousness,
It trusts in Jesus' name.

2 Faith works with power, but will not plead
The best of works when done;
It knows no other ground of trust
But in the Lord alone.

3 It gives no title, but receives;
No blessing it procures;
Yet, where it truly lives and reigns,
All blessings it insures.

4 Its sole dependence and its stay
Is Jesus' righteousness;
'Tis thus salvation is by faith,
And all of sovereign grace.

5 The more this principle prevails,
The more is grace adored;
No glory it assumes, but gives
All glory to the Lord.

511. C. M. Bath Col.

Prayer for strong Faith.

1 O FOR a faith that will not shrink,
Though pressed by every foe,
That will not tremble on the brink
Of any earthly woe! —

2 That will not murmur nor complain
Beneath the chastening rod,
But, in the hour of grief or pain,
Will lean upon its God; —

3 A faith that shines more bright and clear
When tempests rage without;
That when in danger knows no fear,
In darkness feels no doubt; —

4 That bears, unmoved, the world's dread frown,
Nor heeds its scornful smile;
That seas of trouble cannot drown,
Nor Satan's arts beguile; —

5 A faith that keeps the narrow way
Till life's last hour is fled,
And with a pure and heavenly ray
Lights up a dying bed.

6 Lord, give us such a faith as this,
And then, whate'er may come,
We'll taste, e'en here, the hallowed bliss
Of an eternal home.

512. S. H. M. Anon.

Excellence of Faith.

1 FAITH is the Christian's prop,
Whereon his sorrows lean;
It is the substance of his hope,
His proof of things unseen;
It is the anchor of his soul
When tempests rage and billows roll.

2 Faith is the polar star
That guides the Christian's way,
Directs his wanderings from afar
To realms of endless day;
It points the course where'er he roam,
And safely leads the pilgrim home.

3 Faith is the rainbow's form
Hung on the brow of heaven,
The glory of the passing storm,
The pledge of mercy given;
It is the bright, triumphal arch,
Through which the saints to glory march.

4 The faith that works by love,
And purifies the heart,
A foretaste of the joys above
To mortals can impart;
It bears us through this earthly strife,
And triumphs in immortal life.

513. S. M. Noel's Col.

Living by Faith.

1 IF on a quiet sea
Toward heaven we calmly sail,
With grateful hearts, O God, to thee,
We'll own the favoring gale.

2 But should the surges rise,
And rest delay to come,
Blest be the sorrow, kind the storm,
Which drives us nearer home.

3 Soon shall our doubts and fears
All yield at thy control;
Thy tender mercies shall illume
The midnight of the soul.

4 Teach us, in every state,
To make thy will our own,
And, when the joys of sense depart,
To live by faith alone.

514. C. M. Watts.

A living Faith.

1 MISTAKEN souls, that dream of heaven,
And make their empty boast
Of inward joys, and sins forgiven,
While they are slaves to lust!

2 How vain are fancy's airy flights,
If faith be cold and dead!
None but a living power unites
To Christ, the living Head.

3 'Tis faith that purifies the heart;
'Tis faith that works by love;
That bids all sinful joys depart,
And lifts the thoughts above.

4 This faith shall every fear control
By its celestial power,
With holy triumph fill the soul
In death's approaching hour.

515. L. M. WATTS.

Walking by Faith.

1 'TIS by the faith of joys to come
We walk through deserts dark as night;
Till we arrive at heaven, our home,
Faith is our guide, and faith our light.

2 The want of sight she well supplies;
She makes the pearly gates appear;
Far into distant worlds she pries,
And brings eternal glories near.

3 With joy we tread the desert through,
While faith inspires a heavenly ray,
Though lions roar, and tempests blow,
And rocks and dangers fill the way.

CHRISTIAN ACTS AND EXERCISES.

516. S. M. WATTS.

Dependence upon Christ.

1 HOW heavy is the night
That hangs upon our eyes,
Till Christ, with his reviving light,
O'er our dark souls arise!

2 Our guilty spirits dread
To meet the wrath of Heaven;
But, in his righteousness arrayed,
We see our sins forgiven.

3 Unholy and impure
Are all our thoughts and ways;
His hands infected nature cure
With sanctifying grace.

4 The powers of hell agree
To hold our souls in vain;
He sets the sons of bondage free,
And breaks the cruel chain.

5 Lord, we adore thy ways
To bring us near to God,
Thy sovereign power, thy healing grace,
And thine atoning blood.

517. L. M. WATTS.

Dependence upon Christ.

1 BURIED in shadows of the night
We lie, till Christ restores the light —
Till he descends to heal the blind,
And chase the darkness of the mind.

2 Our guilty souls are drowned in tears,
Till his atoning blood appears;
Then we awake from deep distress,
And sing the Lord our Righteousness.

3 Jesus beholds where Satan reigns
And binds his slaves in heavy chains;
He sets the prisoners free, and breaks
The iron bondage from our necks.

4 Poor, helpless worms in thee possess
Grace, wisdom, power, and righteousness;
Thou art our mighty All, and we
Give our whole selves, O Lord, to thee.

518. C. M. STEELE.

Dependence upon the Spirit.

1 HOW helpless guilty nature lies,
Unconscious of its load!
The heart, unchanged, can never rise
To happiness and God.

2 Can aught beneath a power divine
The stubborn will subdue?
'Tis thine, eternal Spirit, thine
To form the heart anew.

3 'Tis thine the passions to recall,
And upward bid them rise,
And make the scales of error fall
From reason's darkened eyes.

4 To chase the shades of death away,
And bid the sinner live,
A beam of heaven, a vital ray,
'Tis thine alone to give.

5 O, change these wretched hearts of ours,
And give them life divine;
Then shall our passions and our powers,
Almighty Lord, be thine.

519. C. M. NEWTON.

Pleading the Promise.

1 LORD, I approach the mercy-seat,
Where thou dost answer prayer;
There humbly fall before thy feet,
For none can perish there.

2 Thy promise is my only plea;
With this I venture nigh;
Thou callest burdened souls to thee,
And such, O Lord, am I.

3 Bowed down beneath a load of sin,
By Satan sorely pressed,
By wars without, and fears within,
I come to thee for rest.

4 Be thou my shield and hiding-place,
That, sheltered near thy side,
I may my fierce accuser face,
And tell him thou hast died.

5 O, wondrous love! — to bleed and die,
To bear the cross and shame,
That guilty sinners, such as I,
Might plead thy gracious name.

520. S. M. Doddridge.

Salvation by Grace.

1 GRACE! 'tis a charming sound —
Harmonious to the ear;
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.

2 Grace first contrived the way
To save rebellious man;
And all the steps that grace display
Which drew the wondrous plan.

3 Grace led my roving feet
To tread the heavenly road;
And new supplies, each hour, I meet,
While pressing on to God.

4 Grace all the work shall crown,
Through everlasting days;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise.

521. C. M. Cotterill's Col.

Trusting in the Mercy of God.

1 OUT of the deeps, O Lord, we call,
While guilty fears oppress;
Do thou, with ear attentive, hear
The voice of our distress.

2 If thou our sins severely mark,
And strict account demand,
O, who, of all the sons of men,
Before thy face shall stand?

3 But, Lord, 'tis thine to spare and save —
With mercy souls to win;
For mercy binds the grateful heart,
And makes it fear to sin.

4 We trust in thee; in thee, O Lord,
Is full redemption found;
Thy mercy pardons every sin,
And closes every wound.

522. L. M. MERRICK.

Prayer for quickening Grace.

1 O, TURN, great Ruler of the skies,
Turn from my sin thy searching eyes;
Nor let th' offences of my hand
Within thy book recorded stand.

2 Give me a will to thine subdued,
A conscience pure, a soul renewed;
Nor let me, wrapped in endless gloom,
An outcast from thy presence, roam.

3 O, let thy Spirit to my heart
Once more his quickening aid impart;
My mind from every fear release,
And soothe my troubled thoughts to peace.

523. L. M. WATTS.

Waiting at the Mercy-Seat.

1 FROM deep distress and troubled thoughts,
To thee, my God, I raise my cries;
If thou severely mark our faults,
No flesh can stand before thine eyes.

2 But thou hast built thy throne of grace,
Dispensing pardons freely there,
That sinners may approach thy face,
And hope and love, as well as fear.

3 As the benighted pilgrims wait,
And long and wish for breaking day,
So waits my soul before thy gate;
When will my God his face display?

4 My trust is fixed upon thy word,
Nor shall I trust thy word in vain;
Let mourning souls address the Lord,
And find relief from all their pain.

5 His love is great, and large his grace,
Through the redemption of his Son;
He turns our feet from sinful ways,
And pardons what our hands have done.

524. L. M. 6 L. COLLYER.

Pleading in the Name of Christ.

1 FATHER of mercies, God of love,
O, hear an humble suppliant's cry;
Bend from thy lofty seat above,
Thy throne of glorious majesty:
O, deign to listen to my voice,
And bid my drooping heart rejoice.

2 I urge no merits of my own,
No worth, to claim thy gracious smile;
And when I bow before the throne,
Dare to converse with God awhile,
Thy name, blest Saviour, is my plea —
Dearest and sweetest name to me.

3 Father of mercies, God of love,
Then hear thy humble suppliant's cry;
Bend from thy lofty seat above,
Thy throne of glorious majesty:
One pardoning word can make me whole,
And soothe the anguish of my soul.

525. L. M. COLLYER.

Genuine Contrition.

1 SOFT be the gently-breathing notes
That sing the Saviour's dying love;
Soft as the evening zephyr floats,
And soft as tuneful lyres above:
Soft as the morning dews descend,
While warbling birds exulting soar,
So soft to our almighty Friend
Be every sigh our bosoms pour.

2 Pure as the sun's enlivening ray,
That scatters life and joy abroad;
Pure as the lucid orb of day,
That wide proclaims its Maker, God;
Pure as the breath of vernal skies,
So pure let our contrition be;
And purely let our sorrows rise
To Him who bled upon the tree.

526. L. M. T. Scott.

Relying upon Grace.

1 WHY droops my soul, with grief oppressed?
Whence these wild tumults in my breast?
Is there no balm to heal my wound?
No kind physician to be found?

2 Raise to the cross thy tearful eyes;
Behold, the Prince of glory dies:
He dies, extended on the tree,
And sheds a sovereign balm for thee.

3 Blest Saviour, at thy feet I lie,
Here to receive a cure, or die;
But grace forbids that painful fear —
Almighty grace, which triumphs here.

4 Thou wilt withdraw the poisoned dart,
Bind up and heal the wounded heart,
With blooming health my face adorn,
And change the gloomy night to morn.

527. S. M. Rippon's Col.

A broken Heart and a bleeding Saviour.

1 UNTO thine altar, Lord,
A broken heart I bring;
And wilt thou graciously accept
Of such a worthless thing?

2 To Christ, the bleeding Lamb,
My faith directs its eyes;
Thou mayst reject that worthless thing,
But not his sacrifice.

3 When he gave up his life,
The law was satisfied;
And now, to its severer claims,
I answer, "Jesus died."

528. 7s. Anon.

Sufficiency of Grace in Christ.

1 WEEPING saint, no longer mourn;
Surely Christ thy griefs hath borne;
Jesus, best of friends, for thee,
Numbered with transgressors, see!

2 He the wine-press trod alone ;
Hear the Man of sorrows groan ;
Mocked, and bruised, and crowned with thorns,
He his Father's absence mourns.

3 All thy sins, when Jesus bled,
Met on his devoted head ;
All thy hope on Jesus place ;
Plead his promise, trust his grace.

4 At his feet thy burden lay ;
Christ shall smile thy fears away ;
He thy guilt and sorrow bore ;
Weeping saint, lament no more.

529. C. M. SPIR. OF THE PSALMS.

Dependence upon Mercy.

1 GREAT God, wert thou severe to mark
The deeds we do amiss,
Before thy presence who could stand ?
Who claim thy promised bliss ?
But, O, thou merciful and just,
Thy love surpasseth thought ;
A gracious Saviour has appeared,
And peace and pardon brought.

2 Thy servants in the temple watched
The dawning of the day,
Impatient with its earliest beams
Their holy vows to pay ;
And chosen saints far off beheld
That great and glorious morn,
When the glad dayspring from on high
Auspiciously should dawn.

3 On us the Sun of Righteousness
Its brightest beams hath poured ;
With grateful hearts and holy zeal,
Lord, be thy love adored ;
And let us look with joyful hope
To that more glorious day,
Before whose brightness sin, and death,
And grief, shall flee away.

530. 8s & 7s. GRANT.

Forsaking all to follow Christ.

1 JESUS, I my cross have taken,
All to leave, and follow thee;
Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,
Thou, from hence, my all shalt be:
And whilst thou shalt smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love, and might,
Foes may hate and friends disown me;
Show thy face, and all is bright.

2 Man may trouble and distress me;
'Twill but drive me to thy breast:
Life with trials hard may press me;
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest:
O, 'tis not in grief to harm me,
While thy love is left to me;
O, 'twere not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unmixed with thee.

531. L. M. WATTS.

Security in the Cross.

1 HERE at thy cross, incarnate God,
I lay my soul beneath thy love, —
Beneath the droppings of thy blood, —
Nor shall it, Jesus, e'er remove.

2 Should worlds conspire to drive me thence,
Unmoved and firm this heart should lie;
Resolved, — for that's my last defence, —
If I must perish, there to die.

3 But speak, my Lord, and calm my fear;
Am I not safe beneath thy shade?
Thy justice will not strike me here,
Nor Satan dare my soul invade.

4 Yes, I'm secure beneath thy blood,
And all my foes shall lose their aim;
Hosanna to my Saviour God,
And my best honors to his name.

532. L. M. STEELE.

Desiring Assurance of the divine Favor.

1 IN vain the world's alluring smile
Would my unwary heart beguile;
Deluding world! its brightest day —
Dream of a moment — flits away.

2 To nobler bliss my soul aspires;
Come, Lord, and fill these large desires
With power, and light, and love divine;
O, speak, and tell me thou art mine.

3 The blissful word, with joy replete,
Shall bid my gloomy fears retreat;
And heavenly hope, serenely bright,
Illume and cheer my darkest night.

4 So shall my joyful spirit rise,
On wings of faith, above the skies,
Then dwell forever near thy throne,
In joys to mortal thought unknown.

533. C. M. STEELE.

Renunciation of the World for Christ.

1 YE earthly vanities, depart;
Forever hence remove;
For Christ alone deserves my heart,
And every thought of love.

2 His heart, where love and pity dwelt
In all their softest forms,
Sustained the heavy load of guilt
For lost, rebellious worms.

3 Can I my bleeding Saviour view,
And yet ungrateful prove?
And pierce his wounded heart anew,
And grieve his injured love?

4 Great God, forbid: O, bind this heart,
This roving heart, of mine,
So firm, that it may ne'er depart,
In chains of love divine.

534. C. M. STEELE.

Parting with All for Christ.

1 YE glittering toys of earth, adieu;
A nobler choice be mine;
A heavenly prize attracts my view,
A treasure all divine.

2 Jesus, to multitudes unknown, —
O name divinely sweet! —
Jesus, in thee, in thee alone,
True wealth and honor meet.

3 Should earth's vain treasures all depart,
Of this dear gift possessed,
I'd clasp it to my joyful heart,
And be forever blest.

4 Dear portion of my soul's desires,
Thy love is bliss divine;
Accept the wish that love inspires,
And let me call thee mine.

535. C. M. BEDDOME.

Security and Comfort in God.

1 THIS world would be a wilderness,
If banished, Lord, from thee;
And heaven, without thy smiling face,
Would be no heaven to me.

2 My Friend art thou where'er I go,
The object of my love,
My kind Protector here below,
And my reward above.

3 When foes intrude or tyrants frown,
Thou art my sure relief;
To thee I make my sorrows known,
And tell thee all my grief.

4 'Midst rising winds and beating storms,
Reclining on thy breast,
I find in thee a hiding-place,
And there securely rest.

536. C. M. Doddridge.

Living by Faith on the Son of God.

1 BLEST Jesus, while in mortal flesh
I hold my frail abode,
Still would my spirit rest on thee,
My Saviour and my God.

2 On thy dear cross I fix my eyes,
Then raise them to thy seat;
Till love dissolves my inmost soul,
At my Redeemer's feet.

3 Be dead, my heart, to worldly charms;
Be dead to every sin;
And tell the boldest foe without,
That Jesus reigns within.

537. S. M. Beddome.

Entire Surrender.

1 O LORD, thou art my Lord,
My portion and delight;
All other lords I now reject,
And cast them from my sight.

2 Thy sovereign right I own,
Thy glorious power confess;
Thy law shall ever rule my heart,
While I adore thy grace.

3 Too long my feet have strayed
In sin's forbidden way;
But since thou hast my soul reclaimed,
To thee my vows I'll pay.

4 My soul, to Jesus joined
By faith, and hope, and love,
Now seeks to dwell among thy saints,
And rest with them above

5 Accept, O Lord, my heart;
To thee myself I give;
Nor suffer me from hence to stray,
Or cause thy saints to grieve.

538. C. M. J. Ryland.

Delight in God.

1 O LORD, I would delight in thee,
And on thy care depend;
To thee in every trouble flee,
My best, my only Friend.

2 When all created streams are dried,
Thy fulness is the same;
May I with this be satisfied,
And glory in thy name.

3 No good in creatures can be found,
But may be found in thee;
I must have all things, and abound,
While God is God to me.

4 O Lord, I cast my care on thee;
I triumph and adore;
My great concern shall ever be
To love and please thee more.

539. L. M. Watts.

Parting with carnal Joys.

1 I SEND the joys of earth away;
Away, ye tempters of the mind,
False as the smooth, deceitful sea,
And empty as the whistling wind.

2 Your streams were floating me along
Down to the gulf of dark despair;
And while I listened to your song,
Your streams had e'en conveyed me there

3 Lord, I adore thy matchless grace,
That warned me of that dark abyss,
That drew me from those treacherous seas,
And bade me seek superior bliss.

4 Now to the shining realms above
I stretch my hands and glance my eyes;
O for the pinions of a dove,
To bear me to the upper skies!

5 There, from the bosom of my God,
Oceans of endless pleasure roll;
There would I fix my last abode,
And drown the sorrows of my soul.

540. S. M. CAMPBELL'S COL.

Filial Confidence.

1 LORD, I would come to thee,
A sinner all defiled;
O, take the stain of guilt away,
And own me as thy child.

2 I cannot live in sin,
And feel a Saviour's love;
Thy blood can make my spirit clean,
And write my name above.

3 Among thy little flock
I need the Shepherd's care;
Pour waters from the smitten Rock,
And pastures green prepare.

4 Blest Shepherd, I am thine;
Still keep me in thy fear;
Now fill my heart with grace divine;
Bring thy salvation near.

541. C. M. STEELE.

Seeking All in God.

1 SOURCE of eternal joys divine,
To thee my soul aspires;
O, could I say, "The Lord is mine,"
'Tis all my soul desires.

2 My hope, my trust, my life, my Lord,
Assure me of thy love;
O, speak the kind, transporting word,
And bid my fears remove.

3 Then shall my thankful powers rejoice,
And triumph in my God,
Till heavenly rapture tune my voice
To spread thy praise abroad.

542. S. M. Anon.

Longing for a View of Christ.

1 I LANGUISH for a sight
Of Him who reigns on high, —
Jesus, my soul's supreme delight;
For Him alone I sigh.

2 O that I knew the place
Where I might find my God,
And make the arms of his embrace
My soul's secure abode!

3 Near to his mercy-seat,
Where grace triumphant reigns,
I'd come and worship at his feet,
And tell him all my pains.

4 The arguments I'd use
My troubles shall suggest;
Nor can my blesséd Lord refuse
The cause of the distressed.

5 O Saviour, bring me near;
New life, new strength impart;
Cast out at once my slavish fear,
And dwell within my heart.

543. C. M. Watts.

Parting with earthly Joys.

1 MY soul forsakes her vain delight,
And bids the world farewell;
On things of sense why fix my sight?
Why on its pleasures dwell?

2 There's nothing round this spacious earth
That suits my soul's desire;
To boundless joy and solid mirth
My nobler thoughts aspire.

3 No longer will I ask its love,
Nor seek its friendship more;
The happiness that I approve
Is not within its power.

4 O for the pinions of a dove,
T' ascend the heavenly road:
There shall I share my Saviour's love;
There shall I dwell with God.

544. H. M. CAMPBELL'S COL.

Repairing to Christ, the Fountain of Life.

1 HAIL, everlasting Spring!
Celestial Fountain, hail!
Thy streams salvation bring;
The waters never fail;
Still they endure, | For all our woe
And still they flow, | A sovereign cure.

2 Blest be his wounded side,
And blest his bleeding heart,
Who all in anguish died,
Such favors to impart;
His sacred blood | From every sin,
Shall make us clean | And fit for God.

3 To that dear source of love,
Our souls this day would come;
And thither, from above,
Lord, call the nations home;
That Jew and Greek, | On all their tongues,
With rapturous songs | Thy praise may speak.

545. S. M. BEDDOME.

Nearness to the Lord.

1 WHEN sorrows round us roll,
And comforts we have none,
Dear Saviour, say that thou art ours,
And all our griefs are gone.

2 Is there no friend to cheer
In times of deep distress, —
A smile from thee will help to bear,
Or make the burden less.

3 Though in the gloomy vale
Of death, we fear no harm,
Supported by thy powerful grace,
Reclining on thine arm.

4 This is our utmost wish,
O Lord, — that thou wouldst be,
Forever, ever near to us,
And keep us near to thee.

546. L. M. Watts.

Deriving Strength from Christ.

1 LET me but hear my Saviour say,
"Strength shall be equal to thy day,"—
Then I rejoice in deep distress,
Upheld by all-sufficient grace.

2 I can do all things, or can bear
All suffering, if my Lord be there;
Sweet pleasures mingle with the pains,
While he my sinking head sustains.

3 I glory in infirmity,
That Christ's own power may rest on me;
When I am weak, then am I strong;
Grace is my shield, and Christ my song.

547. S. M. Watts.

Christ unseen, yet beloved.

1 NOT with our mortal eyes
Have we beheld the Lord;
Yet we rejoice to hear his name,
And love him in his word.

2 On earth we want the sight
Of our Redeemer's face;
Yet, Lord, our inmost thoughts delight
To dwell upon thy grace.

3 And, when we feel thy love,
Diviner joys arise;
On wings of faith we soar above,
To mansions in the skies.

548. L. M. Steele.

Trusting Christ the only Refuge.

1 THOU only Sovereign of my heart,
My refuge, my almighty Friend;
And can my soul from thee depart,
On whom alone my hopes depend?

2 Whither, ah, whither shall I go,
A wretched wanderer from my Lord?
Can this dark world of sin and woe
One glimpse of happiness afford?

3 Eternal life thy words impart;
On these my fainting spirit lives;
Here sweeter comforts cheer my heart
Than all the round of nature gives.

4 Let earth's alluring joys combine;
While thou art near, in vain they call;
One smile, one blissful smile, of thine,
My gracious Lord, outweighs them all.

5 Low at thy feet my soul would lie;
Here safety dwells, and peace divine;
Still let me live beneath thine eye,
For life, eternal life, is thine.

549. L. M. GERHARDT.

Enjoyment of Christ's Love.

1 JESUS, thy boundless love to me
No thought can reach, no tongue declare;
Unite my thankful heart to thee,
And reign without a rival there.

2 Thy love, how cheering is its ray!
All pain before its presence flies;
Care, anguish, sorrow, melt away
Where'er its healing beams arise.

3 O, let thy love my soul inflame,
And to thy service sweetly bind;
Transfuse it through my inmost frame,
And mould me wholly to thy mind.

4 Thy love, in sufferings, be my peace;
Thy love, in weakness, make me strong;
And, when the storms of life shall cease,
Thy love shall be in heaven my song.

550. C. M. WATTS.

Pardon and Sanctification.

1 IN vain we lavish out our lives
To gather empty wind;
The choicest blessings earth can yield
Will starve a hungry mind.

2 But God can every want supply,
And fill our hearts with peace;
He gives by promise, and by oath,
The riches of his grace.

3 Come, and he'll cleanse our spotted souls,
And wash away our stains
In that rich fountain which his Son
Poured from his dying veins.

4 There shall his sacred Spirit dwell,
And deep engrave his law,
And every motion of our souls
To swift obedience draw.

5 Thus will he pour salvation down,
And we shall render praise;
We, the dear people of his love,
And he, our God of grace.

551. C. M. WINCHELL'S SEL.

The guiding Star.

1 BRIGHT was the guiding star, that led,
With mild, benignant ray,
The Gentiles to the lowly bed
Where our Redeemer lay.

2 But, lo! a brighter, clearer light
Now points to his abode;
It shines through sin and sorrow's night,
To guide us to our Lord.

3 O, haste to follow where it leads;
The gracious call obey,
Be rugged wilds, or flowery meads,
The Christian's destined way.

4 O, gladly tread the narrow path,
While light and grace are given;
Who meekly follow Christ on earth
Shall reign with him in heaven.

552. C. M. WATTS.

Not ashamed of the Gospel.

1 I'M not ashamed to own my Lord,
Or to defend his cause,
Maintain the honor of his word,
The glory of his cross.

2 Jesus, my God, I know his name ;
His name is all my trust ;
Nor will he put my soul to shame,
Nor let my hope be lost.

3 Firm as his throne his promise stands,
And he can well secure
What I've committed to his hands
Till the decisive hour.

4 Then will he own my worthless name,
Before his Father's face,
And in the New Jerusalem
Appoint my soul a place.

553. 6s & 10s. Mrs. Miles.

Looking unto Jesus.

1 THOU, who didst stoop below,
To drain the cup of woe,
And wear the form of frail mortality, —
Thy blesséd labors done,
Thy crown of victory won, —
Hast passed from earth — passed to thy home on high.

2 It was no path of flowers,
Through this dark world of ours,
Belovéd of the Father, thou didst tread ;
And shall we, in dismay,
Shrink from the narrow way,
When clouds and darkness are around it spread ?

3 O Thou, who art our life,
Be with us through the strife ;
Thy own meek head by rudest storms was bowed ;
Raise thou our eyes above,
To see a Father's love
Beam, like a bow of promise, through the cloud.

4 E'en through the awful gloom,
Which hovers o'er the tomb,
That light of love our guiding star shall be ;
Our spirits shall not dread
The shadowy way to tread,
Friend, Guardian, Saviour, which doth lead to thee.

554. L. M. GRIGG.

Not ashamed of Christ.

1 JESUS, and shall it ever be —
A mortal man ashamed of thee!
Ashamed of thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine through endless days!

2 Ashamed of Jesus! — that dear Friend
On whom my hopes of heaven depend!
No! — when I blush, be this my shame, —
That I no more revere his name.

3 Ashamed of Jesus! — yes, I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away,
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.

4 Till then — nor is my boasting vain —
Till then, I boast a Saviour slain;
And, O, may this my glory be, —
That Christ is not ashamed of me.

555. C. M. ANON.

Behold the Lamb of God.

1 BEHOLD the Lamb of God, who bore
Thy guilt upon the tree,
And paid in blood the dreadful score,
The ransom due for thee.

2 Behold him till the sight endears
The Saviour to thy heart;
His piercéd feet bedew with tears,
Nor from his cross depart.

3 Behold him, till his dying love,
Thy every thought control;
Its vast, constraining influence prove
O'er body, spirit, soul.

4 Behold him, as the race you run,
Your never-failing Friend;
He will complete the work begun,
And grace in glory end.

556. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

Living to Christ.

1 MY gracious Lord, I own thy right
To every service I can pay,
And call it my supreme delight
To hear thy dictates and obey.

2 What is my being but for thee —
Its sure support, its noblest end?
'Tis my delight thy face to see,
And serve the cause of such a Friend.

3 I would not sigh for worldly joy,
Or to increase my worldly good;
Nor future days nor powers employ
To spread a sounding name abroad.

4 'Tis to my Saviour I would live —
To him who for my ransom died;
Nor could all worldly honor give
Such bliss as crowns me at his side.

5 His work my hoary age shall bless,
When youthful vigor is no more,
And my last hour of life confess
His saving love, his glorious power.

557. C. M. BOURNE'S COL.

Self-Dedication.

1 O SAVIOUR, welcome to my heart;
Possess thy humble throne;
Bid every rival hence depart,
And claim me for thy own.

2 The world and Satan I forsake;
To thee I all resign;
My longing heart, O Saviour, take,
And fill with love divine.

3 O, may I never turn aside,
Nor from thy bosom flee;
Let nothing here my heart divide;
I give it all to thee.

558. C. M. BEDDOME.

Self-Denial for Christ.

1 AND must I part with all I have,
My dearest Lord, for thee?
It is but right, since thou hast done
Much more than this for me.

2 Yes, let it go! one look from thee
Will more than make amends
For all the losses I sustain
Of honor, riches, friends.

3 Ten thousand worlds, ten thousand lives,
How worthless they appear,
Compared with thee, supremely good,
Divinely bright and fair!

4 Saviour of souls, could I from thee
A single smile obtain,
The loss of all things I could bear,
And glory in my gain.

559. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

Desiring Evidence of Adoption.

1 THOU Lord of all the worlds on high,
Allow my humble claim;
Nor, while a child would raise its cry,
Disdain a Father's name.

2 My Father, God, how sweet the sound!
How tender and how dear!
Not all the melody of heaven
Could so delight the ear.

3 Come, sacred Spirit, seal the name
On my believing heart,
And show that in Jehovah's grace
I share a filial part.

4 By such a heavenly signal cheered,
Unwavering I believe,
And Abba, Father, humbly cry;
Nor can the sign deceive.

5 On wings of everlasting love
The Comforter is come;
All terrors at his voice disperse,
And endless pleasures bloom.

560. C. M. Pratt's Col.

Casting all Care on God.

1 STILL on the Lord thy burden roll,
Nor let a care remain;
His mighty arm shall bear thy soul,
And all thy griefs sustain.

2 Ne'er will the Lord his aid deny
To those who trust his love:
The men, who on his grace rely,
Nor earth nor hell shall move.

561. C. M. Watts.

Saints in the Hands of Christ.

1 FIRM as the earth thy gospel stands,
My Lord, my hope, my trust;
If I am found in Jesus' hands,
My soul can ne'er be lost.

2 His honor is engaged to save
The meanest of his sheep;
All, whom his heavenly Father gave,
His hands securely keep.

3 Nor death nor hell shall e'er remove
His favorites from his breast;
Within the bosom of his love
They must forever rest.

562. C. M. Watts.

Security in Christ.

1 OUR God, how firm his promise stands
E'en when he hides his face!
He trusts in our Redeemer's hands
The kingdom of his grace.

2 Then why, my soul, these sad complaints?
Christ and his flock are one:
Thy God is faithful to his saints,
Is faithful to his Son.

3 Beneath his smile my heart has lived,
And heavenly joy possessed:
I'll render thanks for grace received,
And trust him for the rest.

563. L. M. WATTS.

Security in God.

1 HOW oft have sin and Satan strove
To rend my soul from thee, my God!
But everlasting is thy love,
And Jesus seals it with his blood.

2 The oath and promise of the Lord
Join to confirm the wondrous grace;
Eternal power performs the word,
And fills all heaven with endless praise.

3 Amidst temptations, sharp and long,
My soul to this dear refuge flies;
Hope is my anchor, firm and strong,
While tempests blow and billows rise.

4 The gospel bears my spirit up;
A faithful and unchanging God
Lays the foundation for my hope
In oaths, and promises, and blood.

564. S. M. WATTS.

Preserving Grace.

1 TO God, the only wise,
Our Saviour and our King,
Let all the saints below the skies
Their humble praises bring.

2 'Tis his almighty love,
His counsel, and his care,
Preserves us safe from sin and death,
And every hurtful snare.

3 He will present our souls,
Unblemished and complete,
Before the glory of his face,
With joys divinely great.

4 Then all the chosen seed
Shall meet around the throne,
Shall bless the conduct of his grace,
And make his wonders known.

565. C. M. Noel's Col.

The Progress of the spiritual Temple.

1 THE God of grace and glory calls,
And leads the wondrous way
To his own palace, where he reigns
In uncreated day.

2 Jesus, the Herald of his love,
Displays the glorious prize,
And shows the purchase of his blood
To our admiring eyes.

3 He perfects what his hand begins,
And stone on stone he lays,
Till firm and fair the building rise,
A temple to his praise.

4 The songs of everlasting years
That mercy shall attend,
Which leads, through sufferings of an hour,
To joys that never end.

566. C. M. Beddome.

Praise and Hope.

1 O LORD, if in the book of life
My worthless name should stand,
In fairest characters, inscribed
By thine unerring hand, —

2 My soul thou wilt by grace prepare
For crowns above the skies,
And on my way, from heavenly stores,
Wilt grant me fresh supplies.

3 Then I to thee, in sweetest strains,
Will grateful anthems raise;
But life's too short, my powers too weak,
To utter half thy praise.

4 Had I ten thousand thousand tongues,
Not one should silent be;
Had I ten thousand thousand hearts,
I'd give them all to thee.

567. 8s. TOPLADY.

The Believer safe.

1 A DEBTOR to mercy alone,
Of covenant mercy I sing;
Nor fear, with thy righteousness on,
My person and offering to bring;
The terrors of law, and of God,
With me can have nothing to do;
My Saviour's obedience and blood
Hide all my transgressions from view.

2 The work which his goodness began,
The arm of his strength will complete;
His promise is yea, and amen,
And never was forfeited yet;
Things future, nor things that are now,
Not all things, below nor above,
Can make him his purpose forego,
Or sever my soul from his love.

3 My name from the palms of his hands
Eternity will not erase:
Impressed on his heart it remains,
In marks of indelible grace:
Yes, I to the end shall endure,
As sure as the earnest is given;
More happy, but not more secure,
The glorified spirits in heaven.

568. 8s & 7s. GRANT.

Rejoicing in Hope of the Glory of God.

1 KNOW, my soul, thy full salvation;
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care;
Joy to find, in every station,
Something still to do or bear:
Think what Spirit dwells within thee;
Think what Father's smiles are thine;
Think what Jesus did to win thee:
Child of heaven, canst thou repine?

2 Haste thee on from grace to glory,
Armed by faith and winged by prayer;
Heaven's eternal day 's before thee;
God's own hand shall guide thee there:
Soon shall close thy earthly mission;
Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days;
Hope shall change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

569. L. M. Sir J. E. Smith.

"It is I; be not afraid."

1 WHEN power divine, in mortal form,
Hushed with a word the raging storm,
In soothing accents, Jesus said,
"Lo, it is I; be not afraid."

2 So, when in silence nature sleeps,
And his lone watch the mourner keeps,
One thought shall every pang remove —
Trust, feeble man, thy Maker's love.

3 God calms the tumult and the storm;
He rules the seraph and the worm;
No creature is by him forgot
Of those who know or know him not.

4 And when the last, dread hour shall come,
While trembling Nature waits her doom,
This voice shall wake the pious dead —
"Lo, it is I; be not afraid."

570. C. M. Rel. Souvenir.

Trust in God.

1 O FATHER, good or evil send,
As seemeth best to thee,
And teach my stubborn soul to bend
In love to thy decree.

2 Whatever come, if thou wilt bless
The brightness and the gloom,
And temper joy, and soothe distress,
I fear no earthly doom.

3 Life cannot give a cureless sting;
Death can but crown my bliss,
And waft me far, on angel's wing,
To perfect happiness.

571. C. M. AVELING.

Fear not

1 WHENE'ER the clouds of sorrow roll,
And trials whelm the mind, —
When, faint with grief, thy wearied soul
No joys on earth can find, —
Then lift thy voice to God on high,
Dry up the trembling tear,
And hush the low, complaining sigh:
"Fear not;" thy God is near.

2 When dark temptations spread their snares,
And earth with charms allures,
And when thy soul, oppressed with fears,
The world's assault endures,
Then let thy Father's friendly voice
Thy fainting spirit cheer,
And bid thy trembling heart rejoice:
"Fear not;" thy God is near.

3 And when the final hour shall come,
That calls thee to thy rest,
To dwell within thy heavenly home,
A welcome, joyful guest,
Be calm; though Jordan's waves may roll,
No ills shall meet thee there;
Angels shall whisper to thy soul,
"Fear not;" thy God is near.

572. C. M. WATTS.

God the Author of Mercies and Afflictions.

1 NAKED, as from the earth we came,
And rose to life at first,
We to the earth return again,
And mingle with the dust.

2 The dear delights we here enjoy,
And fondly call our own,
Are only favors borrowed now,
To be repaid anon.

3 'Tis God who lifts our comforts high,
Or sinks them in the grave;
He gives, and, blessèd be his name,
He takes but what he gave.

4 Peace, all our angry passions, then ;
Let each rebellious sigh
Be silent at his sovereign will,
And every murmur die.

5 If smiling mercy crown our lives,
Its praises shall be spread ;
And we'll adore the justice, too,
That strikes our comforts dead.

573. 7s. ANON.

Holy Contentment.

1 LORD, my times are in thy hand :
All my fondest hopes have planned
To thy wisdom I resign,
And would make thy purpose mine.

2 Thou my daily task shalt give ;
Day by day to thee I live :
So shall added years fulfil,
Not my own, my Father's will.

3 Fond ambition, whisper not ;
Happy is my humble lot :
Anxious, busy cares, away ;
I'm provided for to-day.

4 O, to live exempt from care,
By the energy of prayer,
Strong in faith, with mind subdued,
Yet elate with gratitude !

574. 6s, 8s & 4s. OLIVER.

The holy Triumph of Assurance.

1 YES, God himself hath sworn, —
I on his oath depend, —
I shall, on eagle's wings upborne,
To heaven ascend :
I shall behold his face,
I shall his power adore,
And sing the wonders of his grace
Forevermore.

2 Though nature's strength decay,
And death and hell withstand,
To Canaan's bounds I urge my way,
At his command.
The watery deep I pass,
With Jesus in my view,
And through the howling wilderness
My way pursue.

3 The goodly land I see,
With peace and plenty blest,
The land of sacred liberty
And endless rest:
There milk and honey flow,
And oil and wine abound,
And trees of life forever grow,
With mercy crowned.

4 There dwells the Lord our King,
The Lord our Righteousness;
Triumphant o'er the world and sin:
The Prince of peace,
On Zion's sacred height,
His kingdom still maintains,
And, glorious with his saints in light,
Forever reigns.

5 He keeps his own secure;
He guards them by his side;
Arrays in garments white and pure
His spotless bride:
With streams of sacred bliss,
With groves of living joys,
With all the fruits of Paradise,
He still supplies.

6 Before the great Three-One
They all exulting stand,
And tell the wonders he hath done
Through all their land:
The listening spheres attend,
And swell the growing fame,
And sing, in songs which never end,
The wondrous Name.

575. L. M. STEELE.

Sufficiency of Grace.

1 IN vain my roving thoughts would find
A portion worthy of the mind;
On earth my soul can never rest,
For earth can never make me blest.

2 Can lasting happiness be found
Where seasons roll their hasty round,
And days and hours, with rapid flight,
Sweep cares and pleasures out of sight?

3 Arise, my thoughts; my heart, arise;
Leave this vain world, and seek the skies;
There purest joys forever last,
When seasons, days, and hours, are past.

4 Come, Lord, thy powerful grace impart;
Thy grace can raise my wandering heart
To pleasure, perfect and sublime,
Unmeasured by the wing of time.

576. C. M. BEDDOME.

Vanity of the World.

1 BE thou, O Lord, my treasure here,
And fix my thoughts above;
Unveil thy glories to my view,
And bid me taste thy love.

2 The world how mean, with all its store,
Compared with thee, my Lord!
Its vain and fleeting joys how few!
How little they afford!

3 The goods of earth are empty things,
And pleasures soon decay;
Its honors are but noisy breath,
And sceptres pass away.

4 Ye vain and glittering toys, begone;
Ye false delights, adieu;
My glorious Lord fills all the space,
And leaves no room for you.

577. 7s. Newton.

Self-Distrust.

1 'TIS a point I long to know,—
Oft it causes anxious thought,—
Do I love the Lord, or no?
Am I his, or am I not?

2 If I love, why am I thus?
Why this dull and lifeless frame?
Hardly, sure, can they be worse,
Who have never heard his name.

3 When I turn my eyes within,
All is dark, and vain, and wild;
Filled with unbelief and sin,
Can I deem myself a child?

4 If I pray, or hear, or read,
Sin is mixed with all I do;
You that love the Lord indeed,
Tell me, is it thus with you?

5 Yet I mourn my stubborn will,
Find my sin a grief and thrall;
Should I grieve for what I feel,
If I did not love at all?

6 Lord, decide the doubtful case;
Thou, who art thy people's sun,
Shine upon thy work of grace,
If it be indeed begun.

7 Let me love thee more and more,
If I love at all, I pray;
If I have not loved before,
Help me to begin to-day.

578. C. M. Hudson.

Supporting Grace.

1 HOW happy is the Christian's state!
His sins are all forgiven;
A cheering ray confirms the grace,
And lifts his hopes to heaven.

2 Though, in the rugged path of life,
He heaves the pensive sigh,
Yet, trusting in the Lord, he finds
Supporting grace is nigh.

3 If, to prevent his wandering steps,
He feels the chastening rod,
The gentle stroke shall bring him back
To his forgiving God.

4 And when the welcome message comes,
To call his soul away,
His soul in raptures will ascend
To everlasting day.

579. H. M. BENGEL.

Faith and Patience in Suffering.

1 I'LL think upon the woes,
Most spotless Lamb of God,
To which thou didst expose,
Upon th' accurséd wood,
Thyself for mine iniquity,
And bless thee still in chastening me.

2 Why should my will complain,
When all he means is kind?
Though great my grief and pain,
To him I'll be resigned;
Yes, wait and hope, as me behoves:
The Father chastens whom he loves.

3 I cannot take amiss
These sufferings as too great;
Thou'rt good, though they increase;
Still patiently I'll wait:
Ill it becomes me to repine;
Make me in life and spirit thine.

4 My heart shall envy none
Who seem to prosper more;
Only may I be one
Of thine who so endure,
That here in piety they thrive,
Till heavenly perfectness arrive.

5 Thou fount of all delight,
And secret of my joy,
Though many a tearful night
May still my heart employ,
Yet will I hope one day to see
A blest eternity with thee.

580. 8s & 7s. [Peculiar.] Anon.

Looking to Things unseen and eternal.

1 O, LAY not up upon this earth
Your hope, your joy, your treasure;
Here sorrow clouds the pilgrim's path,
And blights each opening pleasure.

2 Earth's joys, like dew-drops, fade away;
Like clouds its visions vanish;
Above, no night can chase the day;
Those joys no change can banish.

3 All, all below must fade and die;
The dearest hopes we cherish,
Scenes touched with brightest radiancy,
Are all decreed to perish.

4 Then, man, be wise; thy constant care
To purer joys be given,
Nor let delusive objects share
The place of bliss and heaven.

5 Let things unseen, with potent force,
Alone possessing merit,
Lead upward to its holy source
Thy pure, immortal spirit.

581. C. M. Haweis.

Submission.

1 SUBMISSIVE to thy will, my God,
I all to thee resign,
And bow before thy chastening rod;
I mourn, but not repine.

2 Why should my foolish heart complain,
When wisdom, truth, and love,
Direct the stroke, inflict the pain,
And point to joys above?

3 How short are all my sufferings here!
How needful every cross!
Away, my unbelieving fear,
Nor call my gain my loss.

4 Then give, O Lord, or take away,
I'll bless thy sacred name:
Jesus to-day, and yesterday,
And ever, is the same.

582. C. M. MONTGOMERY.

An Afterthought of the Afflicted.

1 I CANNOT call affliction sweet;
And yet 'twas good to bear:
Affliction brought me to thy feet,
And I found comfort there.

2 My wearied soul was all resigned
To thy most gracious will:
O had I kept that better mind,
Or been afflicted still!

3 Where are the vows which then I vowed?
The joys which then I knew?
Those vanished like the morning cloud;
These, like the early dew.

4 Lord, grant me grace for every day,
Whate'er my state may be;
Through life, in death, with truth to say,
"My God is all to me."

583. C. H. M. CONDER.

Blessedness of Submission in Trials.

1 WHEN I can trust my all with God,
In trial's fearful hour,
Bow, all resigned, beneath his rod,
And bless his sparing power,
A joy springs up amid distress,
A fountain in the wilderness.

2 O, to be brought to Jesus' feet,
Though trials fix me there,
Is still a privilege most sweet,
For he will hear my prayer;
Though sighs and tears its language be,
The Lord is nigh to answer me.

3 O, blesséd be the hand that gave, —
Still blesséd when it takes;
Blesséd be he who smites to save, —
Who heals the heart he breaks:
Perfect and true are all his ways,
Whom heaven adores and death obeys.

584. C. M. DRUMMOND.

God our only Hope.

1 BEREFT of all, when hopeless care
Would sink us to the tomb,
O, what can save us from despair?
What dissipate the gloom?

2 No balm that earthly plants distil
Can soothe the mourner's smart;
No mortal hand, with lenient skill,
Bind up the broken heart.

3 But one alone, who reigns above,
Our woe to joy can turn,
And light the lamp of joy and love
That long has ceased to burn.

4 Then, O my soul, to Jesus flee;
To him thy woes reveal;
His eye alone thy wounds can see,
His hand alone can heal.

585. L. M. 6 L. BOWRING.

Trust in God.

1 O, LET my trembling soul be still,
While darkness veils this mortal eye,
And wait thy wise, thy holy will:
Wrapped yet in fears and mystery,
I cannot, Lord, thy purpose see;
Yet all is well, since ruled by thee.

2 When, mounted on thy clouded car,
Thou send'st thy darker spirits down,
I can discern thy light afar —
Thy light, sweet beaming through thy frown:
And, should I faint a moment, then
I think of thee, and smile again.

3 So, trusting in thy love, I tread
The narrow path of duty on:
What though some cherished joys are fled;
What though some flattering dreams are gone;
Yet purer, brighter joys remain:
Why should my spirit, then, complain?

586. C. M. WATTS.

Desertion and Hope.

1 WITH earnest longings of the mind,
My God, to thee I look;
So pants the hunted hart to find
And taste the cooling brook.

2 When shall I see thy courts of grace,
And meet my God again?
So long an absence from thy face
My heart endures with pain.

3 'Tis with a mournful pleasure now
I think on ancient days;
Then to thy house did numbers go,
And all our work was praise.

4 But why, my soul, sunk down so far,
Beneath this heavy load?
Why do my thoughts indulge despair,
And sin against my God?

5 Hope in the Lord, whose mighty hand
Can all thy woes remove;
For I shall yet before him stand,
And sing restoring love.

587. C. M. T. GREEN.

Holy Resignation.

1 IT is the Lord, enthroned in light,
Whose claims are all divine,
Who has an undisputed right
To govern me and mine.

2 It is the Lord, who gives me all
My wealth, my friends, my ease;
And of his bounties may recall
Whatever part he please.

3 It is the Lord, my faithful God, —
Thrice blessèd be his name, —
Whose gracious promise, sealed with blood,
Must ever be the same.

4 And can my soul, with hopes like these,
Be faithless, or repine?
No, gracious God; take what thou please;
To thee I all resign.

588. C. M. MERRICK'S COL.

Holy Resignation.

1 AUTHOR of good, to thee we turn:
Thine ever wakeful eye
Alone can all our wants discern,
Thy hand alone supply.

2 O, let thy love within us dwell,
Thy fear our footsteps guide;
That love shall vainer loves expel,
That fear all fears beside.

3 And, O, by error's force subdued,
Since oft, with stubborn will,
We blindly shun the latent good,
And grasp the specious ill, —

4 Not what we wish, but what we want,
Let mercy still supply:
The good we ask not, Father, grant;
The ill we ask, deny.

589. C. M. WATTS.

Holy Fear, and Tenderness of Conscience.

1 WITH my whole heart I've sought thy face;
O, let me never stray
From thy commands, O God of grace,
Nor tread the sinner's way.

2 Thy word I've hid within my heart,
To keep my conscience clean,
And be an everlasting guard
From every rising sin.

3 I'm a companion of the saints,
Who fear and love the Lord;
My sorrows rise, my nature faints,
When men transgress thy word.

4 My heart with sacred reverence hears
The threatenings of thy word;
My flesh with holy trembling fears
The judgments of the Lord.

5 My God, I long, I hope, I wait,
For thy salvation still;
Thy holy law is my delight,
And I obey thy will.

590. C. M. WATTS.

Benefit of Affliction.

1 CONSIDER all my sorrows, Lord,
And thy deliverance send;
My soul for thy salvation faints;
When will my troubles end?

2 Yet I have found 'tis good for me
To bear my Father's rod;
Affliction made me learn thy law,
And live upon my God.

3 Had not thy word been my delight
When earthly joys were fled,
My soul, oppressed with sorrow's weight,
Had sunk among the dead.

4 Before I knew thy chastening rod,
My feet were apt to stray;
But now I learn to keep thy word,
Nor wander from thy way.

591. C. M. STEELE.

Thirsting after God.

1 WHEN fainting in the sultry waste,
And parched with thirst extreme,
The weary pilgrim longs to taste
The cool, refreshing stream.

2 So longs the weary, fainting mind,
Oppressed with sins and woes,
Some soul-reviving spring to find,
Whence heavenly comfort flows.

3 O, may I thirst for thee, my God,
With ardent, strong desire;
And still, through all this desert road,
To taste thy grace aspire.

4 Then shall my prayer to thee ascend,
A grateful sacrifice;
My mourning voice thou wilt attend,
And grant me full supplies.

592. C. M. BURDER'S COL.

Rejoicing in Adversity.

1 WHAT though no flowers the fig-tree clothe,
Though vines their fruit deny,
The labor of the olive fail,
And fields no meat supply; —

2 Though from the fold, with sad surprise,
My flock cut off I see;
Though famine reign in empty stalls,
Where herds were wont to be; —

3 Yet in the Lord will I be glad,
And glory in his love;
In him I'll joy, who will the God
Of my salvation prove.

4 God is the treasure of my soul,
The source of lasting joy —
A joy which want shall not impair,
Nor death itself destroy.

593. C. M. STEELE.

True Happiness to be found only in God.

1 IN vain I trace creation o'er,
In search of solid rest;
The whole creation is too poor
To make me truly blest.

2 Let earth and all her charms depart,
Unworthy of the mind;
In God alone this restless heart
Enduring bliss can find.

3 Thy favor, Lord, is all I want;
Here would my spirit rest:
O, seal the rich, the boundless grant,
And make me fully blest.

594. C. M. WATTS.

Confidence in God.

1 SOON as I heard my Father say,
"Ye children, seek my grace,"
My heart replied, without delay,
"I'll seek my Father's face."

2 Let not thy face be hid from me,
Nor frown my soul away;
God of my life, I fly to thee
In each distressing day.

3 Should friends and kindred, near and dear,
Leave me to want, or die,
My God will make my life his care,
And all my need supply.

4 Wait on the Lord, ye trembling saints,
And keep your courage up;
He'll raise your spirit when it faints,
And far exceed your hope.

595. C. M. EDMESTON.

Asking Mercy in Affliction.

1 O THOU whose mercy guides my way,
Though now it seem severe,
Forbid my unbelief to say
There is no mercy here.

2 O, grant me to desire the pain
That comes in kindness down,
More than the world's alluring gain
Succeeded by a frown.

3 Then, though thou bow my spirit low,
Love only shall I see;
The very hand that strikes the blow
Was wounded once for me.

596. C. M. BEDDOME.

Submission in Trials.

1 MY times of sorrow and of joy,
Great God, are in thy hand;
My choicest comforts come from thee,
And go at thy command.

2 If thou shouldst take them all away,
Yet would I not repine;
Before they were possessed by me,
They were entirely thine.

3 Nor would I drop a murmuring word,
Though all the world were gone,
But seek enduring happiness
In thee, and thee alone.

597. C. M. ANON.

The Benefit of Affliction.

1 O GOD, to thee my sinking soul
In deep distress doth fly;
Thy love can all my griefs control,
And all my wants supply.

2 How oft, when dark misfortune's band
Around their victim stood,
The seeming ill, at thy command,
Hath changed to real good!

3 The tempest that obscured the sky
Hath set my bosom free
From earthly care and sensual joy,
And turned my thoughts to thee.

4 Affliction's blast hath made me learn
To feel for others' woe,
And humbly seek, with deep concern,
My own defects to know.

5 Then rage, ye storms; ye billows, roar;
My heart defies your shock;
Ye make me cling to God the more —
To God, my sheltering Rock.

598. 8s. SEARLE.

The Promise of God sure.

1 HOW sweet on thy bosom to rest,
When nature's affliction is near!
The soul that can trust thee is blest;
Thy smiles bring me freedom from fear.

2 The Lord has in kindness declared
That those who will trust in his name
Shall in the sharp conflict be spared,
His mercy and love to proclaim.

3 This promise shall be to my soul
A messenger sent from the skies,
An anchor when billows shall roll,
A refuge when tempests arise.

4 O Saviour, the promise fulfil;
Its comfort impart to my mind;
Then calmly I'll bow to thy will,
To the cup of affliction resigned.

599. 8s. Bath Col.

Our Salvation in Trouble.

1 O THOU whose compassionate care
Forbids my sad heart to complain,
Now graciously teach me to bear
The weight of affliction and pain.

2 Though cheerless my days seem to flow,
Though weary and wakeful my nights,
What comfort it gives me to know
'Tis the hand of a Father that smites!

3 A tender physician thou art,
Who woundest in order to heal,
And comfort divine dost impart
To soften the anguish we feel.

4 O, let this correction be blest,
And answer thy gracious design;
Then grant that my soul may find rest
In comforts so healing as thine.

600. S. M. Sac. Songs.

Affliction blessed.

1 HOW tender is thy hand,
O thou most gracious Lord!
Afflictions come at thy command,
And leave us at thy word.

2 How gentle was the rod
That chastened us for sin!
How soon we found a smiling God
Where deep distress had been!

3 A Father's hand we felt,
A Father's heart we knew;
'Mid tears of penitence we knelt,
And found his word was true.

4 Now we will bless the Lord,
And in his strength confide;
Forever be his name adored,
For there is none beside.

601. L. M. WATTS.

Trusting in God for Protection.

1 MY spirit looks to God alone;
My rock and refuge is his throne;
In all my fears, in all my straits,
My soul for his salvation waits.

2 Trust him, ye saints, in all your ways;
Pour out your hearts before his face;
When helpers fail and foes invade,
God is our all-sufficient aid.

602. C. M. NEWTON.

Divine Favor.

1 HOW happy they who know the Lord, —
With whom he deigns to dwell!
He cheers and guides them by his word;
His arm supports them well.

2 His presence sweetens all their cares,
And makes their burdens light;
A word from him dispels their fears,
And gilds the gloom of night.

603. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

Divine Guidance.

1 ETERNAL God, our wondering souls
Admire thy matchless grace —
That thou wilt walk, that thou wilt dwell,
With such a sinful race.

2 Cheered with thy presence, I can trace
The desert with delight:
Through all the gloom, one smile of thine
Can dissipate the night.

3 Nor shall I through eternal days
A restless pilgrim roam;
Thy hand, that now directs my course,
Will soon convey me home.

4 With joy my spirit will consent
To drop its mortal load,
And hail the messenger of death,
That bids it rise to God.

604. C. M. Watts.

God resorted to in Trouble.

1 THE Lord of glory is my light,
And my salvation too;
God is my strength, nor will I fear
What all my foes can do.

2 One blessing, Lord, my heart desires;
O, grant me mine abode
Among the churches of thy saints,
The temples of my God.

3 There shall I offer my requests,
And see thy glory still;
Shall hear thy messages of love,
And learn thy holy will.

4 When troubles rise, and storms appear,
There may his children hide;
God has a strong pavilion, where
He makes my soul abide.

5 Now shall my head be lifted high
Above my foes around,
And songs of joy and victory
Within thy temple sound.

605. L. M. Norton.

Trust and Submission.

1 MY God, I thank thee: may no thought
E'er deem a Father's hand severe;
But may this heart, by sorrow taught,
Calm each wild wish, each idle fear.

2 Thy mercy bids all nature bloom;
The sun shines bright, and man is gay;
Thine equal mercy spreads the gloom
That darkens o'er his little day.

3 Full many a throb of grief and pain
Thy frail and erring child must know;
But not one prayer is breathed in vain,
Nor does one tear unheeded flow.

4 Thy various messengers employ;
Thy purposes of love fulfil;
And, 'mid the wreck of human joy,
Let humble faith adore thy will.

606. 8s, 7s & 4. OLIVER.

God the Pilgrim's Guide and Strength.

1 GUIDE me, O thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land:
I am weak, but thou art mighty;
Hold me with thy powerful hand:
Bread of heaven,
Feed me till I want no more.

2 Open now the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing streams do flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through:
Strong Deliverer,
Be thou still my strength and shield.

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Bear me through the swelling current;
Land me safe on Canaan's side:
Songs of praises
I will ever give to thee.

607. S. M. WATTS.

Blessedness of the Righteous.

1 THE man is ever blest
Who shuns the sinner's ways,
Among their councils never stands,
Nor takes the scorner's place, —

2 But makes the law of God
His study and delight,
Amidst the labors of the day,
And watches of the night.

3 He, like a tree, shall thrive,
With waters near the root;
Fresh as the leaf his name shall live;
His works are heavenly fruit.

4 Not so th' ungodly race;
They no such blessings find:
Their hopes shall flee like empty chaff
Before the driving wind.

608. C. M. CAMPBELL'S COL.

They shall walk and not faint.

1 SUPREME in wisdom, as in power,
The Rock of Ages stands,
Though him thou canst not see, nor trace
The workings of his hands.

2 He gives the conquest to the weak,
Supports the sinking heart,
And courage, in the evil hour,
His heavenly aids impart.

3 Mere human power shall fast decay,
And youthful vigor cease;
But they who wait upon the Lord
In strength shall still increase.

4 They with unwearied feet shall tread
The path of life divine,
With growing ardor onward move,
With growing brightness shine.

5 On eagles' wings they mount, they soar;
Their wings are faith and love;
Till, past the cloudy regions here,
They rise to heaven above.

609. L. M. WATTS.

The Righteous and the Wicked.

1 HOW blest the man whose cautious feet
Avoid the way that sinners go,
Who hates the place where atheists meet,
And fears to talk as scoffers do.

2 He loves t' employ his morning light
Among the statutes of the Lord,
And spends the wakeful hours of night
With pleasure pondering o'er the word.

3 He, like a plant by gentle streams,
Shall flourish in immortal green;
And heaven will shine, with kindest beams,
On every work his hands begin.

4 But sinners find their counsels crossed:
As chaff before the tempest flies,
So shall their hopes be blown and lost,
When the last trumpet shakes the skies.

610. 8s & 7s. Robinson.

Mercies gratefully acknowledged.

1 COME, thou Fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy grace;
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise.

2 Teach me some melodious measure,
Sung by raptured saints above;
Fill my soul with sacred pleasure,
While I sing redeeming love.

3 By thy hand sustained, defended,
Safe through life, thus far, I've come;
Safely, Lord, when life is ended,
Bring me to my heavenly home.

4 Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to save my soul from danger,
Interposed his precious blood.

5 O, to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let thy grace, Lord, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to thee.

6 Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it;
Prone to leave the God I love;
Here's my heart; O, take and seal it;
Seal it from thy courts above.

611. C. M. Beddome.

Fear not.

1 YE trembling souls, dismiss your fears;
Be mercy all your theme;
For mercy like a river flows,
In one perpetual stream.

2 "Fear not" the powers of earth and hell;
God will those powers restrain;
His arm will all their rage repel,
And make their efforts vain.

3 "Fear not" the want of outward good;
For his he will provide,
Grant them supplies of daily food,
And give them heaven beside.

4 "Fear not" that he will e'er forsake,
Or leave his work undone;
He's faithful to his promises,
And faithful to his Son.

5 "Fear not" the terrors of the grave,
Nor death's relentless sting;
He will from endless wrath preserve,
To endless glory bring.

612. C. M. WATTS.

Pleading with God.

1 BEHOLD thy waiting servant, Lord,
Devoted to thy fear;
Remember and confirm thy word,
For all my hopes are there.

2 Hast thou not sent salvation down,
And promised quickening grace?
Doth not my heart address thy throne?
And yet thy love delays.

3 Mine eyes for thy salvation fail:
O, bear thy servant up;
Nor let the scoffing lips prevail,
That dare reproach my hope.

4 Is not my faith thy gift, O Lord?
Then let thy truth appear:
Saints shall rejoice in my reward,
And trust as well as fear.

613. S. M. EPIS. COL.

Ark of Safety.

1 O, CEASE, my wandering soul,
On restless wing to roam;
All this wide world, to either pole,
Has not for thee a home.

2 Behold the ark of God;
Behold the open door;
O, haste to gain that dear abode,
And rove, my soul, no more.

3 There safe thou shalt abide,
There sweet shall be thy rest,
And every longing satisfied,
With full salvation blest.

614. L. M. STEELE.

Breathing after God.

1 WHERE is my God? does he retire
Beyond the reach of humble sighs?
Are these weak breathings of desire
Too languid to ascend the skies?

2 He hears the breathings of desire;
The weak petition, if sincere,
Is not forbidden to aspire,
And hope to reach his gracious ear.

3 Look up, my soul, with cheerful eye;
See where the great Redeemer stands,
The glorious Advocate on high,
With precious incense in his hands.

4 He sweetens every humble groan;
He recommends each broken prayer;
Recline thy hope on him alone,
Whose power and love forbid despair.

615. C. M. WATTS.

Delight in God and his Word.

1 THOU art my portion, O my God;
Soon as I know thy way,
My heart makes haste t' obey thy word,
And suffers no delay.

2 I choose the path of heavenly truth,
And glory in my choice;
Not all the riches of the earth
Could make me so rejoice.

3 Thy precepts and thy heavenly grace
I set before my eyes;
Thence I derive my daily strength,
And there my comfort lies.

4 If once I wander from thy path,
I think upon my ways,
Then turn my feet to thy commands
And trust thy pardoning grace.

5 Now I am thine, forever thine;
O, save thy servant, Lord;
Thou art my shield, my hiding-place;
My hope is in thy word.

616. C. M. Watts.

Divine Help.

1 FOREVER blesséd be the Lord,
My Saviour and my shield;
He sends his Spirit with his word,
To arm me for the field.

2 When sin and hell their force unite,
He makes my soul his care,
Instructs me to the heavenly fight,
And guards me through the war.

3 A Friend and Helper so divine
Doth my weak courage raise;
He makes the glorious victory mine,
And his shall be the praise.

617. C. M. Steele.

Comfort in God.

1 DEAR Refuge of my weary soul,
On thee, when sorrows rise,
On thee, when waves of trouble roll,
My fainting hope relies.

2 To thee I tell each rising grief,
For thou alone canst heal;
Thy word can bring a sweet relief
For every pain I feel.

3 But, O, when gloomy doubts prevail,
I fear to call thee mine;
The springs of comfort seem to fail,
And all my hopes decline.

4 Yet, gracious God, where shall I flee?
Thou art my only trust;
And still my soul would cleave to thee,
Though prostrate in the dust.

618. L. M. Watts.

Heavenly Aspirations.

1 UP to the fields where angels lie,
And living waters gently roll,
Fain would my thoughts ascend on high;
But sin hangs heavy on my soul.

2 O, might I once mount up and see
The glories of th' eternal skies,
How vain a thing this world would be!
How empty all its fleeting joys!

3 Great All in All, eternal King,
Let me but view thy lovely face,
And all my powers shall bow and sing
Thine endless grandeur and thy grace.

619. C. M. Steele.

The Mercy-Seat.

1 DEAR Father, to thy mercy-seat
My soul for shelter flies:
'Tis here I find a safe retreat
When storms and tempests rise.

2 My cheerful hope can never die,
If thou, my God, art near;
Thy grace can raise my comforts high,
And banish every fear.

3 My great Protector and my Lord,
Thy constant aid impart;
O, let thy kind, thy gracious word
Sustain my trembling heart.

4 O, never let my soul remove
From this divine retreat;
Still let me trust thy power and love,
And dwell beneath thy feet.

620. C. M. Watts.

Safety.

1 HOW can I sink with such a prop
As my eternal God,
Who bears the earth's huge pillars up,
And spreads the heavens abroad?

2 How can I die while Jesus lives,
Who rose and left the dead?
Pardon and grace my soul receives
From my exalted Head.

3 All that I am, and all I have,
Shall be forever thine;
Whate'er my duty bids me give,
My cheerful hands resign.

4 Yet if I might make some reserve,
And duty did not call,
I love my God with zeal so great,
That I should give him all.

621. C. M. WATTS.

Protection and Safety.

1 UNSHAKEN as the sacred hill,
And firm as mountains be, —
Firm as a rock, the soul shall rest,
That leans, O Lord, on thee.

2 Not walls nor hills could guard so well
Old Salem's happy ground,
As those eternal arms of love,
That every saint surround.

3 Deal gently, Lord, with souls sincere,
And lead them safely on,
Within the gates of Paradise,
Where Christ, their Lord, is gone.

622. 7s. SPIRIT OF THE PSALMS.

Safety in God.

1 THEY who on the Lord rely,
Safely dwell, though danger 's nigh;
Wide his sheltering wings are spread
O'er each faithful servant's head.

2 Vain temptation's wily snare;
Christians are Jehovah's care;
Harmless flies the shaft by day,
Or in darkness wings its way.

3 When they wake, or when they sleep,
Angel guards their vigils keep:
Death and danger may be near;
Faith and love have nought to fear.

623. C. M. Watts.

Strength and Protection from God.

1 WHENCE do our mournful thoughts arise?
And where's our courage fled?
Has restless sin or raging hell
Struck all our comforts dead?

2 Have we forgot th' almighty name
That formed the earth and sea?
And can an all-creating arm
Grow weary or decay?

3 Almighty strength and boundless grace
In our Jehovah dwell;
He gives the conquest to the weak,
And dooms their foes to hell.

4 Mere mortal power shall fade and die,
And youthful vigor cease;
But we, that wait upon the Lord,
Shall feel our strength increase.

624. C. M. Heginbotham.

Comfort in Sickness and Death.

1 WHEN sickness shakes the languid frame,
Each phantom pleasure flies;
Vain hopes of bliss no more obscure
Our long-deluded eyes.

2 The tottering frame of mortal life
Shall crumble into dust;
Nature shall faint; but learn, my soul,
On nature's God to trust.

3 The man whose pious heart is fixed
Securely on his God,
In every frown may comfort find,
And kiss the chastening rod.

4 Nor him shall death itself alarm;
On heaven his soul relies;
With joy he views his Maker's love,
And with composure dies.

625. S. M. Watts.

Security and Comfort in God.

1 WHEN, overwhelmed with grief,
My heart within me dies,
Helpless, and far from all relief,
To heaven I lift mine eyes.

2 O, lead me to the Rock
That's high above my head,
And make the covert of thy wings
My shelter and my shade.

3 Within thy presence, Lord,
Forever I'll abide;
Thou art the tower of my defence,
The refuge where I hide.

4 Thou givest me the lot
Of those that fear thy name;
If endless life be their reward,
I shall possess the same.

626. C. M. B. W. Noel.

Hope in Trouble.

1 WHEN musing sorrow weeps the past,
And mourns the present pain,
'Tis sweet to think of peace at last,
And feel that death is gain.

2 'Tis not that murmuring thoughts arise,
And dread a Father's will;
'Tis not that meek submission flies,
And would not suffer still.

3 It is that heaven-born Faith surveys
The path that leads to light,
And longs her eagle plumes to raise,
And lose herself in sight.

4 It is that troubled conscience feels
The pangs of struggling sin,
And sees, though far, the hand that heals,
And ends the strife within.

5 O, let me wing my hallowed flight
From earth-born woe and care,
And soar above these clouds of night,
My Saviour's bliss to share.

627. C. M. Toplady.

Sweetness of Submission.

1 WHEN languor and disease invade
This trembling house of clay,
'Tis sweet to look beyond my pain,
And long to fly away; —

2 Sweet to look inward, and attend
The whispers of his love;
Sweet to look upward, to the place
Where Jesus pleads above; —

3 Sweet to look back, and see my name
In life's fair book set down;
Sweet to look forward, and behold
Eternal joys my own; —

4 Sweet on his faithfulness to rest,
Whose love can never end;
Sweet on the promise of his grace
For all things to depend; —

5 Sweet, in the confidence of faith,
To trust his firm decrees;
Sweet to lie passive in his hands,
And know no will but his.

6 If such the sweetness of the stream,
What must the fountain be,
Where saints and angels draw their bliss
Directly, Lord, from thee!

628. C. M. Cotton.

Safety in God.

1 WHY, O my soul, O, why depressed,
And whence thine anxious fears?
Let former favors fix thy trust,
And check thy rising tears.

2 Affliction is a stormy deep,
Where wave succeeds to wave;
Though o'er my head the billows roll,
I know the Lord can save.

3 On him I trust and build my hope,
Nor murmur at his rod:
In vain the waves of trouble roll,
While he is still my God.

629. C. M. WATTS.

Converse with Heaven.

1 MY thoughts surmount these lower skies,
And look within the veil:
There springs of endless pleasure rise;
The waters never fail.

2 There I behold, with sweet delight,
The blessèd Three in One;
And strong affections fix my sight
On God's incarnate Son.

3 His promise stands forever firm;
His grace shall ne'er depart:
He binds my name upon his arm,
And seals it on his heart.

4 Light are the pains that nature brings;
How short our sorrows are,
When with eternal future things
The present we compare!

5 I would not be a stranger still
To that celestial place,
Where I forever hope to dwell
Near my Redeemer's face.

630. L. M. WATTS.

Holy Aspirations.

1 MY God, permit me not to be
A stranger to myself and thee;
Amidst a thousand thoughts I rove,
Forgetful of my highest love.

2 Why should my passions mix with earth,
And thus debase my heavenly birth?
Why should I cleave to things below,
And let my God, my Saviour, go?

3 Call me away from flesh and sense;
One sovereign word can draw me thence;
I would obey the voice divine,
And all inferior joys resign.

4 Be earth, with all her scenes, withdrawn;
Let noise and vanity be gone:
In secret silence of the mind
My heaven, and there my God, I find.

631. C. M. ANON.

Trust amid the Severities of God.

1 THOU Power supreme, whose mighty scheme
These woes of mine fulfil,
Here, firm, I rest; they must be best,
Because they are thy will.

2 Then all I want, — O do thou grant
This one request of mine, —
Since to enjoy thou dost deny,
Assist me to resign.

632. C. M. MONTGOMERY.

Prayer.

1 PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,
Unuttered or expressed,
The motion of a hidden fire,
That trembles in the breast.

2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear,
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.

3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try;
Prayer, the sublimest strains that reach
The majesty on high.

4 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air,
His watchword at the gates of death;
He enters heaven with prayer.

633. C. M. MONTGOMERY.

Prayer.

1 PRAYER is the contrite sinner's voice,
Returning from his ways,
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And cry, "Behold, he prays."

2 The saints in prayer appear as one
In word, and deed, and mind,
While with the Father and the Son
Sweet fellowship they find.

3 Nor prayer is made on earth alone;
The Holy Spirit pleads,
And Jesus, on th' eternal throne,
For sinners intercedes.

4 O Thou, by whom we come to God, —
The life, the truth, the way, —
The path of prayer thyself hast trod;
Lord, teach us how to pray.

634. C. M. BEDDOME.

Prayer.

1 PRAYER is the breath of God in man,
Returning whence it came;
Love is the sacred fire within,
And prayer the rising flame.

2 It gives the burdened spirit ease,
And soothes the troubled breast;
Yields comfort to the mourners here,
And to the weary rest.

3 When God inclines the heart to pray,
He hath an ear to hear;
To him there's music in a groan,
And beauty in a tear.

4 The humble suppliant cannot fail
To have his wants supplied,
Since He for sinners intercedes
Who once for sinners died.

635. 11s & 10s. SPIR. SONGS.

Invitation to the Mercy-Seat.

1 COME, ye disconsolate, where'er ye languish:
Come to the mercy-seat, fervently kneel;
Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish;
Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot heal.

2 Joy of the desolate, light of the straying,
Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure,
Here speaks the Comforter, tenderly saying,
Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot cure.

3 Here see the bread of life; see waters flowing
Forth from the throne of God, pure from above;
Come to the feast of love; come, ever knowing
Earth has no sorrow but heaven can remove.

636. L. M. STOWELL.

The Mercy-Seat.

1 FROM every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat;
'Tis found before the mercy-seat.

2 There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads —
A place of all on earth most sweet;
It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.

3 There is a scene where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
Though sundered far, by faith they meet
Around one common mercy-seat.

4 There, there, on eagle wings we soar,
And sin and sense molest no more;
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
And glory crowns the mercy-seat.

637. C. M. MRS. BROWN.

Secret Prayer at Twilight.

1 I LOVE to steal awhile away
From every cumbering care,
And spend the hours of setting day
In humble, grateful prayer.

2 I love in solitude to shed
The penitential tear,
And all his promises to plead
Where none but God can hear.

3 I love to think on mercies past,
And future good implore,
And all my cares and sorrows cast
On him whom I adore.

4 I love by faith to take a view
Of brighter scenes in heaven;
The prospect doth my strength renew,
While here by tempests driven.

5 Thus, when life's toilsome day is o'er,
May its departing ray
Be calm as this impressive hour,
And lead to endless day.

638. 7s & 6s. Edin. Lit. Rev.

Pray without ceasing.

1 GO when the morning shineth,
Go when the noon is bright,
Go when the eve declineth,
Go in the hush of night;
Go with pure mind and feeling,
Fling earthly thought away,
And, in thy closet kneeling,
Do thou in secret pray.

2 Remember all who love thee,
All who are loved by thee;
Pray, too, for those who hate thee,
If any such there be;
Then for thyself, in meekness,
A blessing humbly claim,
And blend with each petition
Thy great Redeemer's name.

3 Or, if 'tis e'er denied thee
In solitude to pray,
Should holy thoughts come o'er thee
When friends are round thy way,
E'en then the silent breathing,
Thy spirit raised above,
Will reach his throne of glory,
Where dwells eternal love.

4 O, not a joy or blessing
With this can we compare —
The grace our Father gave us
To pour our souls in prayer;
Whene'er thou pin'st in sadness,
Before his footstool fall;
Remember, in thy gladness,
His love who gave thee all.

639. S. M. Sac. Lyrics.

Morning Prayer Meeting.

1 HOW sweet the melting lay,
Which breaks upon the ear,
When, at the hour of rising day,
Christians unite in prayer!

2 The breezes waft their cries
Up to Jehovah's throne;
He listens to their humble sighs,
And sends his blessings down.

3 So Jesus rose to pray
Before the morning light, —
Once on the chilling mount did stay,
And wrestle all the night.

4 Glory to God on high,
Who sends his blessings down
To rescue souls condemned to die,
And make his people one.

640. C. M. Anon.

Secret Prayer.

1 SWEET is the prayer whose holy stream
In earnest pleading flows;
Devotion dwells upon the theme,
And warm and warmer glows.

2 Faith grasps the blessing she desires;
Hope points the upward gaze;
And Love, celestial Love, inspires
The eloquence of praise.

3 But sweeter far the still small voice,
Unheard by human ear,
When God has made the heart rejoice,
And dried the bitter tear.

4 No accents flow, no words ascend;
All utterance faileth there;
But sainted spirits comprehend,
And God accepts the prayer.

641. C. M. Rippon's Col.

Secret Devotion.

1 FATHER divine, thy piercing eye
Sees through the darkest night;
In deep retirement thou art nigh,
With heart-discerning sight.

2 May that observing eye survey
My faithful homage paid,
With every morning's dawning ray,
And every evening's shade.

3 O, let thy own celestial fire
The incense still inflame,
While fervent vows to thee aspire,
Through my Redeemer's name.

4 So shall the visits of thy love
My soul in secret bless;
So wilt thou deign, in worlds above,
Thy suppliant to confess.

642. S. M. Newton.

Blessings sought in Prayer.

1 BEHOLD the throne of grace!
The promise calls me near;
There Jesus shows a smiling face,
And waits to answer prayer.

2 Thine image, Lord, bestow,
Thy presence and thy love;
I ask to serve thee here below,
And reign with thee above.

3 Teach me to live by faith;
Conform my will to thine;
Let me victorious be in death,
And then in glory shine.

4 If thou these blessings give,
And wilt my portion be,
All worldly joys I'll cheerful leave,
And find my heaven in thee.

643. C. M. COBBIN.

A Throne of Grace.

1 A THRONE of grace! then let us go
And offer up our prayer;
A gracious God will mercy show
To all that worship there.

2 A throne of grace! O, at that throne
Our knees have often bent,
And God has showered his blessings down
As often as we went.

3 A throne of grace! rejoice, ye saints;
That throne is open still;
To God unbosom your complaints,
And then inquire his will.

4 A throne of grace we yet shall need
Long as we draw our breath,
A Saviour, too, to intercede,
Till we are changed by death.

5 The throne of glory then shall glow
With beams from Jesus' face,
And we no longer want shall know,
Nor need a throne of grace.

644. C. H. M. ANON.

Come, let us pray.

1 COME, let us pray: 'tis sweet to feel
That God himself is near;
That, while we at his footstool kneel,
His mercy deigns to hear:
Though sorrows cloud life's dreary way,
This is our solace — let us pray.

2 Come, let us pray: the burning brow,
The heart oppressed with care,
And all the woes that throng us now,
Will be relieved by prayer:
Jesus will smile our griefs away;
O, glorious thought! — come, let us pray.

3 Come, let us pray: the sin-sick soul
Her weight of guilt must feel;
But, hark! the glorious tidings roll,
Whilst here we humbly kneel;
Jesus will wash that guilt away,
And pardon grant; then let us pray.

4 Come, let us pray: the mercy-seat
Invites the fervent prayer,
And Jesus ready stands to greet
The contrite spirit there:
O, loiter not, nor longer stay
From him who loves us; let us pray.

645. S. M. MEDLEY.

The Answerer of Prayer.

1 COME, praying souls, rejoice,
And bless your Father's name;
With joy to him lift up your voice,
And all his love proclaim.

2 Your mournful cry he hears;
He marks your feeblest groan,
Supplies your wants, dispels your fears,
And makes his mercy known.

3 To all his praying saints
He ever will attend,
And to their sorrows and complaints
His ear in mercy bend.

4 Then blessèd be the Lord,
Who has not turned away
His mercy, nor his precious word,
From those who love to pray.

5 No; still he bows his ear
In gentle pity down;
For praying breath he loves to hear,
And praying souls he'll crown.

6 Then let us still go on
In his appointed ways,
Rejoicing in his name alone,
In prayer and humble praise.

646. C. M. WATTS.

Seeking God.

1 O THAT I knew the secret place
Where I might find my God!
I'd spread my wants before his face,
And pour my woes abroad.

2 I'd tell him how my sins arise;
What sorrows I sustain;
How grace decays, and comfort dies,
And leaves my heart in pain.

3 He knows what arguments I'd take
To wrestle with my God;
I'd plead for his own mercy's sake,
And for my Saviour's blood.

4 My God will pity my complaints,
And heal my broken bones;
He takes the meaning of his saints,
The language of their groans.

5 Arise, my soul, from deep distress,
And banish every fear;
He calls thee to his throne of grace,
To spread thy sorrows there.

647. C. M. URWICK'S COL.

Prayer for Grace in Trial.

1 FATHER of all our mercies, thou
In whom we move and live,
Hear us in heaven, thy dwelling, now,
And answer, and forgive.

2 When, harassed by ten thousand foes,
Our helplessness we feel,
O, give the weary soul repose,
The wounded spirit heal.

3 When dire temptations gather round,
And threaten or allure,
By storm or calm, in thee be found
A refuge strong and sure.

4 When age advances, may we grow
In faith, in hope, and love,
And walk in holiness below
To holiness above.

5 Let earthly joys and cares depart;
Let pain and sorrow cease;
Be thou the portion of our heart;
In thee may we have peace.

648. S. M. Pratt's Col.

Prayer for divine Help.

1 MY God, my prayer attend;
O, bow thine ear to me,
Without a hope, without a friend,
Without a help, but thee.

2 O, guard my soul around,
Which loves and trusts thy grace;
Nor let the powers of hell confound
The hopes on thee I place.

3 Thy mercy I entreat;
Let mercy hear my cries,
While, humbly waiting at thy seat,
My daily prayers arise.

4 O, bid my heart rejoice,
And every fear control,
Since at thy throne, with suppliant voice,
To thee I lift my soul.

649. C. M. Cappe's Col.

Prayer for Guidance.

1 ETERNAL Source of life and light,
Supremely good and wise,
To thee we bring our grateful vows,
To thee lift up our eyes.

2 Our dark and erring minds illume
With truth's celestial rays;
Inspire our hearts with sacred love,
And tune our lips to praise.

3 Conduct us safely, by thy grace,
Through life's perplexing road,
And place us, when that journey 's o'er,
At thy right hand, O God.

650. S. M. MONTGOMERY.

Lord's Prayer.

1 OUR heavenly Father, hear
The prayer we offer now;
Thy name be hallowed far and near,
To thee all nations bow.

2 Thy kingdom come; thy will
On earth be done in love,
As saints and seraphim fulfil
Thy perfect law above.

3 Our daily bread supply
While by thy word we live;
The guilt of our iniquity
Forgive, as we forgive.

4 From dark temptation's power,
From Satan's wiles, defend;
Deliver in the evil hour,
And guide us to the end.

5 Thine shall forever be
Glory and power divine;
The sceptre, throne, and majesty,
Of heaven and earth are thine.

6 Thus humbly taught to pray
By thy belovéd Son,
Through him we come to thee, and say,
"All for his sake be done."

651. 8s & 7s. TOPLADY.

Prayer for Light.

1 LIGHT of those whose dreary dwelling
Borders on the shades of death,
Come, and, by thyself revealing,
Dissipate the clouds beneath.

2 Thou, new heaven and earth's Creator,
In our deepest darkness rise,
Scattering all the night of nature,
Pouring day upon our eyes.

3 Still we wait for thy appearing ;
Life and joy thy beams impart,
Chasing all our fears, and cheering
Every poor, benighted heart.

4 Come, extend thy wonted favor
To our ruined, guilty race ;
Come, thou blest, exalted Saviour,
Come, apply thy saving grace.

5 By thine all-atoning merit
Every burdened soul release ;
By the teachings of thy Spirit
Guide us into perfect peace.

652. 7s. GRANT.

Prayer in the Name of Jesus.

1 SAVIOUR, when, in dust, to thee
Low we bow th' adoring knee, —
When, repentant, to the skies
Scarce we lift our streaming eyes, —
O, by all thy pain and woe
Suffered once for man below,
Bending from thy throne on high,
Hear us when to thee we cry.

2 By thine hour of dark despair ;
By thine agony of prayer ;
By the cross, the nail, the thorn,
Piercing spear, and torturing scorn ;
By the gloom that veiled the skies
O'er the dreadful sacrifice, —
Jesus, look with pitying eye ;
Listen to our humble cry.

3 By the deep, expiring groan ;
By the sad, sepulchral stone ;
By the vault whose dark abode
Held in vain the rising God, —
O, from earth to heaven restored,
Mighty, re-ascended Lord,
Saviour, Prince, exalted high,
Hear us when to thee we cry.

653. 8s & 7s. C. Wesley.

Desiring Sanctification.

1 LOVE divine, all love excelling,
Joy of heaven, to earth come down;
Fix in us thy humble dwelling;
All thy faithful mercies crown:
Jesus, thou art all compassion;
Pure, unbounded love thou art;
Visit us with thy salvation;
Enter every trembling heart.

2 Breathe, O, breathe thy Holy Spirit
Into every troubled breast;
Let us all thy grace inherit;
Let us find thy promised rest:
Take away the love of sinning;
Take our load of guilt away;
End the work of thy beginning;
Bring us to eternal day.

3 Carry on thy new creation;
Pure and holy may we be;
Let us see our whole salvation
Perfectly secured by thee;
Change from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place,
Till we cast our crowns before thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

654. C. M. Raffles.

A submissive and docile Spirit.

1 THOU boundless Source of every good,
Our best desires fulfil;
We would adore thy wondrous grace,
And mark thy sovereign will.

2 In all thy mercies may our souls
Thy bounteous goodness see;
Nor let the gifts thy hand imparts
Estrange our hearts from thee.

3 Teach us, in time of deep distress,
To own thy hand, O God,
And in submissive silence learn
The lessons of thy rod.

4 In every changing scene of life,
Whate'er that scene may be,
Give us a meek and humble mind, —
A mind at peace with thee.

5 Do thou direct our steps aright ;
Help us thy name to fear ;
And give us grace to watch and pray,
And strength to persevere.

6 Then may we close our eyes in death,
Without a fear or care ;
For death is life, and labor rest,
If thou art with us there.

655. S. M. WATTS.

Reliance on God.

1 MY God, permit my tongue
This joy — to call thee mine ;
And let my early cries prevail
To taste thy love divine.

2 For life, without thy love,
No relish can afford ;
No joy can be compared with this, —
To serve and please the Lord.

3 In wakeful hours of night,
I call my God to mind ;
I think how wise thy counsels are,
And all thy dealings kind.

4 Since thou hast been my help,
To thee my spirit flies ;
And on thy watchful providence
My cheerful hope relies.

5 The shadow of thy wings
My soul in safety keeps ;
I follow where my Father leads,
And he supports my steps.

656. C. M. Milman.

Help, Lord.

1 O, HELP us, Lord; each hour of need
Thy heavenly succor give;
Help us in thought, and word, and deed,
Each hour on earth we live.

2 O, help us, when our spirits bleed,
With contrite anguish sore;
And when our hearts are cold and dead,
O, help us, Lord, the more.

3 O, help us, through the prayer of faith,
More firmly to believe;
For still the more the servant hath,
The more shall he receive.

4 O, help us, Father, from on high;
We know no help but thee;
O, help us so to live and die,
As thine in heaven to be.

657. C. M. Exeter Col.

Prayer for Guidance.

1 LORD, through the dubious paths of life
Thy feeble servant guide;
Supported by thy powerful arm,
My footsteps shall not slide.

2 To thee, O my unerring Guide,
I would myself resign,
In all my ways acknowledge thee,
And form my will by thine.

3 Thus shall each blessing of thy hand
Be doubly sweet to me;
And in new griefs I still shall have
A refuge, Lord, in thee.

4 Lord, by thy counsel, while I live,
O, guide my wandering feet;
And, when my course on earth is run,
Conduct me to thy seat.

658. C. M. JUDSON.

Lord's Prayer.

1 OUR Father, God, who art in heaven,
All hallowed be thy name;
Thy kingdom come; thy will be done
In heaven and earth the same.

2 Give us this day our daily bread;
And as we those forgive
Who sin against us, so may we
Forgiving grace receive.

3 Into temptation lead us not;
From evil set us free;
And thine the kingdom, thine the power,
And glory, ever be.

659. 8s & 6. [PECULIAR.] ANON.

"Thy Will be done."

1 MY God, my Father, while I stray
Far from my home, on life's rough way,
O, teach me from my heart to say,
"Thy will, my God, be done."

2 Though dark my path, and sad my lot,
Let me be still, and murmur not,
And breathe the prayer divinely taught,
"Thy will, my God, be done."

3 What though in lonely grief I sigh
For friends beloved no longer nigh;
Submissive still would I reply,
"Thy will, my God, be done."

4 If thou shouldst call me to resign
What most I prize, — it ne'er was mine, —
I only yield thee what is thine;
"Thy will, my God, be done."

5 Should pining sickness waste away
My life in premature decay,
In life or death teach me to say,
"Thy will, my God, be done."

6 Renew my will from day to day,
Blend it with thine, and take away
Whate'er now makes it hard to say,
"Thy will, my God, be done."

660. C. M. Percy Chapel Col.

"Thy Will be done."

1 FATHER, I know thy ways are just,
Although to me unknown;
O, grant me grace thy love to trust,
And cry, "Thy will be done."

2 If thou shouldst hedge with thorns my path,
Should wealth and friends be gone,
Still, with a firm and lively faith,
I'll cry, "Thy will be done."

3 Although thy steps I cannot trace,
Thy sovereign right I'll own;
And, as instructed by thy grace,
I'll cry, "Thy will be done."

4 'Tis sweet thus passively to lie
Before thy gracious throne,
Concerning every thing to cry,
"My Father's will be done."

661. C. M. Ch. Psalmody.

Desires for Holiness.

1 O, COULD I find, from day to day,
A nearness to my God,
Then would my hours glide sweet away,
While leaning on his word.

2 Lord, I desire with thee to live
Anew from day to day,
In joys the world can never give,
Nor ever take away.

3 Blest Jesus, come, and rule my heart,
And make me wholly thine,
That I may never more depart,
Nor grieve thy love divine.

4 Thus, till my last, expiring breath,
Thy goodness I'll adore;
And when my frame dissolves in death,
My soul shall love thee more.

662. S. M. Percy Chapel Col.

Christ our All.

1 MY Saviour, fill my soul
With holiness and peace;
Arise with healing in thy wings;
Bid sin and doubting cease.

2 May things beneath the sky
Engross my heart no more;
Be thou my first, my chief delight,
My soul's unbounded store.

3 In thee all treasures lie;
From thee all blessings flow;
Thou art the bliss of saints above,
The joy of saints below.

4 O, come and make me thine,
A sinner saved by grace:
Then shall I sing, with loudest strains,
In heaven, thy dwelling-place.

663. C. M. C. Wesley.

Purity of Heart.

1 O FOR a heart to praise my God!
A heart from sin set free!
A heart that's sprinkled with the blood
So freely shed for me!

2 O for a heart submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne,
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone!

3 O for an humble, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean,
Which neither life nor death can part
From him that dwells within!

4 Thy temper, gracious Lord, impart;
Come quickly from above;
O, write thy name upon my heart;
Thy name, O God, is love.

664. C. M. STEELE.

Prayer for Submission.

1 FATHER, whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign will denies,
Accepted at thy throne of grace,
Let this petition rise : —

2 Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free ;
The blessings of thy grace impart,
And make me live to thee.

3 Let the sweet hope that thou art mine
My life and death attend ;
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end.

665. S. M. MASON.

Blessedness of the Pure in Heart.

1 BLEST are the pure in heart,
For they shall see our God ;
The secret of the Lord is theirs ;
Their soul is his abode.

2 Still to the lowly soul
He doth himself impart,
And for his temple and his throne
Selects the pure in heart.

666. C. M. ANON.

"Remember me."

1 "REMEMBER me," my Saviour God,
Whilst here on earth I stay ;
Give strength to bear affliction's rod,
And faith to watch and pray.

2 "Remember me," when fortune smiles,
And scenes are bright and fair,
Lest I should fall, through Satan's wiles,
Beneath his baneful snare.

3 "Remember me;" thy voice I'll greet
In all thy dealings here;
O, let thy Spirit guide my feet,
And I shall never fear.

4 "Remember me;" stand near my side,
Where'er my lot may be;
And when by Jordan's swelling tide,
O Lord, "remember me."

667. C. M. HAWEIS.

"Lord, remember me."

1 O THOU from whom all goodness flows,
I lift my soul to thee;
In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,
O Lord, remember me.

2 When, with an aching, burdened heart,
I seek relief of thee,
Thy pardon grant, new peace impart;
O Lord, remember me.

3 When trials sore obstruct my way,
And ills I cannot flee,
O, let my strength be as my day;
O Lord, remember me.

4 If, for thy sake, upon my name
Reproach and shame shall be,
I'll hail reproach, and welcome shame:
O Lord, remember me.

5 When worn with pain, disease, and grief,
This feeble body see;
Grant patience, rest, and kind relief;
O Lord, remember me.

6 When, in the solemn hour of death,
I wait thy just decree,
Be this the prayer of my last breath, —
O Lord, remember me.

7 And when before thy throne I stand,
And lift my soul to thee,
Then, with the saints at thy right hand,
O Lord, remember me.

668. S. M. Anon.

Consecration to God.

1 LORD, help me to resign
My doubting heart to thee,
And, whether cheerful or distressed,
Thine, thine alone to be.

2 My only aim be this, —
Thy purpose to fulfil,
In thee rejoice with all my strength,
And do thy holy will.

3 Lord, thy all-seeing eye
Keeps watch with sleepless care;
Thy great compassion never fails;
Thou hear'st my humble prayer.

4 So will I firmly trust
That thou wilt guide me still,
And guard me safe throughout the way
That leads to Zion's hill.

669. C. M. Watts.

Pious Resolutions.

1 O THAT thy statutes every hour
Might dwell upon my mind!
Thence I derive a quickening power,
And daily peace I find.

2 To meditate thy precepts, Lord,
Shall be my sweet employ;
My soul shall ne'er forget thy word;
Thy word is all my joy.

3 How would I run in thy commands,
If thou my heart discharge
From sin and Satan's hateful chains,
And set my feet at large!

4 My lips with courage shall declare
Thy statutes and thy name;
I'll speak thy word though kings should hear,
Nor yield to sinful shame.

670. S. M. Watts.

Renouncing Sin.

1 SHALL we go on to sin,
Because thy grace abounds?
Or crucify the Lord again,
And open all his wounds?

2 Forbid it, mighty God;
Nor let it e'er be said
That we, whose sins are crucified,
Should raise them from the dead.

3 We will be slaves no more,
Since Christ has made us free,
Has nailed our tyrants to his cross,
And bought our liberty.

671. C. M. Steele.

Prayer for quickening Grace.

1 PERMIT me, Lord, to seek thy face,
Obedient to thy call —
To seek the presence of thy grace,
My strength, my life, my all.

2 All I can wish is thine to give;
My God, I ask thy love —
That greatest boon I can receive,
That bliss of heaven above.

3 To heaven my restless heart aspires;
O for some quickening ray,
To animate my faint desires,
And cheer the tiresome way!

4 While sin and Satan join their art
To keep me from my Lord,
O Saviour, guard my trembling heart,
And guide me by thy word.

5 Whene'er the tempting foe alarms,
Or spreads the fatal snare,
I'll fly to my Redeemer's arms;
For safety must be there.

6 My Guardian, my almighty Friend,
On thee my soul would rest;
On thee alone my hopes depend;
In thee I'm ever blest.

672. L. M. J. F. Oberlin.

Christian Stability.

1 O LORD, thy heavenly grace impart,
And fix my frail, inconstant heart;
Henceforth my chief desire shall be
To dedicate myself to thee.

2 Whate'er pursuits my time employ,
One thought shall fill my soul with joy;
That silent, secret thought shall be,
That all my hopes are fixed on thee.

3 Thy glorious eye pervadeth space;
Thy presence, Lord, fills every place;
And, wheresoe'er my lot may be,
Still shall my spirit cleave to thee.

4 Renouncing every worldly thing,
And safe beneath thy spreading wing,
My sweetest thought henceforth shall be,
That all I want I find in thee.

673. C. M. Steele.

Filial Submission.

1 AND can my heart aspire so high
To say, "My Father," God?
Lord, at thy feet I fain would lie,
And learn to kiss the rod.

2 I would submit to all thy will,
For thou art good and wise;
Let each rebellious thought be still,
Nor one faint murmur rise.

3 Thy love can cheer the darkest gloom,
And bid me wait serene,
Till hopes and joys immortal bloom,
And brighten all the scene.

4 "My Father, God," permit my heart
To plead her humble claim,
And ask the bliss those words impart,
In my Redeemer's name.

674. 8s & 7s. Pratt's Col.

Prayer for Humility.

1 LET thy grace, Lord, make me lowly,
Humble all my swelling pride:
Fallen, guilty, and unholy,
Greatness from my eyes I'll hide.

2 I'll forbid my vain aspiring,
Nor at earthly honors aim,
No ambitious heights desiring,
Far above my humble claim.

3 Weaned from earth's delusive pleasures,
In thy love I'll seek for mine;
Placed in heaven my nobler treasures,
Earth I quietly resign.

4 Thus the transient world despising,
On the Lord my hopes rely;
Thus my joys, from him arising,
Like himself, shall never die.

675. C. M. C. Wesley.

Prayer for Grace in Trial.

1 SHEPHERD divine, our wants relieve,
In this our evil day;
To all thy tempted followers give
The heart to trust and pray.

2 Long as our fiery trials last,
Long as the cross we bear,
O, let our souls on thee be cast,
In never-ceasing prayer.

3 Thy Holy Spirit's praying grace
Give us in faith to claim,
To wrestle till we see thy face,
And know thy hidden name.

4 Till thou the Father's love impart,
Till thou thyself bestow,
Be this the cry of every heart —
"I will not let thee go."

676. S. M. C. Wesley.

Prayer for Self-Consecration.

1 O GOD, my strength, my hope,
On thee I cast my care,
With humble confidence look up,
And know thou hearest prayer.

2 O for a godly fear,
A quick-discerning eye,
That looks to thee when sin is near,
And sees the tempter fly! —

3 A spirit still prepared,
And armed with jealous care,
Forever standing on its guard,
And watching unto prayer!

4 Lord, let me still abide,
Nor from my hope remove,
Till thou my patient spirit guide
To better worlds above.

677. C. M. C. Wesley.

Prayer for Supplies of Grace.

1 THOU Fount of blessing, God of love,
To thee our hearts we raise;
Thine all-sustaining power we prove,
And gladly sing thy praise.

2 Thine, wholly thine, we long to be;
Our sacrifice receive;
Made, and preserved, and saved, by thee,
To thee ourselves we give.

3 To thee our every wish aspires;
For all thy mercy's store,
The sole return thy love requires
Is, that we ask for more.

4 For more we ask; we open, Lord,
Our hearts t' embrace thy will:
Renew us by thy quickening word,
And from thy fulness fill.

678. 8s, 6 & 4. HEMANS.

Imploring Succor.

1 FATHER, who in the olive shade,
When the dark hour came on,
Didst, with a breath of heavenly aid,
Strengthen thy Son, —

2 O, by the anguish of that night,
Send us down blest relief;
Or, to the chastened, let thy might
Hallow this grief.

3 And thou, that when the starry sky
Saw the dread strife begun,
Didst teach adoring faith to cry,
"Thy will be done," —

4 By thy meek spirit, thou, of all
That e'er have mourned the chief,
Blest Saviour, if the stroke must fall,
Hallow this grief.

679. C. M. WATTS.

Secret Communion with God.

1 'TWAS in the watches of the night
I thought upon thy power;
I kept thy lovely face in sight,
Amid the darkest hour.

2 While I lay resting on my bed,
My soul arose on high;
My God, my life, my hope, I said,
Bring thy salvation nigh.

3 I strive to mount thy holy hill;
I walk the heavenly road;
Thy glories all my spirit fill,
While I commune with God.

4 Thy mercy stretches o'er my head
The shadow of thy wing;
My heart rejoices in thine aid,
And I thy praises sing.

680. 6s & 4s. [Peculiar.] Hemans.

Prayer for Help in Necessity.

1 LOWLY and solemn be
Thy children's cry to thee,
Father divine, —
A hymn of suppliant breath,
Owning that life and death
Alike are thine.

2 O Father, in that hour,
When earth all helping power
Shall disavow, —
When spear, and shield, and crown,
In faintness are cast down, —
Sustain us, thou!

3 By Him who bowed to take
The death-cup for our sake,
The thorn, the rod, —
From whom the last dismay
Was not to pass away, —
Aid us, O God.

4 While trembling o'er the grave,
We call on thee to save,
Father divine:
Hear, hear our suppliant breath;
Keep us, in life and death,
Thine, only thine.

681. C. M. Watts.

God's Presence is Light in Darkness.

1 MY God, the spring of all my joys,
The life of my delights,
The glory of my brightest days,
And comfort of my nights!

2 In darkest shades, if he appear,
My dawning is begun;
He is my soul's bright morning star,
And he my rising sun.

3 The opening heavens around me shine
With beams of sacred bliss,
While Jesus shows his love is mine,
And whispers, I am his.

4 My soul would leave this heavy clay,
At that transporting word,
And run with joy the shining way,
To meet my gracious Lord.

5 Fearless of hell and ghastly death,
I break through every foe:
The wings of love and arms of faith
Shall bear me conqueror through.

682. S. M. WATTS.

Backsliding and Repentance.

1 MINE eyes and my desire
Are ever to the Lord;
I love to plead his promised grace,
And rest upon his word.

2 Turn, turn thee to my soul;
Bring thy salvation near;
When will thy hand release my feet
From every deadly snare?

3 When shall the sovereign grace
Of my forgiving God
Restore me from those dangerous ways
My wandering feet have trod?

4 O, keep my soul from death,
Nor put my hope to shame;
For I have placed my only trust
In my Redeemer's name.

5 With humble faith I wait
To see thy face again;
Of Israel it shall ne'er be said,
"He sought the Lord in vain."

683. S. M. Watts.

Ingratitude deplored.

1 IS this the kind return?
Are these the thanks we owe? —
Thus to abuse eternal love,
Whence all our blessings flow?

2 To what a stubborn frame
Has sin reduced our mind!
What strange, rebellious wretches we!
And God as strangely kind!

3 Turn, turn us, mighty God,
And mould our souls afresh;
Break, sovereign grace, these hearts of stone,
And give us hearts of flesh.

4 Let past ingratitude
Provoke our weeping eyes;
And hourly, as new mercies fall,
Let hourly thanks arise.

684. L. M. Kelly.

Backsliding and Returning.

1 O, WHERE is now that glowing love
That marked our union with the Lord?
Our hearts were fixed on things above,
Nor could the world a joy afford.

2 Where is the zeal that led us then
To make our Saviour's glory known?
That freed us from the fear of men,
And kept our eye on him alone?

3 Where are the happy seasons spent
In fellowship with him we loved?
The sacred joy, the sweet content,
The blessedness that then we proved?

4 Behold, again we turn to thee:
O, cast us not away, though vile:
No peace we have, no joy we see,
O Lord our God, but in thy smile.

685. H. M. WINCHELL'S SEL.

Seeking Restoration.

1 WHERE is my Saviour now,
Whose smiles I once possessed?
Till he return, I bow,
By heavy grief oppressed:
My days of happiness are gone,
And I am left to weep alone.

2 Where can the mourner go,
And tell his tale of grief?
Ah, who can soothe his woe,
And give him sweet relief?
Earth cannot heal the wounded breast,
Or give the troubled sinner rest.

3 Jesus, thy smiles impart;
My gracious Lord, return,
And ease my wounded heart,
And bid me cease to mourn:
Then shall this night of sorrow flee,
And peace and heaven be found in thee.

686. L. M. WATTS.

The Road to Life and to Death.

1 BROAD is the road that leads to death,
And thousands walk together there;
But wisdom shows a narrow path,
With here and there a traveller.

2 "Deny thyself and take thy cross,"
Is the Redeemer's great command:
Nature must count her gold but dross,
If she would gain this heavenly land.

3 The fearful soul that tires and faints,
And walks the ways of God no more,
Is but esteemed almost a saint,
And makes his own destruction sure.

4 Lord, let not all my hopes be vain;
Create my heart entirely new —
Which hypocrites could ne'er attain,
Which false apostates never knew.

687. 6s, 8s & 4s. URWICK'S COL.

The Warning.

1 THE awful message came;
The Lord of spirits said,
"I know thou hast a living name,
But thou art dead.
Thy dying gifts revive,
And strengthen what remain;
Repent, remember, watch, and strive
To live again.

2 "But if thou wilt not hear
This warning of my grace,
Nor bow, with penitential fear,
Before my face,
Lo! as a thief I come, —
The hour thou canst not tell, —
To drive thee from thy peaceful home
In flames to dwell.

3 "The undefiled shall see
My promise fixed and sure;
And he who conquers walk with me
In garments pure:
Recorded by my love,
His name I will declare
Before my Father's throne above,
And angels there."

688. C. M. WATTS.

Difficulty and Dependence.

1 STRAIT is the way, the door is strait,
That leads to joys on high:
'Tis but a few that find the gate,
While crowds mistake and die.

2 Belovéd self must be denied,
The mind and will renewed.
Passion suppressed, and patience tried,
And vain desires subdued.

3 Lord, can a feeble, helpless worm
Fulfil a task so hard?
Thy grace must all the work perform,
And give the free reward.

689. S. M. STEELE.

Grateful Acknowledgment.

1 MY Maker and my King,
To thee my all I owe;
Thy sovereign bounty is the spring
Whence all my blessings flow.

2 The creature of thy hand,
On thee alone I live;
My God, thy benefits demand
More praise than I can give.

3 Lord, what can I impart,
When all is thine before?
Thy love demands a thankful heart, —
The gift, alas! how poor!

4 Shall I withhold thy due?
And shall my passions rove?
Lord, form this wretched heart anew,
And fill it with thy love.

5 O, let thy grace inspire
My soul with strength divine;
Let all my powers to thee aspire,
And all my days be thine.

690. C. M. STEELE.

Pardoning Love.

1 HOW oft, alas! this wretched heart
Has wandered from the Lord!
How oft my roving thoughts depart,
Forgetful of his word!

2 Yet sovereign mercy calls, "Return;"
Dear Lord, and may I come?
My vile ingratitude I mourn;
O, take the wanderer home.

3 And canst thou, wilt thou, yet forgive,
And bid my crimes remove?
And shall a pardoned rebel live
To speak thy wondrous love?

4 Thy pardoning love, so free, so sweet,
Blest Saviour, I adore;
O, keep me at thy sacred feet,
And let me rove no more.

691. C. M. COWPER.

Walking with God.

1 O FOR a closer walk with God!
A calm and heavenly frame!
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb!

2 Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and his word?

3 What peaceful hours I then enjoyed!
How sweet their memory still!
But now I find an aching void
The world can never fill.

4 Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest;
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.

5 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.

6 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

692. C. M. WATTS.

Prayer for quickening Grace.

1 MY soul lies cleaving to the dust;
Lord, give me life divine;
From vain desires, and every lust,
Turn off these eyes of mine.

2 I need the influence of thy grace
To speed me in thy way,
Lest I should loiter in my race,
Or turn my feet astray.

3 Are not thy mercies sovereign still,
And thou a faithful God?
Wilt thou not grant me warmer zeal
To run the heavenly road?

4 Does not my heart thy precepts love,
And long to see thy face?
And yet how slow my spirits move
Without enlivening grace!

5 Then shall I love thy gospel more,
And ne'er forget thy word,
When I have felt its quickening power
To draw me near the Lord.

693. C. M. Addison.

Gratitude.

1 WHEN all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.

2 Unnumbered comforts on my soul
Thy tender care bestowed,
Before my infant heart conceived
From whom those comforts flowed.

3 When in the slippery paths of youth
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm, unseen, conveyed me safe,
And led me up to man.

4 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.

5 Through every period of my life,
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

6 Through all eternity, to thee
A grateful song I'll raise:
But, O, eternity 's too short
To utter all thy praise.

694. S. M. Watts.

Union and Peace.

1 BLEST are the sons of peace,
Whose hearts and hopes are one,
Whose kind designs to serve and please
Through all their actions run.

2 Blest is the pious house
Where zeal and friendship meet;
Their songs of praise, their mingled vows,
Make their communion sweet.

3 From those celestial springs
Such streams of pleasure flow,
As no increase of riches brings,
Nor honors can bestow.

4 Thus, when on Aaron's head
They poured the rich perfume,
The oil through all his raiment spread,
And fragrance filled the room.

5 Thus, on the heavenly hills,
The saints are blessed above,
Where joy, like morning dew, distils,
And all the air is love.

695. 7s. Montgomery.

Joined to God's People.

1 PEOPLE of the living God,
I have sought the world around,
Paths of sin and sorrow trod,
Peace and comfort nowhere found.

2 Now to you my spirit turns,—
Turns, a fugitive unblest;
Brethren, where your altar burns,
O, receive me into rest.

3 Lonely I no longer roam,
Like the cloud, the wind, the wave;
Where you dwell shall be my home,
Where you die shall be my grave.

4 Mine the God whom you adore;
Your Redeemer shall be mine;
Earth can fill my soul no more;
Every idol I resign.

696. S. M. BEDDOME.

All one in Christ.

1 LET party names no more
The Christian world o'erspread:
Gentile and Jew, and bond and free,
Are one in Christ, their Head.

2 Among the saints on earth
Let mutual love be found —
Heirs of the same inheritance,
With mutual blessings crowned.

3 Thus will the church below
Resemble that above,
Where streams of endless pleasure flow,
And every heart is love.

697. C. M. SWAIN.

Brotherly Love.

1 HOW sweet, how heavenly, is the sight,
When those that love the Lord
In one another's peace delight,
And thus fulfil his word! —

2 When each can feel his brother's sigh,
And with him bear a part;
When sorrow flows from eye to eye,
And joy from heart to heart! —

3 When, free from envy, scorn, and pride,
Our wishes all above,
Each can his brother's failings hide,
And show a brother's love!

4 Love is the golden chain that binds
The happy souls above;
And he's an heir of heaven that finds
His bosom glow with love.

698. L. M. Barbauld.

Christian Affection.

1 HOW blest the sacred tie that binds,
In sweet communion, kindred minds!
How swift the heavenly course they run,
Whose hearts, whose faith, whose hopes, are one!

2 To each the soul of each how dear!
What tender love, what holy fear!
How doth the generous flame within
Refine from earth, and cleanse from sin!

3 Nor shall the glowing flame expire,
When dimly burns frail nature's fire;
Then shall they meet in realms above,
A heaven of joy, a heaven of love.

699. C. M. Watts.

Christian Harmony.

1 LO! what an entertaining sight
Those friendly brethren prove,
Whose cheerful hearts in bands unite
Of harmony and love! —

2 Where streams of bliss from Christ, the spring,
Descend to every soul,
And heavenly peace, with balmy wing,
Shades and bedews the whole!

3 'Tis pleasant as the morning dews
That fall on Zion's hill,
Where God his mildest glory shows,
And makes his grace distil.

700. H. M. Montgomery.

Christian Unity.

1 HOW beautiful the sight
Of brethren who agree
In friendship to unite,
And bonds of charity:
'Tis like the precious ointment, shed
O'er all his robes, from Aaron's head.

2 'Tis like the dews that fill
The cups of Hermon's flowers,
Or Zion's fruitful hill,
Bright with the drops of showers,
When mingling odors breathe around,
And glory rests on all the ground.

3 For there the Lord commands
Blessings, a boundless store,
From his unsparing hands,
Yea, life forevermore:
Thrice happy they who meet above
To spend eternity in love.

701. C. M. SPIR. OF THE PSALMS.

Excellence of Christian Unanimity and Love.

1 SPIRIT of peace, celestial Dove,
How excellent thy praise!
No richer gift than Christian love
Thy gracious power displays.

2 Sweet as the dew on herb and flower,
That silently distils,
At evening's soft and balmy hour,
On Zion's fruitful hills, —

3 So, with mild influence from above,
Shall promised grace descend,
Till universal peace and love
O'er all the earth extend.

702. C. M. BEDDOME.

Imitation of Christ.

1 IN duties and in sufferings too,
Thy path, my Lord, I'd trace;
As thou hast done, so would I do,
Depending on thy grace.

2 Inflamed with zeal, 'twas thy delight
To do thy Father's will;
O, may that zeal my soul excite
Thy precepts to fulfil.

3 Unsullied meekness, truth, and love,
Through all thy conduct shine;
O, may my whole deportment prove
A copy, Lord, of thine.

703. L. M. Watts.

Religion vain without Love.

1 HAD I the tongues of Greeks and Jews,
And nobler speech than angels use,
If love be absent, I am found,
Like tinkling brass, an empty sound.

2 Were I inspired to preach and tell
All that is done in heaven and hell, —
Or could my faith the world remove, —
Still I am nothing without love.

3 Should I distribute all my store
To feed the hungry, clothe the poor, —
Or give my body to the flame,
To gain a martyr's glorious name, —

4 If love to God and love to men
Be absent, all my hopes are vain;
Nor tongues, nor gifts, nor fiery zeal,
The work of love can e'er fulfil.

704. L. M. Watts.

Following the Example of Christ.

1 MY dear Redeemer and my Lord,
I read my duty in thy word;
But in thy life the law appears,
Drawn out in living characters.

2 Such was thy truth, and such thy zeal,
Such deference to thy Father's will,
Such love and meekness so divine,
I would transcribe, and make them mine.

3 Cold mountains and the midnight air
Witnessed the fervor of thy prayer;
The desert thy temptations knew,
Thy conflict and thy victory too.

4 Be thou my pattern; make me bear
More of thy gracious image here;
Then God, the Judge, shall own my name
Among the followers of the Lamb.

705. C. M. KIRKHAM.

Bearing Shame for Christ.

1 DIDST thou, dear Saviour, suffer shame,
And bear the cross for me?
And shall I fear to own thy name,
Or thy disciple be?

2 Inspire my soul with life divine,
And make me truly bold;
Let knowledge, faith, and meekness shine,
Nor love nor zeal grow cold.

3 Let mockers scoff, the world defame,
And treat me with disdain;
Still may I glory in thy name,
And count reproach my gain.

4 To thee I cheerfully submit,
And all my powers resign;
Let wisdom point out what is fit,
And I'll no more repine.

706. L. M. WATTS.

The Gospel exemplified in the Conduct.

1 SO let our lips and lives express
The holy gospel we profess;
So let our works and virtues shine,
To prove the doctrine all divine.

2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
The honors of our Saviour God,
When his salvation reigns within,
And grace subdues the power of sin.

3 Our flesh and sense must be denied,
Ambition, envy, lust, and pride;
While justice, temperance, truth, and love,
Our inward piety approve.

4 Religion bears our spirits up,
While we expect that blessèd hope,
The bright appearance of the Lord,
And faith stands leaning on his word.

707. 7s, 6 L. MONTGOMERY.

Christ our Example in Suffering.

1 GO to dark Gethsemane,
Ye that feel temptation's power;
Your Redeemer's conflict see;
Watch with him one bitter hour:
Turn not from his griefs away;
Learn of Jesus Christ to pray.

2 Follow to the judgment-hall;
View the Lord of life arraigned:
O, the wormwood and the gall!
O, the pangs his soul sustained!
Shun not suffering, shame, or loss;
Learn of him to bear the cross.

3 Calvary's mournful mountain climb;
There, admiring at his feet,
Mark that miracle of time,
God's own sacrifice complete:
"It is finished," hear him cry;
Learn of Jesus Christ to die.

4 Early hasten to the tomb
Where they laid his breathless clay;
All is solitude and gloom:
Who has taken him away?
Christ is risen; he meets our eyes:
Saviour, teach us so to rise.

708. S. M. TOPLADY.

Encouragement.

1 YOUR harps, ye trembling saints,
Down from the willows take;
Loud, to the praise of love divine,
Bid every string awake.

2 Though in a foreign land,
We are not far from home;
And nearer to our house above
We every moment come.

3 His grace will to the end
Stronger and brighter shine;
Nor present things, nor things to come,
Shall quench the spark divine.

709. C. M. Watts.

Prayer for Direction.

1 O THAT the Lord would guide my ways,
To keep his statutes still!
O that my God would grant me grace
To know and do his will!

2 O, send thy Spirit down, to write
Thy law upon my heart;
Nor let my tongue indulge deceit,
Nor act the liar's part.

3 From folly turn away my eyes;
Let no corrupt design,
Nor covetous desire, arise
Within this soul of mine.

4 Direct my footsteps by thy word,
And make my heart sincere;
Let sin have no dominion, Lord,
But keep my conscience clear.

5 Make me to walk in thy commands, —
'Tis a delightful road, —
Nor let my head, nor heart, nor hands,
Offend against my God.

710. C. M. Watts.

Communion with God.

1 TO thee, before the dawning light,
My gracious God, I pray;
I meditate thy name by night,
And keep thy law by day.

2 My spirit faints to see thy grace;
Thy promise bears me up;
And, while salvation long delays,
Thy word supports my hope.

3 When midnight darkness veils the skies,
I call thy works to mind;
My thoughts in warm devotion rise,
And sweet acceptance find.

711. 8s & 7s. J. TAYLOR.

The Fount of Blessing.

1 FAR from mortal cares retreating,
Sordid hopes, and vain desires,
Here, our willing footsteps meeting,
Every heart to heaven aspires.

2 From the fount of glory beaming,
Light celestial cheers our eyes,
Mercy from above proclaiming
Peace and pardon from the skies.

3 Who may share this great salvation?
Every pure and humble mind,
Every kindred, tongue, and nation,
From the stains of guilt refined.

4 Blessings all around bestowing,
God withholds his care from none,
Grace and mercy ever flowing
From the fountain of his throne.

712. C. M. BOWRING.

Holy Aspirations.

1 THE Saviour now is gone before
To yon blest realms of light:
O, thither may our spirits soar,
And wing their upward flight.

2 Lord, make us to those joys aspire,
That spring from love to thee,
That pass the carnal heart's desire,
And faith alone can see.

3 To guide us to thy glories, Lord,
To lift us to the sky,
O, may thy spirit still be poured
Upon us from on high.

713. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

Gratitude and Hope.

1 MY soul, triumphant in the Lord,
Proclaim thy joys abroad,
And march with holy vigor on,
Supported by thy God.

2 Through every winding maze of life
His hand has been my guide;
And in his long-experienced care
My heart shall still confide.

3 His grace through all the desert flows,
An unexhausted stream;
That grace, on Zion's sacred mount,
Shall be my endless theme.

4 Beyond the choicest joys of time,
Thy courts on earth I love;
But, O, I burn with strong desire
To dwell with thee above.

5 There, joined with all the shining band,
My soul would thee adore,
A pillar in thy temple fixed,
To be removed no more.

714. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

Self-Admonition.

1 AWAKE, my drowsy soul, awake,
And view the threatening scene;
See how thy foes encamp around,
And treason lurks within.

2 'Tis not this mortal life alone
These hostile powers assail:
How canst thou hope for future bliss,
If their attempts prevail?

3 Then to the work of God awake;
Behold thy Master near;
The various, arduous task pursue
With vigor and with fear.

4 The awful register goes on;
Th' account will surely come;
And opening day, or closing night,
May bear me to my doom.

5 Tremendous thought! how deep it strikes!
Yet like a dream it flies,
Till God's own voice the slumbers chase
From these deluded eyes.

715. S. M. Doddridge.

The watchful Servant.

1 YE servants of the Lord,
Each in his office wait;
With joy obey his heavenly word,
And watch before his gate.

2 Let all your lamps be bright,
And trim the golden flame;
Gird up your loins, as in his sight,
For awful is his name.

3 Watch! — 'tis your Lord's command;
And while we speak, he's near:
Mark every signal of his hand,
And ready all appear.

4 O, happy servant he,
In such a posture found!
He shall his Lord with rapture see,
And be with honor crowned.

716. C. M. Campbell's Col.

Watch and pray.

1 THE Saviour bids us watch and pray,
Through life's brief, fleeting hour,
And gives the Spirit's quickening ray
To those who seek his power.

2 The Saviour bids us watch and pray,
Maintain a warrior's strife;
Help, Lord, to hear thy voice to-day;
Obedience is our life.

3 The Saviour bids us watch and pray;
For soon the hour will come
That calls us from the earth away,
To our eternal home.

4 O Saviour, we would watch and pray,
And hear thy sacred voice,
And walk, as thou hast marked the way,
To heaven's eternal joys.

717. S. M. HEATH.

Watchfulness and Prayer inculcated.

1 MY soul, be on thy guard;
Ten thousand foes arise;
The hosts of sin are pressing hard
To draw thee from the skies.

2 O, watch, and fight, and pray;
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.

3 Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor lay thine armor down:
Thy arduous work will not be done
Till thou obtain thy crown.

4 Fight on, my soul, till death
Shall bring thee to thy God;
He'll take thee, at thy parting breath,
To his divine abode.

718. S. M. WATTS.

Trusting in God.

1 I LIFT my soul to God;
My trust is in his name:
Let not my foes, that seek my blood,
Still triumph in my shame.

2 From early dawning light
Till evening shades arise,
For thy salvation, Lord, I wait,
With ever-longing eyes.

3 Remember all thy grace,
And lead me in thy truth;
Forgive the sins of riper days,
And follies of my youth.

4 The Lord is just and kind;
The meek shall learn his ways,
And every humble sinner find
The blessings of his grace.

719. 7s & 6s. [Peculiar.] Cennick.

The Christian Pilgrimage.

1 RISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings;
Thy better portion trace;
Rise from all terrestrial things,
Towards heaven, thy native place:
Sun, and moon, and stars, decay;
Time shall soon this earth remove;
Rise, my soul, and haste away
To seats prepared above.

2 Rivers to the ocean run,
Nor stay in all their course;
Fire, ascending, seeks the sun;
Both speed them to their source:
So a soul that's born of God
Pants to view his glorious face,
Upward tends to his abode,
To rest in his embrace.

3 Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn;
Press onward to the prize;
Soon our Saviour will return,
Triumphant in the skies:
Yet a season, and you know
Happy entrance will be given,
All our sorrows left below,
And earth exchanged for heaven.

720. L. M. Watts.

The Christian Warfare.

1 STAND up, my soul, shake off thy fears,
And gird the gospel armor on;
March to the gates of endless joy,
Where Jesus, thy great Captain, 's gone.

2 Hell and thy sins resist thy course;
But hell and sin are vanquished foes;
Thy Saviour nailed them to the cross,
And sung the triumph when he rose.

3 Then let my soul march boldly on, —
Press forward to the heavenly gate ;
There peace and joy eternal reign,
And glittering robes for conquerors wait.

4 There shall I wear a starry crown,
And triumph in almighty grace,
While all the armies of the skies
Join in my glorious Leader's praise.

721. C. M. WATTS.

The Christian Soldier.

1 AM I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb ?
And shall I fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name ?

2 Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas ?

3 Are there no foes for me to face ?
Must I not stem the flood ?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God ?

4 Sure I must fight, if I would reign ;
Increase my courage, Lord :
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.

5 Thy saints in all this glorious war
Shall conquer, though they die ;
They see the triumph from afar,
And seize it with their eye.

6 When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all thy armies shine
In robes of victory through the skies,
The glory shall be thine.

722. C. M. ANON.

The whole Armor.

1 O, SPEED thee, Christian, on thy way,
And to thy armor cling;
With girded loins the call obey
That grace and mercy bring.

2 There is a battle to be fought,
An upward race to run,
A crown of glory to be sought,
A victory to be won.

3 The shield of faith repels the dart
That Satan's hand may throw;
His arrow cannot reach thy heart,
If Christ control the bow.

4 The glowing lamp of prayer will light
Thee on thy anxious road;
'Twill keep the goal of heaven in sight,
And guide thee to thy God.

5 O, faint not, Christian, for thy sighs
Are heard before his throne;
The race must come before the prize,
The cross before the crown.

723. S. M. C. WESLEY.

The Christian Soldier.

1 SOLDIERS of Christ, arise,
And gird your armor on,
Strong in the strength which God supplies
Through his eternal Son.

2 Strong in the Lord of hosts,
And in his mighty power,
The man who in the Saviour trusts
Is more than conqueror.

3 Stand, then, in his great might,
With all his strength endued,
And take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God: —

4 That, having all things done,
And all your conflicts past,
You may o'ercome through Christ alone,
And stand complete at last.

5 From strength to strength go on;
Wrestle, and fight, and pray;
Tread all the powers of darkness down,
And win the well-fought day.

6 Still let the Spirit cry,
In all his soldiers, "Come,"
Till Christ the Lord descends from high,
And takes the conquerors home.

724. C. M. STEELE.

Succor implored in spiritual Conflicts.

1 ALAS! what hourly dangers rise!
What snares beset my way!
To heaven, O, let me lift mine eyes,
And hourly watch and pray.

2 How oft my mournful thoughts complain,
And melt in flowing tears!
My weak resistance, ah, how vain!
How strong my foes and fears!

3 O gracious God, in whom I live,
My feeble efforts aid;
Help me to watch, and pray, and strive,
Though trembling and afraid.

4 Increase my faith, increase my hope,
When foes and fears prevail;
O, bear my fainting spirit up,
Or soon my strength will fail.

5 Whene'er temptations lure my heart,
Or draw my feet aside,
My God, thy powerful aid impart,
My Guardian and my Guide.

6 O, keep me in thy heavenly way,
And bid the tempter flee;
And let me never, never stray
From happiness and thee.

725. L. M. Watts.

The heavenly Race.

1 AWAKE, our souls; away, our fears;
Let every trembling thought be gone;
Awake, and run the heavenly race,
And put a cheerful courage on.

2 True, 'tis a strait and thorny road,
And mortal spirits tire and faint;
But they forget the mighty God,
Who feeds the strength of every saint; —

3 The mighty God, whose matchless power
Is ever new and ever young,
And firm endures, while endless years
Their everlasting circles run.

4 From thee, the overflowing spring,
Our souls shall drink a full supply;
While those who trust their native strength
Shall melt away, and droop, and die.

5 Swift as an eagle cuts the air,
We'll mount aloft to thine abode;
On wings of love our souls shall fly,
Nor tire amid the heavenly road.

726. C. M. Doddridge.

The Christian Race.

1 AWAKE, my soul; stretch every nerve,
And press with vigor on;
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.

2 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey;
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

3 'Tis God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high;
'Tis his own hand presents the prize
To thine uplifted eye; —

4 That prize, with peerless glories bright,
Which shall new lustre boast,
When victors' wreaths and monarchs' gems
Shall blend in common dust.

727. C. M. WATTS.

Following departed Worthies.

1 GIVE me the wings of faith, to rise
Within the veil, and see
The saints above, how great their joys,
How bright their glories be.

2 Once they were mourning here below,
And bathed their couch with tears;
They wrestled hard, as we do now,
With sins, and doubts, and fears.

3 I ask them whence their victory came;
They, with united breath,
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,
Their triumph to his death.

4 They marked the footsteps that he trod;
His zeal inspired their breast;
And, following their incarnate God,
Possessed the promised rest.

5 Our glorious Leader claims our praise,
For his own pattern given;
While the long cloud of witnesses
Shows the same path to heaven.

728. C. M. NEEDHAM.

Following departed Worthies.

1 RISE, O my soul, pursue the path
By ancient worthies trod;
Aspiring, view those holy men
Who lived and walked with God.

2 Though dead, they speak in reason's ear,
And in example live;
Their faith, and hope, and mighty deeds,
Still fresh instruction give.

3 'Twas through the Lamb's most precious blood
They conquered every foe;
To his almighty power and grace
Their crowns of life they owe.

4 Lord, may I ever keep in view
The patterns thou hast given,
And ne'er forsake the blesséd road
That led them safe to heaven.

729. C. M. BARBAULD.

Following Christ.

1 OUR country is Immanuel's ground;
We seek that promised soil:
The songs of Zion cheer our hearts,
While strangers here we toil.

2 We tread the path our Master trod;
We bear the cross he bore;
And every thorn that wounds our feet
His temples pierced before.

3 Our powers are oft dissolved away
In ecstasies of love;
And while our bodies wander here,
Our souls are fixed above.

4 We purge our mortal dross away,
Refining as we run;
But while we die to earth and sense,
Our heaven is here begun.

730. S. M. MONTGOMERY.

Encouragement to Faithfulness.

1 OUR Captain leads us on;
He beckons from the skies;
He reaches out a starry crown,
And bids us take the prize.

2 "Be faithful unto death,
Partake my victory,
And thou shalt wear this glorious wreath,
And thou shalt reign with me."

3 'Tis thus the righteous Lord
To every soldier saith;
Eternal life is the reward
Of all victorious faith.

4 Who conquer in his might
The victor's meed receive;
They claim a kingdom in his right,
Which God will freely give.

731. C. M. WATTS.

Sustaining Grace in old Age implored.

1 GOD of my childhood and my youth,
The Guide of all my days,
I have declared thy heavenly truth,
And told thy wondrous ways.

2 Wilt thou forsake my hoary hairs,
And leave my fainting heart?
Who shall sustain my sinking years,
If God, my strength, depart?

3 Let me thy power and truth proclaim
Before the rising age,
And leave a savor of thy name
When I shall quit the stage.

4 The land of silence and of death
Attends my next remove;
O, may these poor remains of breath
Teach all the world thy love.

732. C. M. WATTS.

Trusting God in old Age.

1 MY God, my everlasting hope,
I live upon thy truth;
Thy hands have held my childhood up,
And strengthened all my youth.

2 Still has my life new wonders seen,
Repeated every year;
Behold, my days that yet remain,
I trust them to thy care.

3 Cast me not off when strength declines,
When hoary hairs arise;
And round me let thy glory shine,
Whene'er thy servant dies.

4 Then, in the history of my age,
When men review my days,
They'll read thy love in every page,
In every line thy praise.

733. C. M. Sab. Recreations.

Resignation.

1 IN trouble and in grief, O God,
Thy smile hath cheered my way;
And joy hath budded from each thorn
That round my footsteps lay.

2 The hours of pain have yielded good
Which prosperous days refused;
As herbs, though scentless when entire,
Spread fragrance when they're bruised.

3 The oak strikes deeper, as its boughs
By furious blasts are driven;
So life's tempestuous storms the more
Have fixed my heart in heaven.

4 All-gracious Lord, whate'er my lot
In other times may be,
I'll welcome still the heaviest grief
That brings me near to thee.

734. C. M. Watts.

This Life a Pilgrimage.

1 LORD, what a wretched land is this,
That yields us no supply —
No cheering fruits, no wholesome trees,
No streams of living joy!

2 Our journey is a thorny maze;
But we march upward still,
Forget these troubles of the ways,
And press to Zion's hill.

3 There, on a green and flowery mount,
Our weary souls shall sit,
And with transporting joy recount
The labors of our feet.

4 Eternal glory to the King
Whose hand conducts us through;
Our tongues shall never cease to sing,
And endless praise renew.

735. C. M. WATTS.

Looking from Earth to Heaven.

1 DEATH may dissolve my body now
And bear my spirit home:
Why do my days so sluggish move,
Nor my salvation come?

2 God has laid up in heaven for me
A crown which cannot fade;
The righteous Judge, at that great day,
Shall place it on my head.

3 Jesus, the Lord, will guard me safe
From every ill design,
And to his heavenly kingdom take
This feeble soul of mine.

4 God is my everlasting aid,
My portion and my friend,
To him be highest glory paid,
Through ages without end.

736. C. M. H. H. HAWLEY.

The Hope, the Star, the Voice.

1 THERE is a hope, a blesséd hope,
More precious and more bright
Than all the joyless mockery
The world esteems delight.

2 There is a star, a lovely star,
That lights the darkest gloom,
And sheds a peaceful radiance o'er
The prospects of the tomb.

3 There is a voice, a cheering voice,
That lifts the soul above,
Dispels the painful, anxious doubt,
And whispers, "God is love."

4 That voice, aloud from Calvary's height,
Proclaims the soul forgiven;
That star is revelation's light;
That hope, the hope of heaven.

737. S. M. L. H. Sigourney.

Active Piety.

1 LABORERS of Christ, arise,
And gird you for the toil;
The dew of promise from the skies
Already cheers the soil.

2 Go where the sick recline,
Where mourning hearts deplore;
And where the sons of sorrow pine,
Dispense your hallowed lore.

3 Urge, with a tender zeal,
The erring child along
Where peaceful congregations kneel,
And pious teachers throng.

4 Be faith, which looks above,
With prayer, your constant guest,
And wrap the Saviour's changeless love
A mantle round your breast.

5 So shall you share the wealth
That earth may ne'er despoil,
And the blest gospel's saving health
Repay your arduous toil.

738. C. M. Watts.

Kindness to the Poor.

1 HOW blest is he who fears the Lord,
And follows his commands,
Who lends the poor without reward,
Or gives with liberal hands!

2 As pity dwells within his breast
To all the sons of need,
So God shall answer his request
With blessings on his seed.

3 In times of danger and distress,
Some beams of light shall shine,
To show the world his righteousness,
And give him peace divine.

4 His works of piety and love
Remain before the Lord;
Sweet peace on earth, and joys above,
Shall be his sure reward.

739. L. M. Ch. Psalmody.

Care of Widows and Orphans.

1 THOU God of hope, to thee we bow;
Thou art our refuge in distress;
The husband of the widow thou,
The father of the fatherless.

2 The poor are thy peculiar care;
To them thy promises are sure:
Thy gifts the poor in spirit share;
O, may we always thus be poor.

3 May we thy law of love fulfil,
To bear each other's burdens here,
Endure and do thy righteous will,
And walk in all thy faith and fear.

4 Thou God of hope, to thee we bow;
Thou art our refuge in distress;
The husband of the widow thou,
The father of the fatherless.

740. S. M. Montgomery.

Active Effort to do Good.

1 SOW in the morn thy seed;
At eve hold not thy hand;
To doubt and fear give thou no heed;
Broadcast it o'er the land; —

2 And duly shall appear,
In verdure, beauty, strength,
The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,
And the full corn at length.

3 Thou canst not toil in vain;
Cold, heat, and moist, and dry,
Shall foster and mature the grain
For garners in the sky.

4 Thence, when the glorious end,
The day of God, shall come,
The angel-reapers shall descend,
And heaven cry, "Harvest home!"

741. C. M. BARBAULD.

Sympathy with the Afflicted.

1 BLEST is the man whose softening heart
Feels all another's pain;
To whom the supplicating eye
Is never raised in vain;—

2 Whose breast expands with generous warmth,
A brother's woes to feel,
And bleeds in pity o'er the wound
He wants the power to heal.

3 He spreads his kind, supporting arms
To every child of grief:
His secret bounty largely flows,
And brings unasked relief.

4 To gentle offices of love
His feet are never slow;
He views, through mercy's melting eye,
A brother in a foe.

5 Himself, through Christ, hath mercy found—
Free mercy from above;
That mercy moves him to fulfil
The perfect law of love.

742. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

Christian Kindness.

1 FATHER of mercies, send thy grace,
All-powerful, from above,
To form in our obedient souls
The image of thy love.

2 O, may our sympathizing breasts
That generous pleasure know,
Kindly to share in others' joy,
And weep for others' woe.

3 When poor and helpless sons of grief
In deep distress are laid,
Soft be our hearts their pains to feel,
And swift our hands to aid.

4 So Jesus looked on dying man,
When throned above the skies,
And, in the Father's bosom blest,
He felt compassion rise.

5 On wings of love the Saviour flew
To raise us from the ground;
For us he shed his precious blood —
A balm for every wound.

743. C. M. BODEN.

Kindness to the Afflicted.

1 BRIGHT Source of everlasting love,
To thee our souls we raise,
And to thy sovereign bounty rear
A monument of praise.

2 Thy mercy gilds the path of life
With every cheering ray,
And kindly checks the rising tear,
Or wipes that tear away.

3 What shall we render, bounteous Lord,
For all the grace we see?
The goodness feeble man can yield
Extendeth not to thee.

4 To scenes of woe, to beds of pain,
We'll cheerfully repair,
And, with the gifts thy hand bestows,
Relieve the sufferers there.

5 The widow's heart shall sing for joy;
The orphan shall be glad;
And hungering souls we'll gladly point
To Christ, the living bread.

6 Thus what our heavenly Father gave
Shall we as freely give;
Thus copy him who lived to save,
And died that we might live.

744. C. M. W. Croswell.

Imitation of Christ's Kindness.

1 LORD, lead the way the Saviour went,
By lane and cell obscure,
And let our treasures still be spent,
Like his, upon the poor.

2 Like him, through scenes of deep distress,
Who bore the world's sad weight,
We, in their gloomy loneliness,
Would seek the desolate.

3 For thou hast placed us side by side
In this wide world of ill;
And that thy followers may be tried,
The poor are with us still.

4 Small are the offerings we can make;
Yet thou hast taught us, Lord,
If given for the Saviour's sake,
They lose not their reward.

745. 8s. & 7s. [Peculiar.] Anon.

Leaving a Portion for the Poor.

1 WHEN thy harvest yields thee pleasure,
Thou the golden sheaf shalt bind;
To the poor belongs the treasure
Of the scattered ears behind:
This thy God ordains to bless
The widow and the fatherless.

2 When thine olive-plants, increasing,
Pour their plenty o'er the plain,
Grateful thou shalt take the blessing,
But not search the boughs again:
This thy God ordains to bless
The widow and the fatherless.

3 When thy favored vintage, flowing,
Gladdens thine autumnal scene,
Own the bounteous hand bestowing,
But the vines the poor shall glean:
So thy God ordains to bless
The widow and the fatherless.

746. C. M. Doddridge.

Kindness to Christ's Brethren.

1 JESUS, our Lord, how rich thy grace!
Thy bounties how complete!
How shall we count the matchless sum?
How pay the mighty debt?

2 High on a throne of radiant light
Dost thou exalted shine;
What can our poverty bestow,
When all the worlds are thine?

3 But thou hast brethren here below,
The partners of thy grace,
And wilt confess their humble names
Before thy Father's face.

4 In them thou mayst be clothed, and fed,
And visited, and cheered;
And in their accents of distress
Our Saviour's voice is heard.

5 Thy face, with reverence and with love,
We in thy poor would see;
O, rather let us beg our bread,
Than hold it back from thee.

747. C. M. Beddome.

Tender Regard for the Poor.

1 HAPPY, forever happy he
Whose heart is cleansed from sin;
His life is from reproaches free,
His conscience is serene.

2 Remote from anger, noise, and strife,
Submissive and resigned,
He leads a holy, peaceful life,
Is loved of all mankind.

3 With tender pity for the poor,
He hears their plaintive cries,
And, out of his increasing store,
Their urgent want supplies.

4 In sickness God will soothe his grief,
And be his constant Friend;
At death will yield him kind relief,
And crown his journey's end.

748. C. M. Spir. of the Psalms.

Works of Piety rewarded.

1 HOW blest the children of the Lord,
Who, walking in his sight,
Make all the precepts of his word
Their study and delight!

2 That precious wealth shall be their dower,
Which cannot know decay,
Which moth or rust shall ne'er devour,
Nor spoiler take away.

3 For them that heavenly light shall spread,
Whose cheering rays illume
The darkest hours of life, and shed
A halo round the tomb.

4 Their works of piety and love,
Performed through Christ, their Lord,
Forever registered above,
Shall meet a sure reward.

749. C. M. Watts.

The Importance and Influence of Love.

1 HAPPY the heart where graces reign,
Where love inspires the breast:
Love is the brightest of the train,
And strengthens all the rest.

2 Knowledge, alas! 'tis all in vain,
And all in vain our fear:
Our stubborn sins will fight and reign,
If love be absent there.

3 'Tis love that makes our cheerful feet
In swift obedience move;
The devils know, and tremble too;
But they can never love.

4 This is the grace that lives and sings
When faith and hope shall cease;
'Tis this shall strike our joyful strings
In brightest realms of bliss.

750. L. M. Watts.

Blessedness of the Righteous.

1 BLEST are the men whose mercies move
To acts of kindness and of love;
From Christ, the Lord, shall they obtain
Like sympathy and love again.

2 Blest are the pure, whose hearts are clean,
Who never tread the ways of sin;
With endless pleasure they shall see
A God of spotless purity.

3 Blest are the men of peaceful life,
Who quench the coals of growing strife;
They shall be called the heirs of bliss,
The sons of God — the God of peace.

4 Blest are the faithful, who partake
Of pain and shame for Jesus' sake;
Their souls shall triumph in the Lord;
Eternal life is their reward.

751. C. M. Watts.

Earthly Pleasures dangerous.

1 HOW vain are all things here below!
How false, and yet how fair!
Each pleasure hath its poison too,
And every sweet a snare.

2 The brightest things below the sky
Shine with deceiving light;
We should suspect some danger nigh,
Where we possess delight.

3 Our dearest joys, our nearest friends,
The partners of our blood, —
How they divide our wavering minds,
And leave but half for God!

4 The fondness of a creature's love,
How strong it strikes the sense!
'Tis there the warm affections move,
Nor can we call them thence.

5 Dear Saviour, let thy beauties be
My soul's eternal food,
And grace command my heart away
From all created good.

752. 8s & 4s. ANON.

Vanity of the World.

1 ALAS! how poor and little worth
Are all those glittering toys of earth
That lure us here! —
Dreams of a sleep that death must break:
Alas! before it bids us wake,
They disappear.

2 Where is the strength that spurned decay,
The step that rolled so light and gay,
The heart's blithe tone?
The strength is gone, the step is slow,
And joy grows weariness and woe
When age comes on.

3 Our birth is but a starting-place;
Life is the running of the race,
And death the goal:
There all those glittering toys are brought;
That path alone, of all unsought,
Is found of all.

4 O, let the soul its slumbers break,
Arouse its senses, and awake
To see how soon
Life, like its glories, glides away,
And the stern footsteps of decay
Come stealing on.

753. 8s, 7s & 4. FAWCETT.

Hope encouraged.

1 O MY soul, what means this sadness?
Wherefore art thou thus cast down?
Let thy griefs be turned to gladness;
Bid thy restless fears be gone;
Look to Jesus,
And rejoice in his dear name.

2 What though Satan's strong temptations
Vex and grieve thee day by day,
And thy sinful inclinations
Often fill thee with dismay;
Thou shalt conquer,
Through the Lamb's redeeming blood.

3 Though ten thousand ills beset thee,
From without and from within,
Jesus saith he'll ne'er forget thee,
But will save from hell and sin;
He is faithful
To perform his gracious word.

4 Though distresses now attend thee,
And thou tread'st the thorny road,
His right hand shall still defend thee;
Soon he'll bring thee home to God;
Therefore praise him,
Praise the great Redeemer's name.

754. C. M. WATTS.

Thankful Acknowledgment of God's Goodness.

1 I LOVE the Lord: he heard my cries,
And pitied every groan:
Long as I live, when troubles rise,
I'll hasten to his throne.

2 I love the Lord: he bowed his ear,
And chased my grief away:
O, let my heart no more despair,
While I have breath to pray.

3 The Lord beheld me sore distressed;
He bade my pains remove;
Return, my soul, to God, thy rest,
For thou hast known his love.

755. L. M. WATTS.

Folly of envying the Prosperity of Sinners.

1 LORD, what a thoughtless wretch was I,
To mourn, and murmur, and repine,
To see the wicked, placed on high,
In pride and robes of honor shine!

2 But, O, their end, their dreadful end!
Thy faithful word hath taught me so!
On slippery rocks I see them stand,
And fiery billows roll below.

3 Now I esteem their mirth and wine
Too dear to purchase with my blood;
Lord, 'tis enough that thou art mine,
My life, my portion, and my God.

756. L. M. Watts.

Trusting in God in Times of Despondency.

1 MY spirit sinks within me, Lord;
But I will call thy grace to mind,
And times of past distress record,
When I have found my God was kind.

2 Yet will the Lord command his love,
When I address his throne by day,
Nor in the night his grace remove;
The night shall hear me sing and pray.

3 I'll chide my heart, that sinks so low;
Why should my soul indulge in grief?
Hope in the Lord, and praise him too;
He is my rest, my sure relief.

4 O God, thou art my hope, my joy;
Thy light and truth shall guide me still;
Thy word shall my best thoughts employ,
And lead me to thy heavenly hill.

757. C. M. Doddridge.

Earthly and Heavenly Good compared.

1 THESE mortal joys, how soon they fade!
How swift they pass away!
The dying flower reclines its head,
The beauty of a day.

2 Soon are those earthly treasures lost
We fondly call our own;
We scarcely can possession boast,
Before we find them gone.

3 But there are joys which cannot die,
With God laid up in store,
Treasures beyond the changing sky,
More bright than golden ore.

4 The seeds which piety and love
Have scattered here below,
In fair and fertile fields above
To ample harvests grow.

758. C. M. Watts.

Coldness and Inconstancy lamented.

1 LONG have we heard the joyful sound
Of thy salvation, Lord;
And still how weak our faith is found,
And knowledge of thy word!

2 How cold and feeble is our love!
How negligent our fear!
How low our hope of joys above!
How few affections there!

3 Great God, thy sovereign power impart,
To give thy word success;
Write thy salvation in each heart,
And make us learn thy grace.

4 Show our forgetful feet the way
That leads to joys on high,
Where knowledge grows without decay,
And love shall never die.

759. C. M. Newton.

Mourning over departed Comforts.

1 SWEET was the time when first I felt
The Saviour's pardoning blood
Applied to cleanse my soul from guilt,
And bring me home to God.

2 Soon as the morn the light revealed,
His praises tuned my tongue;
And when the evening shades prevailed,
His love was all my song.

3 In prayer my soul drew near the Lord,
And saw his glory shine;
And when I read his holy word,
I called each promise mine.

4 But now, when evening shade prevails,
My soul in darkness mourns;
And when the morn the light reveals,
No light to me returns.

5 Rise, Lord, and help me to prevail;
O, make my soul thy care:
I know thy mercy cannot fail;
Let me that mercy share.

760. C. M. WATTS.

Support in God.

1 O GOD, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home, —

2 Beneath the shadow of thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure;
Sufficient is thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

3 Before the hills in order stood,
Or Earth received her frame,
From everlasting thou art God,
To endless years the same.

4 Thy word commands our flesh to dust, —
"Return, ye sons of men;"
All nations rose from earth at first,
And turn to earth again.

5 O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be thou our guard while troubles last,
And our eternal home.

761. S. M. WATTS.

God's Favor preferred to the Prosperity of Sinners.

1 LET sinners take their course,
And choose the road to death;
But in the worship of my God
I'll spend my daily breath.

2 My thoughts address his throne,
When morning brings the light;
I seek his blessing every noon,
And pay my vows at night.

3 Thou wilt regard my cries,
O my eternal God,
While sinners perish in surprise,
Beneath thy holy rod.

4 Because they dwell at ease,
And no sad changes feel,
They neither fear nor trust thy name,
Nor learn to do thy will.

5 But I, with all my cares,
Will lean upon the Lord;
I'll cast my burdens on his arm,
And rest upon his word.

6 His arm shall well sustain
The children of his love;
The ground on which their safety stands
No earthly power can move.

762. C. M. Doddridge.

Sickness and Recovery.

1 MY God, thy service well demands
The remnant of my days;
Why was this fleeting breath renewed,
But to renew thy praise?

2 Thine arms of everlasting love
Did this weak frame sustain,
When life was hovering o'er the grave,
And nature sunk with pain.

3 I calmly bowed my fainting head
On thy dear, faithful breast,
And waited for my Father's call
To his eternal rest.

4 Into thy hands, my Saviour God,
Did I my soul resign,
In firm dependence on that truth
Which made salvation mine.

5 Back from the borders of the grave,
At thy command, I come;
Nor will I ask a speedier flight
To my celestial home.

6 Where thou appointest mine abode,
There would I choose to be;
For in thy presence death is life,
And earth is heaven with thee.

763. C. M. Boden's Col.

Forgiveness of Enemies.

1 "FATHER, forgive," the Saviour cried,
With his expiring breath,
And drew eternal blessings down
On those who wrought his death.

2 Jesus, this wondrous love we sing,
And whilst we sing, admire;
Breathe on our souls, and kindle there
The same celestial fire.

3 By thine example ever swayed,
We for our foes will pray;
With love their hatred, and their curse
With blessings, will repay.

764. C. M. Watts.

Beatific Vision of Christ.

1 FROM thee, O God, our joys shall rise,
And run eternal rounds,
Beyond the limits of the skies,
And all created bounds.

2 The holy triumphs of our souls
Shall death itself outbrave,
Leave dull mortality behind,
And fly beyond the grave.

3 There, where our blesséd Saviour reigns,
In heaven's unmeasured space,
We'll spend a long eternity
In pleasure and in praise.

4 Blest Saviour, every smile of thine
Shall fresh endearments bring,
And thousand tastes of new delight
From all thy graces spring.

5 Haste, our belovéd, bear our souls
Up to thy blest abode;
Haste, for our spirits long to see
Our Saviour and our God.

765. C. M. FAWCETT.

Importance of Religion.

1 RELIGION is the chief concern
Of mortals here below;
May we its great importance learn,
Its sovereign virtue know.

2 Religion should our thoughts engage
Amidst our youthful bloom;
'Twill fit us for declining age,
And for the solemn tomb.

3 O, may our hearts, by grace renewed,
Be our Redeemer's throne;
And be our stubborn wills subdued,
His government to own.

4 Let deep repentance, faith, and love,
Be joined with godly fear,
And all our conversation prove
Our hearts to be sincere.

5 Let lively hope our souls inspire;
Let warm affections rise;
And may we wait with strong desire
To mount above the skies.

766. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

Benefits of Religion.

1 O HAPPY Christian, who can boast,
"The Son of God is mine"!
Happy, though humbled in the dust —
Rich in this gift divine.

2 He lives the life of heaven below,
And shall forever live;
Eternal streams from Christ shall flow,
And endless vigor give.

3 That life we ask with bended knee;
Nor will the Lord deny,
Nor will celestial mercy see
Its humble suppliants die.

4 That life obtained, for praise alone
We wish continued breath;
And, taught by blest experience, own
That praise can live in death.

767. S. M. WATTS.

Heavenly Joy on Earth.

1 COME, we that love the Lord,
And let our joys be known;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.

2 The sorrows of the mind
Be banished from the place;
Religion never was designed
To make our pleasures less.

3 Let those refuse to sing
Who never knew our God;
But children of the heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad.

4 The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.

5 Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry;
We're marching through Immanuel's ground,
To fairer worlds on high.

768. S. M. LUTH. COL.

Religion a Support in Life.

1 WHEN gloomy thoughts and fears
The trembling heart invade,
And all the face of nature wears
A universal shade, —

2 Religion can assuage
The tempest of the soul;
And every fear shall lose its rage
At her divine control.

3 Through life's bewildered way,
Her hand unerring leads;
And o'er the path her heavenly ray
A cheering lustre sheds.

4 When reason, tired and blind,
Sinks helpless and afraid,
Thou blest supporter of the mind,
How powerful is thine aid!

5 O, let us feel thy power,
And find thy sweet relief,
To cheer our every gloomy hour,
And calm our every grief.

769. C. M. PRATT'S COL.

Importance of Religion to the Young.

1 WHILE in the tender years of youth,
In nature's smiling bloom,
Ere age arrive, and trembling wait
Its summons to the tomb,—

2 Remember thy Creator, God;
For him thy powers employ;
Make him thy fear, thy love, thy hope,
Thy portion, and thy joy.

3 He will in safety guide thy course
O'er life's uncertain sea,
And bring thee to that peaceful shore
Where happy spirits be.

770. C. M. WATTS.

Importance of the Bible to the Young.

1 HOW shall the young secure their hearts,
And guard their lives from sin?
Thy word the choicest rules imparts
To keep the conscience clean.

2 'Tis, like the sun, a heavenly light,
That guides us all the day,
And, through the dangers of the night,
A lamp to lead our way.

3 Thy precepts make us truly wise;
We hate the sinner's road;
We hate our own vain thoughts that rise,
But love thy law, O God.

4 Thy word is everlasting truth:
How pure is every page!
That holy book shall guide our youth,
And well support our age.

771. S. M. Fawcett.

The Bible the Guide of the Young.

1 WITH humble heart and tongue,
My God, to thee I pray:
O, bring me now, while I am young,
To thee, the living way.

2 Make an unguarded youth
The object of thy care;
Help me to choose the way of truth,
And fly from every snare.

3 My heart, to folly prone,
Renew by power divine;
Unite it to thyself alone,
And make me wholly thine.

4 O, let thy word of grace
My warmest thoughts employ;
Be this, through all my following days,
My treasure and my joy.

5 To what thy laws impart
Be my whole soul inclined:
O, let them dwell within my heart,
And sanctify my mind.

772. C. M. Epis. Col.

Early Piety.

1 O, IN the morn of life, when youth
With vital ardor glows,
And shines in all the fairest charms
That beauty can disclose, —

2 Deep in thy soul, before its powers
Are yet by vice enslaved,
Be thy Creator's glorious name
And character engraved; —

3 Ere yet the shades of sorrow cloud
The sunshine of thy days,
And cares and toils, in endless round,
Encompass all thy ways; —

4 Ere yet thy heart the woes of age,
With vain regret, deplore,
And sadly muse on former joys,
That now return no more.

5 True wisdom, early sought and gained,
In age will give thee rest;
O, then, improve the morn of life,
To make its evening blest.

773. C. M. HEBER.

Early Religion.

1 BY cool Siloam's shady rill
How fair the lily grows!
How sweet the breath, beneath the hill,
Of Sharon's dewy rose!

2 Lo! such the child whose early feet
The paths of peace have trod,
Whose secret heart, with influence sweet,
Is upward drawn to God.

3 By cool Siloam's shady rill
The lily must decay;
The rose, that blooms beneath the hill,
Must shortly fade away.

4 And soon, too soon, the wintry hour
Of man's maturer age
Will shake the soul with sorrow's power
And stormy passion's rage.

5 O Thou who givest life and breath,
We seek thy grace alone,
In childhood, manhood, age, and death,
To keep us still thine own.

774. C. M. COWPER.

Youthful Piety.

1 BESTOW, O Lord, upon our youth
The gift of saving grace,
And let the seed of sacred truth
Fall in a fruitful place.

2 Grace is a plant, where'er it grows,
Of pure and heavenly root,
But fairest in the youngest shows,
And yields the sweetest fruit.

3 Ye careless ones, O, hear betimes
The voice of sovereign love;
Your youth is stained with many crimes,
But mercy reigns above.

4 For you the public prayer is made;
O, join the public prayer:
For you the secret tear is shed;
O, shed yourselves a tear.

5 We pray that you may early prove
The Spirit's power to teach;
You cannot be too young to love
That Jesus whom we preach.

775. C. M. LOGAN.

Early Instruction.

1 HOW happy is the child who hears
Instruction's warning voice,
And who celestial Wisdom makes
His early, only choice!

2 For she has treasures greater far
Than east or west unfold,
And her rewards more precious are
Than all their stores of gold.

3 She guides the young with innocence
In pleasure's path to tread;
A crown of glory she bestows
Upon the hoary head.

4 According as her labors rise,
So her rewards increase;
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her paths are peace.

776. L. M. Watts.

Religious Education.

1 CHILDREN, in years and knowledge young,
Your parents' hope, your parents' joy,
Attend the counsels of my tongue:
Let pious thoughts your minds employ.

2 If you desire a length of days,
And peace to crown your mortal state,
Restrain your feet from sinful ways,
Your lips from slander and deceit.

3 The eyes of God regard his saints;
His ears are open to their cries;
He sets his frowning face against
The sons of violence and lies.

4 To humble souls and broken hearts,
God, with his grace, is ever nigh;
Pardon and hope his love imparts,
When men in deep contrition lie.

5 He tells their tears; he counts their groans;
His Son redeems their souls from death;
His Spirit heals their broken bones;
They in his praise employ their breath.

777. 8s, 7s & 4. Union Minstrel.

Children exhorted.

1 CHILDREN, hear the melting story
Of the Lamb that once was slain;
'Tis the Lord of life and glory:
Shall he plead with you in vain?
O, receive him,
And salvation now obtain.

2 Yield no more to sin and folly,
So displeasing in his sight:
Jesus loves the pure and holy;
They alone are his delight;
Seek his favor,
And your hearts to him unite.

3 All your sins to him confessing
Who is ready to forgive,
Seek the Saviour's richest blessing;
On his precious name believe:
He is waiting;
Will you not his grace receive?

778. 7s & 6s. S. F. Smith.

Remember thy Creator.

1 "REMEMBER thy Creator"
While youth's fair spring is bright,
Before thy cares are greater,
Before comes age's night;
While yet the sun shines o'er thee,
While stars the darkness cheer,
While life is all before thee,
Thy great Creator fear.

2 "Remember thy Creator"
Ere life resigns its trust,
Ere sinks dissolving nature,
And dust returns to dust;
Before with God, who gave it,
The spirit shall appear:
He cries, who died to save it,
"Thy great Creator fear."

779. L. M. Watts.

Joy in Heaven for a repenting Sinner.

1 WHO can describe the joys that rise,
Through all the courts of Paradise,
To see a penitent return,—
To see an heir of glory born?

2 With joy the Father does approve
The fruit of his eternal love;
The Son with joy looks down, and sees
The purchase of his agonies.

3 The Spirit takes delight to view
The holy soul he formed anew;
And saints and angels join to sing
The growing empire of their King.

780. C. M. NEEDHAM.

The Lost found.

1 O, HOW divine, how sweet the joy,
When but one sinner turns,
And, with an humble, broken heart,
His sins and errors mourns!

2 Pleased with the news, the saints below
In songs their tongues employ;
Beyond the skies the tidings go,
And heaven is filled with joy.

3 Well pleased the Father sees and hear
The conscious sinner's moan;
Jesus receives him in his arms,
And claims him for his own.

4 Nor angels can their joys contain,
But kindle with new fire;
"The sinner lost is found," they sing,
And strike the sounding lyre.

781. S. M. SWAIN.

Joy in the Conversion of Sinners.

1 WHO can forbear to sing,
Who can refuse to praise,
When Zion's high, celestial King
His saving power displays?—

2 When sinners at his feet,
By mercy conquered, fall?
When grace, and truth, and justice, meet,
And peace unites them all?

3 Who can forbear to praise
Our high, celestial King,
When sovereign, rich, redeeming grace
Invites our tongues to sing?

782. C. M. WATTS.

The Change effected by Grace.

1 WHEN God revealed his gracious name,
And changed my mournful state,
My rapture seemed a pleasing dream,
The grace appeared so great.

2 The world beheld the glorious change,
And did thy hand confess;
My tongue broke out in unknown strains,
And sung surprising grace.

3 "Great is the work," my neighbors cried,
And owned thy power divine;
"Great is the work," my heart replied,
"And be the glory thine."

4 The Lord can clear the darkest skies,
Can give us day for night,
Make drops of sacred sorrow rise
To rivers of delight.

5 Let those who sow in sadness wait
Till the fair harvest come;
They shall confess their sheaves are great,
And shout the blessings home.

783. 6s & 4s. R. PALMER.

Christ our Confidence.

1 MY faith looks up to thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary:
Saviour divine,
Now hear me while I pray;
Take all my guilt away;
O, let me, from this day,
Be wholly thine.

2 May thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart;
My zeal inspire;
As thou hast died for me,
O, may my love to thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be —
A living fire.

3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be thou my Guide;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From thee aside.

4 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll,
Blest Saviour, then, in love,
Fear and distress remove;
O, bear me safe above, —
A ransomed soul.

784. C. M. C. WESLEY.

Self-Consecration.

1 ETERNAL Father, God of love,
To thee our hearts we raise;
Thy all-sustaining power we prove,
And gladly sing thy praise.

2 Thine, wholly thine, O, let us be;
Our sacrifice receive;
Made, and preserved, and saved, by thee,
To thee ourselves we give.

3 Come, Holy Ghost, the Saviour's love
Shed in our hearts abroad;
So shall we ever live, and move,
And be, with Christ in God.

785. C. M. ANON.

Devoting all to Christ.

1 ETERNAL Saviour, God of love,
Abused, insulted Friend,
O, from thy lofty throne above,
Thy saving mercy send.

2 Here lies my naked, guilty heart,
Before thy piercing eye;
To me thy healing touch impart;
O, reach me, for I die.

3 All that my future life shall know
Of love, and joy, and light,
Shall burn for thee, and shine and glow
By thine effectual might.

4 Thus to thy claim my trembling soul
Her sweet submission brings,
And thus, while changing ages roll,
Shall rest beneath thy wings.

THE CHURCH.

786. S. M. WATTS.

Gospel Order.

1 FAR as thy name is known
The world declares thy praise;
Thy saints, O Lord, before thy throne,
Their songs of honor raise.

2 With joy thy people stand
On Zion's chosen hill,
Proclaim the wonders of thy hand,
And counsels of thy will.

3 Let strangers walk around
The city where we dwell,
Survey with care thine holy ground,
And mark the building well, —

4 The order of thy house,
The worship of thy court,
The cheerful songs, the solemn vows, —
And make a fair report.

5 How decent, and how wise!
How glorious to behold!
Beyond the pomp that charms the eyes,
And rites adorned with gold.

6 The God we worship now
Will guide us till we die —
Will be our God while here below,
And ours above the sky.

787. C. M. WATTS

Christ the Foundation of his Church.

1 BEHOLD the sure foundation stone,
Which God in Zion lays,
To build our heavenly hopes upon,
And his eternal praise.

2 Chosen of God, to sinners dear,
Let saints adore the name;
They trust their whole salvation here,
Nor shall they suffer shame.

3 The foolish builders, scribe and priest,
Reject it with disdain;
Yet on this rock the church shall rest,
And envy rage in vain.

4 What though the gates of hell withstood;
Yet must this building rise:
'Tis thine own work, almighty God,
And wondrous in our eyes.

788. S. M. DWIGHT.

Attachment to the Church.

1 I LOVE thy kingdom, Lord,
The house of thine abode,
The church our blest Redeemer saved
With his own precious blood.

2 I love thy church, O God;
Her walls before thee stand,
Dear as the apple of thine eye,
And graven on thy hand.

3 For her my tears shall fall;
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.

4 Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

5 Jesus, thou Friend divine,
Our Saviour and our King,
Thy hand, from every snare and foe,
Shall great deliverance bring.

6 Sure as thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

789. C. M. WATTS.

The general Assembly of Saints.

1 NOT to the terrors of the Lord,
The tempest, fire, and smoke;
Not to the thunder of that word
Which God on Sinai spoke;—

2 But we are come to Zion's hill,
The city of our God,
Where milder words declare his will,
And spread his love abroad.

3 Behold the great, the glorious host
Of angels clothed in light;
Behold the spirits of the just,
Whose faith is turned to sight.

4 Behold the blest assembly there,
Whose names are writ in heaven,
And God, the Judge, who doth declare
Their vilest sins forgiven.

5 The saints on earth, and all the dead,
But one communion make;
All join in Christ, their living Head,
And of his grace partake.

6 In such society as this
Our weary souls would rest;
The man who dwells where Jesus is
Must be forever blest.

790. C. M. MONTGOMERY.

Saints on Earth and in Heaven.

1 IN one fraternal bond of love,
One fellowship of mind,
The saints below and saints above
Their bliss and glory find.

2 Here, in their house of pilgrimage,
Thy statutes are their song;
There, through one bright, eternal age,
Thy praises they prolong.

3 Lord, may our union form a part
Of that thrice happy whole,
Derive its pulse from thee, the heart,
Its life from thee, the soul.

791. C. M. C. Wesley.

One Church.

1 COME, let us join our friends above,
Who have obtained the prize,
And on the eagle wings of love
To joy celestial rise.

2 Let saints below in concert sing
With those to glory gone;
For all the servants of our King
In heaven and earth are one.

3 One family, we dwell in him;
One church above, beneath;
Though now divided by the stream —
The narrow stream — of death.

4 One army of the living God,
To his command we bow;
Part of the host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now.

5 E'en now to their eternal home
Some happy spirits fly;
And we are to the margin come,
And soon expect to die.

6 O Saviour, be our constant Guide;
Then, when the word is given,
Bid Jordan's narrow stream divide,
And land us safe in heaven.

792. 11s. [Peculiar.] Anon.

The Church victorious.

1 DAUGHTER of Zion, awake from thy sadness;
Awake, for thy foes shall oppress thee no more;
Bright o'er thy hills dawns the daystar of gladness;
Arise, for the night of thy sorrow is o'er.

2 Strong were thy foes; but the arm that subdued them,
And scattered their legions, was mightier far;
They fled like the chaff from the scourge that pursued them;
Vain were their steeds and their chariots of war.

3 Daughter of Zion, the power that hath saved thee
Extolled with the harp and the timbrel should be;
Shout, for the foe is destroyed that enslaved thee;
Th' oppressor is vanquished, and Zion is free.

793. C. M. C. Wesley.

The Saints above and below.

1 HAPPY the souls to Jesus joined,
And saved by grace alone:
Walking in all his ways, they find
Their heaven on earth begun.

2 The church triumphant in thy love,
Their mighty joys we know:
They sing the Lamb in hymns above,
And we in hymns below.

3 Thee in thy glorious realm they praise,
And bow before thy throne;
We in the kingdom of thy grace:
The kingdoms are but one.

4 The holy to the holiest leads;
From thence our spirits rise;
And he that in thy statutes treads
Shall meet thee in the skies.

794. S. M. Watts.

Safety of the Church.

1 HOW honored is the place
Where we adoring stand!—
Zion, the glory of the earth,
And beauty of the land.

2 Bulwarks of grace defend
The city where we dwell,
While walls, of strong salvation made,
Defy th' assaults of hell.

3 Lift up th' eternal gates;
The doors wide open fling;
Enter, ye nations that obey
The statutes of your King.

4 Here taste unmingled joys,
And live in perfect peace,
You that have known Jehovah's name,
And ventured on his grace.

5 Trust in the Lord, ye saints,
And banish all your fears;
Strength in the Lord Jehovah dwells,
Eternal as his years.

795. 8s, 7s & 4. KELLY.

God the Defence of Zion.

1 ZION stands with hills surrounded —
Zion, kept by power divine :
All her foes shall be confounded,
Though the world in arms combine :
Happy Zion,
What a favored lot is thine !

2 Every human tie may perish ;
Friend to friend unfaithful prove ;
Mothers cease their own to cherish ;
Heaven and earth at last remove ;
But no changes
Can attend Jehovah's love.

3 In the furnace God may prove thee,
Thence to bring thee forth more bright,
But can never cease to love thee;
Thou art precious in his sight :
God is with thee —
God, thine everlasting light.

796. C. M. BEDDOME.

The Church triumphant.

1 A HOST of spirits round the throne
In humble posture stand,
On every head a starry crown,
A palm in every hand.

2 From different regions of the globe
These happy spirits came ;
In Jesus' blood they washed their robes,
And triumphed in his name.

3 One glorious body now they make, —
More glorious far their Head ;
Their souls to rapturous joys awake ;
Their sorrows all are fled.

4 Without a jarring note, they join
In ceaseless songs of praise,
And to the sacred Three in One
Loud hallelujahs raise.

797. S. M. WATTS.

Safety of the Church.

1 GREAT is the Lord our God,
And let his praise be great;
He makes his churches his abode,
His most delightful seat.

2 In Zion God is known,
A refuge in distress:
How bright has his salvation shone,
Through all her palaces!

3 When kings against her joined,
And saw the Lord was there,
In wild confusion of the mind,
They fled with hasty fear.

4 Oft have our fathers told,
Our eyes have often seen,
How well our God secures the fold
Where his own sheep have been.

5 In every new distress
We'll to his house repair;
We'll call to mind his wondrous grace,
And seek deliverance there.

BAPTISM.

798. S. M. S. F. SMITH.

Baptism into Christ.

1 WITH willing hearts we tread
The path the Saviour trod;
We love th' example of our Head,
The glorious Lamb of God.

2 On thee, on thee alone,
Our hope and faith rely,
O thou who didst for sin atone,
Who didst for sinners die.

3 We trust thy sacrifice;
To thy dear cross we flee;
O, may we die to sin, and rise
To life and bliss in thee.

799. L. M. BALDWIN.

Imitation of Christ.

1 COME, happy souls, adore the Lamb,
Who loved our race ere time began,
Who veiled his Godhead in our clay,
And in an humble manger lay.

2 To Jordan's stream the Spirit led,
To mark the path his saints should tread;
With joy they trace the sacred way,
To see the place where Jesus lay.

3 Baptized by John in Jordan's wave,
The Saviour left his watery grave;
Heaven owned the deed, approved the way,
And blessed the place where Jesus lay.

4 Come, all who love his precious name,
Come, tread his steps, and learn of him;
Happy beyond expression they
Who find the place where Jesus lay.

800. C. M. FELLOWS.

Delight in Obedience.

1 O LORD, and will thy pardoning love
Embrace a wretch so vile?
Wilt thou my load of guilt remove,
And bless me with thy smile?

2 Hast thou the cross for me endured,
And all its shame despised?
And shall I be ashamed, O Lord,
With thee to be baptized?

3 Didst thou the great example lead,
In Jordan's swelling flood?
And shall my pride disdain the deed,
That's worthy of my God?

4 O Lord, the ardor of thy love
Reproves my cold delays;
And now my willing footsteps move
In thy delightful ways.

801. C. M. ANON.

Obedience to Christ.

1 LORD, I am thine, and in thy aid
I place my firmest trust:
How large a price thy love has paid
For vile polluted dust!

2 In thine assembly now I stand;
My vows to thee I bring,
Obedient to thy great command,
My Saviour and my King.

3 I stand before the sacred flood;
Thy gracious words invite:
How poor an offering, O my God,
I make thee in this rite!

4 Thine ordinance, great Saviour, bless;
Support me all my days;
May I each gospel truth confess,
And walk in all thy ways.

802. C. M. BEDDOME.

Following Christ.

1 BURIED beneath the yielding wave
The great Redeemer lies;
Faith views him in the watery grave,
And thence beholds him rise.

2 Thus do his willing saints, to-day,
Their ardent zeal express,
And, in the Lord's appointed way,
Fulfil all righteousness.

3 With joy we in his footsteps tread,
And would his cause maintain, —
Like him be numbered with the dead,
And with him rise and reign.

4 His presence oft revives our hearts,
And drives our fears away;
When he commands, and strength imparts,
We cheerfully obey.

5 Now we, blest Saviour, would to thee
Our grateful voices raise;
Washed in the fountain of thy blood,
Our lives shall all be praise.

803. C. M. S. F. Smith.

Self-Consecration in Baptism.

1 WHILE in this sacred rite of thine,
We yield our spirits now,
Shine o'er the waters, Dove divine,
And seal the cheerful vow.

2 All glory be to Him whose life
For ours was freely given,
Who aids us in the spirit's strife,
And makes us meet for heaven.

3 To thee we gladly now resign
Our life and all our powers;
Accept us in this rite divine,
And bless these hallowed hours.

4 O, may we die to earth and sin,
Beneath the mystic flood;
And when we rise, may we begin
To live anew for God.

804. L. M. Judson.

Christ's Example.

1 OUR Saviour bowed beneath the wave,
And meekly sought a watery grave:
Come, see the sacred path he trod —
A path well pleasing to our God.

2 His voice we hear, his footsteps trace,
And hither come to seek his face,
To do his will, to feel his love,
And join our songs with songs above.

3 Hosanna to the Lamb divine!
Let endless glories round him shine;
High o'er the heavens forever reign,
O Lamb of God, for sinners slain.

805. L. M. WATTS.

Baptism an Emblem.

1 DO we not know that solemn word,
That we are buried with the Lord?
Baptized into his death, and then
Put off the body of our sin?

2 Our souls receive diviner breath,
Raised from corruption, guilt, and death;
So from the grave did Christ arise,
And lives to God above the skies.

3 No more let sin or Satan reign
Within our mortal flesh again;
The various lusts we served before
Shall have dominion now no more.

806. 8s & 7s. J. FAWCETT.

Following Christ.

1 HUMBLE souls, who seek salvation
Through the Lamb's redeeming blood,
Hear the voice of revelation;
Tread the path that Jesus trod.

2 Hear the blest Redeemer call you;
Listen to his heavenly voice;
Dread no ills that can befall you,
While you make his ways your choice.

3 Plainly here his footsteps tracing,
Follow him without delay,
Gladly his command embracing;
Lo! your Captain leads the way.

807. L. M. JUDSON.

The Holy Spirit invoked.

1 COME, Holy Spirit, Dove divine,
On these baptismal waters shine,
And teach our hearts, in highest strain,
To praise the Lamb, for sinners slain.

2 We love thy name, we love thy laws,
And joyfully embrace thy cause;
We love thy cross, the shame, the pain,
O Lamb of God, for sinners slain.

3 We sink beneath thy mystic flood;
O, bathe us in thy cleansing blood;
We die to sin, and seek a grave,
With thee, beneath the yielding wave.

4 And as we rise, with thee to live,
O, let the Holy Spirit give
The sealing unction from above,
The breath of life, the fire of love.

808. C. M. S. F. Smith.

The emblematic Dove.

1 MEEKLY in Jordan's holy stream
The great Redeemer bowed;
Bright was the glory's sacred beam
That hushed the wondering crowd.

2 Thus God descended to approve
The deed that Christ had done;
Thus came the emblematic Dove,
And hovered o'er the Son.

3 So, blesséd Spirit, come to-day
To our baptismal scene:
Let thoughts of earth be far away,
And every mind serene.

4 This day we give to holy joy;
This day to heaven belongs:
Raised to new life, we will employ
In melody our tongues.

809. S. M. Eng. Bap. Col.

Obeying Christ.

1 HERE, Saviour, we would come,
In thine appointed way;
Obedient to thy high commands,
Our solemn vows we pay.

2 O, bless this sacred rite,
To bring us near to thee;
And may we find that as our day
Our strength shall also be.

810. C. M. S. F. Smith.

Baptism of Christ.

1 HOW calmly wakes the hallowed morn!
How tranquil earth's repose! —
Meet emblem of the Sabbath morn,
When, early, Jesus rose.

2 How fair, along the rippling wave,
The radiant light is cast! —
A symbol of the mystic grave
Through which the Saviour passed.

3 Around this scene of sacred love
The peace of heaven is shed:
So came the Spirit, like a dove,
To rest on Jesus' head.

4 Lord, meet us in this path of thine;
We come thy rite to seal;
Move o'er the waters, Dove divine,
And all thy grace reveal.

811. C. M. Eng. Bap. Col.

Baptism an Act of Worship.

1 'TIS God the Father we adore
In this baptismal sign;
'Tis he whose voice on Jordan's shore
Proclaimed the Son divine.

2 The Father owned him; let our breath,
In answering praise, ascend,
As in the image of his death
We own our heavenly Friend.

3 We seek the consecrated grave
Along the path he trod:
Receive us in the hallowed wave,
Thou holy Son of God.

4 Let earth and heaven our zeal record,
And future witness bear,
That we to Zion's mighty Lord
Our full allegiance swear.

5 O that our conscious souls may own,
With joy's serene survey,
Inscribed upon his judgment throne,
The transcript of this day.

812. C. M. J. RYLAND.

Hinder me not.

1 IN all my Lord's appointed ways
My journey I'll pursue;
"Hinder me not," ye much-loved saints,
For I must go with you.

2 Through floods and flames, if Jesus lead,
I'll follow where he goes;
"Hinder me not," shall be my cry,
Though earth and hell oppose.

3 Through duties, and through trials too,
I'll go at his command;
"Hinder me not;" for I am bound
To my Immanuel's land.

4 And, when my Saviour calls me home,
Still this my cry shall be, —
"Hinder me not;" come, welcome, death;
I'll gladly go with thee.

813. L. M. BEDDOME.

Cordial Obedience.

1 BLEST Saviour, we thy will obey:
Not of constraint, but with delight,
Thy servants hither come to-day,
To honor thine appointed rite.

2 Descend, descend, celestial Dove,
On these dear followers of the Lord;
Exalted Head of all the church,
Thy promised aid to them afford.

3 Let faith, assisted now by signs,
The wonders of thy love explore;
And, washed in thy redeeming blood,
Let them depart, and sin no more.

814. H. M. FELLOWS.

The Holy Spirit sought.

1 DESCEND, celestial Dove,
And make thy presence known;
Reveal our Saviour's love,
And seal us for thine own:
Unblest by thee, | Nor can we e'er
Our works are vain; | Acceptance gain.

2 When our incarnate God,
The sovereign Prince of light,
In Jordan's swelling flood
Received the holy rite,
In open view | And, dove-like, flew
Thy form came down, | The King to crown.

3 Continue still to shine,
And fill us with thy fire:
This ordinance is thine;
Do thou our souls inspire:
Thou wilt attend | "Till time shall end,"
On all thy sons: | Thy promise runs.

815. 8s, 7s & 4. S. S. CUTTING.

Christian Profession.

1 GRACIOUS Saviour, we adore thee;
Purchased by thy precious blood,
We present ourselves before thee,
Now to walk the narrow road:
Saviour, guide us —
Guide us to our heavenly home.

2 Thou didst mark our path of duty;
Thou wast laid beneath the wave;
Thou didst rise in glorious beauty
From the semblance of the grave;
May we follow
In the same delightful way.

816. L. M. BEDDOME.

Spiritual Blessing desired.

1 ETERNAL Spirit, heavenly Dove,
On these baptismal waters move,
That we, through energy divine,
May have the substance with the sign.

2 All ye that love Immanuel's name,
And long to feel th' increasing flame,
'Tis you, ye children of the light,
The Spirit and the bride invite.

817. 8s, 7s & 4. J. E. Giles.

Buried with Christ by Baptism.

1 THOU hast said, exalted Jesus,
"Take thy cross and follow me;"
Shall the word with terror seize us?
Shall we from the burden flee?
Lord, I'll take it,
And, rejoicing, follow thee.

2 While this liquid tomb surveying,
Emblem of my Saviour's grave,
Shall I shun its brink, betraying
Feelings worthy of a slave?
No! I'll enter:
Jesus entered Jordan's wave.

3 Blest the sign which thus reminds me,
Saviour, of thy love for me;
But more blest the love that binds me
In its deathless bonds to thee:
O, what pleasure,
Buried with my Lord to be!

4 Should it rend some fond connection,
Should I suffer shame or loss,
Yet the fragrant, blest reflection,
I have been where Jesus was,
Will revive me
When I faint beneath the cross.

5 Fellowship with him possessing,
Let me die to earth and sin;
Let me rise t' enjoy the blessing
Which the faithful soul shall win:
May I ever
Follow where my Lord has been.

818. S. M. S. F. Smith.

The Baptism of Christ.

1 DOWN to the sacred wave
The Lord of life was led;
And he who came our souls to save
In Jordan bowed his head.

2 He taught the solemn way;
He fixed the holy rite;
He bade his ransomed ones obey,
And keep the path of light.

3 Blest Saviour, we will tread
In thy appointed way;
Let glory o'er these scenes be shed,
And smile on us to-day.

819. 8s & 7s. Fellows.

Following Christ.

1 JESUS, mighty King in Zion,
Thou alone our Guide shalt be:
Thy commission we rely on;
We would follow none but thee.

2 As an emblem of thy passion,
And thy victory o'er the grave,
We, who know thy great salvation,
Are baptized beneath the wave.

3 Fearless of the world's despising,
We the ancient path pursue,
Buried with our Lord, and rising
To a life divinely new.

820. L. M. S. P. Hill.

Invocation.

1 COME, saints, adore your Saviour, God,
Who led your willing footsteps here;
Walk in the blesséd paths he trod,
Nor duty dread, nor danger fear.

2 Come, sacred Dove, in peace descend,
As once thou didst on Jordan's wave;
Now with this scene thine influence blend,
And hover o'er this solemn grave.

821. S. M. L. H. Sigourney.

Delight in Obedience.

1 SAVIOUR, thy law we love,
Thy pure example bless,
And, with a firm, unwavering zeal,
Would in thy footsteps press.

2 Not to the fiery pains
By which the martyrs bled;
Not to the scourge, the thorn, the cross,
Our favored feet are led; —

3 But, at this peaceful tide,
Assembled in thy fear,
The homage of obedient hearts
We humbly offer here.

822. C. M. Doddridge.

Christians buried and risen with Christ.

1 BAPTIZED into our Saviour's death,
Our souls to sin must die;
With Christ our Lord we live anew,
With Christ ascend on high.

2 There, by his Father's side he sits,
Enthroned divinely fair,
Yet owns himself our Brother still,
And our Forerunner there.

3 Rise from these earthly trifles, rise
On wings of faith and love;
Above our choicest treasure lies, —
And be our hearts above.

4 But earth and sin will draw us down,
When we attempt to fly;
Lord, send thy strong, attractive power
To fix our souls on high.

823. C. M. Eng. Bap. Col.

Separation from the World.

1 O LORD, we in thy footsteps tread,
With joy thy cause maintain;
Like Jesus numbered with the dead,
Like him we rise and reign.

2 Down to the hallowed grave we go,
Obedient to thy word;
'Tis thus the world around shall know
We're buried with the Lord.

3 'Tis thus we bid its pomps adieu,
And boldly venture in:
O, may we rise to live anew,
And only die to sin.

824. C. M. Jas. Newton.

After Baptism.

1 LET plenteous grace descend on those,
Who, hoping in thy word,
This day have solemnly declared
That Jesus is their Lord.

2 With cheerful feet may they advance,
And run the Christian race,
And, through the troubles of the way,
Find all-sufficient grace.

3 Lord, plant us all into thy death,
That we thy life may prove —
Partakers of thy cross beneath,
And of thy crown above.

825. L. M. Doddridge.

Vows recognized.

1 'TIS done; the great transaction 's done;
I am my Lord's, and he is mine:
He drew me, and I followed on,
Rejoiced to own the call divine.

2 Now rest, my long-divided heart;
Fixed on this blissful centre, rest:
Here have I found a nobler part;
Here heavenly pleasures fill my breast.

3 High Heaven, that hears the solemn vow,
That vow renewed shall daily hear,
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.

826. L. M. KELLY.

Receiving Members.

1 COME in, thou blesséd of the Lord;
O, come in Jesus' precious name;
We welcome thee with one accord,
And trust the Saviour does the same.

2 Thy name, 'tis hoped, already stands
Within the book of life above;
And now to thine we join our hands,
In token of fraternal love.

3 Those joys which earth cannot afford
We'll seek in fellowship to prove,
Joined in one spirit to our Lord,
Together bound by mutual love.

4 And while we pass this vale of tears,
We'll make our joys and sorrows known;
We'll share each other's hopes and fears,
And count a brother's case our own.

5 Once more our welcome we repeat;
Receive assurance of our love;
O, may we all together meet
Around the throne of God above.

827. C. M. MONTGOMERY.

A Welcome to Fellowship.

1 COME in, thou blesséd of the Lord:
Stranger nor foe art thou:
We welcome thee with warm accord,
Our friend, our brother now.

2 The hand of fellowship, the heart
Of love, we offer thee:
Leaving the world, thou dost but part
From lies and vanity.

3 The cup of blessing which we bless,
The heavenly bread we break, —
Our Saviour's blood and righteousness, —
Freely with us partake.

4 In weal or woe, in joy or care,
Thy portion shall be ours;
Christians their mutual burdens bear;
They lend their mutual powers.

5 Come with us; we will do thee good,
As God to us hath done;
Stand but in him, as those have stood,
Whose faith the victory won.

6 And when, by turns, we pass away,
As star by star grows dim,
May each, translated into day,
Be lost, and found in him.

828. L. M. NEWTON.

On receiving new Members.

1 KINDRED in Christ, for his dear sake,
A hearty welcome here receive;
May we together now partake
The joys which only he can give.

2 May He, by whose kind care we meet,
Send his good Spirit from above,
Make our communications sweet,
And cause our hearts to burn with love.

3 Forgotten be each worldly theme,
When Christians see each other thus;
We only wish to speak of him
Who lived, and died, and reigns, for us.

4 We'll talk of all he did, and said,
And suffered, for us here below,
The path he marked for us to tread,
And what he's doing for us now.

5 Thus, as the moments pass away,
We'll love, and wonder, and adore,
And long to see the glorious day,
When we shall meet to part no more.

829. L. M. BEDDOME.

Admission of Members.

1 BELIEVING souls, of Christ beloved,
Who have yourselves to him resigned,
Your faith and practice, both approved,
A hearty welcome here shall find.

2 Now saved from sin and Satan's wiles,
Though by a scorning world abhorred,
Now share with us the Saviour's smiles;
Come in, ye ransomed of the Lord.

3 In fellowship we join our hands,
And you an invitation give;
Unite with us in sacred bands;
The pledges of our love receive.

4 Do Thou, who art the church's Head,
This union with thy blessing crown;
And still, O Lord, revive the dead,
Till thousands more thy name shall own.

830. C. M. BEDDOME.

The Pledge of Fidelity.

1 YE men and angels, witness now, —
Before the Lord we speak;
To him we make our solemn vow, —
A vow we dare not break, —

2 That, long as life itself shall last,
Ourselves to Christ we yield;
Nor from his cause will we depart,
Or ever quit the field.

3 We trust not in our native strength,
But on his grace rely;
May he, with our returning wants,
All needful aid supply.

4 O, guide our doubtful feet aright,
And keep us in thy ways;
And, while we turn our vows to prayers,
Turn thou our prayers to praise.

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

831. L. M. WATTS.

The Lord's Supper instituted.

1 'TWAS on that dark, that doleful night,
When powers of earth and hell arose
Against the Son of God's delight,
And friends betrayed him to his foes, —

2 Before the mournful scene began,
He took the bread, and blest, and brake;
What love through all his actions ran!
What wondrous words of grace he spake! —

3 "This is my body, broke for sin;
Receive and eat the living food;"
Then took the cup, and blessed the wine;
"'Tis the new covenant in my blood."

4 "Do this," he cried, "till time shall end,
In memory of your dying Friend;
Meet at my table, and record
The love of your departed Lord."

5 Jesus, thy feast we celebrate;
We show thy death, we sing thy name,
Till thou return, and we shall eat
The marriage supper of the Lamb.

832. S. M. WATTS.

Communion with Christ.

1 JESUS invites his saints
To meet around his board;
Here pardoned rebels sit, and hold
Communion with their Lord.

2 This holy bread and wine
Maintain our fainting breath,
By union with our living Lord,
And interest in his death.

3 Let all our powers be joined
His glorious name to raise;
Let holy love fill every mind,
And every voice be praise.

833. L. M. WATTS.

Christ's Compassion celebrated.

1 OUR spirits join to praise the Lamb;
O that our feeble lips could move
In strains immortal as his name,
And melting as his dying love!

2 Was ever equal pity found?
The Prince of heaven resigns his breath,
And pours his life out on the ground,
To ransom guilty worms from death.

3 In vain our mortal voices strive
To speak compassion so divine;
Had we a thousand lives to give,
A thousand lives should all be thine.

834. L. M. WATTS.

Consecration in View of the Cross.

1 WHEN I survey the wondrous cross,
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.

3 See, from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down:
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4 Were all the realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

835. C. M. Watts.

The Gospel Feast.

1 HOW sweet and awful is the place,
With Christ within the doors,
While everlasting Love displays
The choicest of her stores!

2 While all our hearts, and every song,
Join to admire the feast,
Each of us cries, with thankful tongue,
"Lord, why was I a guest?

3 "Why was I made to hear thy voice,
And enter while there's room,
When thousands make a wretched choice,
And rather starve than come?"

4 'Twas the same love that spread the feast
That sweetly forced us in;
Else we had still refused to taste,
And perished in our sin.

5 Pity the nations, O our God;
Constrain the earth to come;
Send thy victorious word abroad,
And bring the strangers home.

6 We long to see thy churches full,
That all the chosen race
May, with one voice, and heart, and soul,
Sing thy redeeming grace.

836. L. M. Watts.

Sufferings and Exaltation of Christ.

1 NOW let our mournful songs record
The dying sorrows of our Lord,
When he complained in tears and blood,
Like one forsaken of his God.

2 But God, his Father, heard his cry:
Raised from the dead, he reigns on high;
The nations learn his righteousness,
And humble sinners taste his grace.

837. C. M. J. Stennett.

Humble Communion.

1 LORD, at thy table we behold
The wonders of thy grace,
But most of all admire that we
Should find a welcome place; —

2 We, who are all defiled with sin,
And rebels to our God;
We, who have crucified thy Son,
And trampled on his blood.

3 What strange, surprising grace is this,
That we, so lost, have room!
Jesus our weary souls invites,
And freely bids us come.

4 Ye saints below, and hosts of heaven,
Join all your sacred powers:
No theme is like redeeming love;
No Saviour is like ours.

838. C. M. Watts.

The new Covenant sealed.

1 "THE promise of my Father's love
Shall stand forever good,"
He said, and gave his soul to death,
And sealed the grace with blood.

2 To this dear covenant of thy word
I set my worthless name;
I seal the promise to my Lord,
And make my humble claim.

3 I call that legacy my own,
Which Jesus did bequeath;
'Twas purchased with a dying groan,
And ratified in death.

4 The light and strength, the pardoning grace,
And glory, shall be mine:
My life and soul, my heart and flesh,
And all my powers, are thine.

839. C. M. S. Stennett.

The Body and Blood of Christ.

1 HERE at thy table, Lord, we meet,
To feed on food divine:
Thy body is the bread we eat,
Thy precious blood the wine.

2 Here peace and pardon sweetly flow:
O, what delightful food!
We eat the bread, and drink the wine,
But think on nobler good.

3 Deep was the suffering he endured
Upon th' accurséd tree;
"For me," each welcome guest may say,
"'Twas all endured for me."

4 Sure there was never love so free —
Dear Saviour, so divine:
Well thou mayst claim that heart of me,
Which owes so much to thine.

840. C. M. Watts.

Christ's Compassion.

1 HOW condescending and how kind
Was God's eternal Son!
Our misery reached his heavenly mind,
And pity brought him down.

2 This was compassion like a God,
That, when the Saviour knew
The price of pardon was his blood,
His pity ne'er withdrew.

3 Here let our hearts begin to melt,
While we his death record,
And, with our joy for pardoned guilt,
Mourn that we pierced the Lord.

841. C. M. Pratt's Col.

Mourning and Rejoicing.

1 PREPARE us, Lord, to view thy cross,
Who all our griefs hast borne;
To look on thee, whom we have pierced, —
To look on thee, and mourn.

2 While thus we mourn, we would rejoice;
And, as thy cross we see,
Let each exclaim, in faith and hope,
"The Saviour died for me!"

842. C. M. B. W. Noel.

Remembering Christ.

1 IF human kindness meets return,
And owns the grateful tie;—
If tender thoughts within us burn
To feel a friend is nigh;—

2 O, shall not warmer accents tell
The gratitude we owe
To Him who died our fears to quell,
And save from endless woe?

3 While yet his anguished soul surveyed
Those pangs he would not flee,
What love his latest words displayed!—
"Meet and remember me."

4 Remember thee! thy death, thy shame,
The griefs which thou didst bear!
O memory, leave no other name
But his recorded there.

843. 11s. E. Y. Reese.

Remembering Christ.

1 "DO this," and remember the blood that was shed,
Ere Calvary's Victim to slaughter was led,
When, sad and forsaken, the garden alone
Gave ear to his sorrow, and echoed his moan.

2 Remember the conflict with insult and scorn,
The robe of derision, the chaplet of thorn,
The sin-cleansing fountain that streamed from his side,
When, "Father, forgive them," he uttered, and died.

3 Remember that Victor o'er death and the grave:
He liveth forever, his people to save:
O, take with thanksgiving this pledge of his love,—
The foretaste of rapture eternal above.

844. L. M. KRISHNA PAL.

Remembering Christ.

1 O THOU, my soul, forget no more
The Friend who all thy sorrows bore;
Let every idol be forgot;
But, O my soul, forget him not.

2 Renounce thy works and ways, with grief,
And fly to this divine relief;
Nor him forget, who left his throne,
And for thy life gave up his own.

3 Eternal truth and mercy shine
In him, and he himself is thine:
And canst thou, then, with sin beset,
Such charms, such matchless charms, forget?

4 O, no; till life itself depart,
His name shall cheer and warm my heart;
And, lisping this, from earth I'll rise,
And join the chorus of the skies.

845. L. M. WATTS.

The Memorials of Grace.

1 JESUS is gone above the skies,
Where our weak senses reach him not;
And carnal objects court our eyes,
To thrust our Saviour from our thought.

2 He knows what wandering hearts we have,
Apt to forget his lovely face;
And, to refresh our minds, he gave
These kind memorials of his grace.

3 Let sinful joys be all forgot,
And earth grow less in our esteem,
Christ and his love fill every thought,
And faith and hope be fixed on him.

4 While he is absent from our sight,
'Tis to prepare our souls a place,
That we may dwell in heavenly light,
And live forever near his face.

846. C. M. WARDLAW.

Remembering Christ.

1 REMEMBER thee, redeeming Lord!
While Memory holds her place,
Can we forget the Prince of life,
Who saves us by his grace?

2 The Lord of life, with glory crowned,
On heaven's exalted throne,
Remembers those for whom, on earth,
He heaved his dying groan.

3 His glory now no tongue of man
Or seraph bright can tell:
Yet 'tis the chief of all his joys
That souls are saved from hell.

4 For this he came and dwelt on earth;
For this his life was given;
For this he fought and vanquished death;
For this he pleads in heaven.

5 Join, all ye saints beneath the sky,
Your grateful praise to give;
Sing loud hosannas to the Lord,
Who died that you might live.

847. 7s. CONDER.

The Body and Blood of Christ.

1 BREAD of heaven, on thee we feed,
For thy flesh is meat indeed;
Ever let our souls be fed
With this true and living bread.

2 Vine of heaven, thy blood supplies
This blest cup of sacrifice;
Lord, thy wounds our healing give;
To thy cross we look and live.

3 Day by day with strength supplied,
Through the life of him who died,
Lord of life, O, let us be
Rooted, grafted, built on thee.

848. C. M. E. Taylor.

Christian Fellowship.

1 O, HERE, if ever, God of love,
Let strife and hatred cease,
And every heart harmonious move,
And every thought be peace.

2 Not here, where, met to think on Him
Whose latest thoughts were ours,
Shall mortal passions come to dim
The prayer devotion pours.

3 No, gracious Master, not in vain
Thy life of love hath been;
The peace thou gav'st may yet remain,
Though thou no more art seen.

4 "Thy kingdom come:" we watch, we wait
To hear thy cheering call,
When heaven shall ope its glorious gate,
And God be all in all.

849. L. M. Watts.

Enjoyment in the Service.

1 FAR from my thoughts, vain world, be gone;
Let my religious hours alone;
Fain would my eyes my Saviour see;
I wait a visit, Lord, from thee.

2 O, warm my heart with holy fire,
And kindle there a pure desire:
Come, sacred Spirit, from above,
And fill my soul with heavenly love.

3 Blest Saviour, what delicious fare!
How sweet thy entertainments are!
Ne'er did the angels taste above
Redeeming grace and dying love.

4 Hail, great Immanuel, all divine!
In thee thy Father's glories shine;
Thy glorious name shall be adored,
And every tongue confess thee Lord.

850. C. M. Anon.

Coming to the Table of the Lord.

1 LET vain pursuits and vain desires
Be banished from the heart,
The Saviour's love fill every breast,
And light and life impart.

2 He knew how frail our nature is,
Our souls how apt to stray;
How much we need his gracious help
To keep us in the way!

3 These faithful pledges of his love
His mercy did ordain,
To bring refreshment to our souls,
And faith and hope sustain

4 Since such his condescending grace,
Let us, with hearts sincere,
Obedient to his holy will,
His table now draw near.

5 And while we join to celebrate
The sufferings of our Lord,
May we receive new grace and power,
T' obey his holy word.

851. C. M. Scotch Col.

Praise to Christ.

1 TO Him who loved the souls of men,
And washed us in his blood,
To royal honors raised our head,
And made us priests to God, —

2 To him let every tongue be praise,
And every heart be love,
All grateful honors paid on earth,
And nobler songs above.

MISSIONS.

852. L. M. WATTS.

The great Commission.

1 "GO, preach my gospel," saith the Lord;
"Bid the whole earth my grace receive:
He shall be saved that trusts my word,
And he condemned who'll not believe.

2 "I'll make your great commission known;
And ye shall prove my gospel true,
By all the works that I have done,
By all the wonders ye shall do.

3 "Teach all the nations my commands;
I'm with you till the world shall end;
All power is trusted in my hands;
I can destroy, and I defend."

4 He spake, and light shone round his head;
On a bright cloud to heaven he rode:
They to the farthest nations spread
The grace of their ascended God.

853. L. M. WATTS.

Universal Reign of Christ.

1 GREAT God, whose universal sway
The known and unknown worlds obey,
Now give the kingdom to thy Son;
Extend his power, exalt his throne.

2 As rain on meadows newly mown,
So shall he send his influence down;
His grace on fainting souls distils,
Like heavenly dew on thirsty hills.

3 The heathen lands, that lie beneath
The shades of overspreading death,
Revive at his first dawning light,
And deserts blossom at the sight.

4 The saints shall flourish in his days,
Dressed in the robes of joy and praise;
Peace, like a river, from his throne,
Shall flow to nations yet unknown.

854. L. M. WATTS.

Christ's Kingdom among the Gentiles.

1 JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

2 For him shall endless prayer be made,
And endless praises crown his head;
His name, like sweet perfume, shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

3 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on his love with sweetest song;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.

4 Blessings abound where'er he reigns;
The joyful prisoner bursts his chains;
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.

5 Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honors to our King;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud Amen.

855. L. M. VOKE.

Missions to the Heathen.

1 BEHOLD, the heathen waits to know
The joy the gospel will bestow;
The exiled captive to receive
The freedom Jesus has to give.

2 Come, let us, with a grateful heart,
In this blest labor share a part;
Our prayers and offerings gladly bring
To aid the triumphs of our King.

3 Our hearts exult in songs of praise,
That we have seen these latter days,
When our Redeemer shall be known
Where Satan long hath held his throne.

4 Where'er his hand hath spread the skies,
Sweet incense to his name shall rise,
And slave and freeman, Greek and Jew,
By sovereign grace be formed anew.

856. S. M. Eng. Epis. Col.

Prayer for the Spread of the Gospel.

1 O GOD, to earth incline,
With mercies from above,
And let thy presence round us shine,
With beams of heavenly love.

2 Through all the earth below
Thy ways of grace proclaim,
Till distant nations hear and know
The Saviour's blesséd name.

3 Now let the world agree
One general voice to raise,
Till all mankind present to thee
Their songs of grateful praise.

4 O, let the nations round
Their cheerful powers employ,
And earth's far-distant coasts resound
With shouts of sacred joy.

5 Then earth, thy grace confessed,
Shall pour its fruits abroad;
By thee thy numerous church be blest,
O Lord, our gracious God.

6 Thy blessing shall extend,
Thy saving grace appear,
And all, to earth's remotest end,
The Lord our Saviour fear.

857. L. M. Anon.

Divine Power supplicated.

1 AWAKE, all-conquering Arm, awake,
And Satan's mighty empire shake;
Assert the honors of thy throne,
And make this ruined world thy own.

2 Thine all-successful power display;
Convert a nation in a day;
Until the universe shall be
But one great temple, Lord, for thee.

858. C. M. LYTE.

Prayer for the Church.

1 BE merciful to us, O God;
Upon thy people shine;
And spread thy saving truth abroad,
Till all that live be thine.

2 Give light and comfort to thine own;
And let that light extend
Till thy prevailing name be known
To earth's remotest end.

3 Let all the people praise thee, Lord;
Let all their homage bring;
From sea to sea be thou adored,
Redeemer, Judge, and King.

859. S. M. VILLAGE HYMNS.

Prayer for the World.

1 O GOD of sovereign grace,
We bow before thy throne,
And plead, for all the human race,
The merits of thy Son.

2 Spread through the earth, O Lord,
The knowledge of thy ways,
And let all lands with joy record
The great Redeemer's praise.

860. L. M. SLINN.

Prayer for the Display of Power.

1 ARISE in all thy splendor, Lord;
Let power attend thy gracious word;
Unveil the beauties of thy face,
And show the glories of thy grace.

2 Diffuse thy light and truth abroad,
And be thou known th' almighty God;
Make bare thine arm, thy power display,
While truth and grace thy sceptre sway.

3 Send forth thy messengers of peace;
Make Satan's reign and empire cease;
Let thy salvation, Lord, be known,
That all the world thy power may own.

861. L. M. Burder's Col.

Divine Power supplicated.

1 ARM of the Lord, awake, awake;
Put on thy strength, the nations shake;
Now let the world, adoring, see
Triumphs of mercy wrought by thee.

2 Say to the heathen, from thy throne,
"I am Jehovah, God alone:"
Thy voice their idols shall confound,
And cast their altars to the ground.

3 Let Zion's time of favor come;
O, bring the tribes of Israel home:
Soon may our wondering eyes behold
Gentiles and Jews in Jesus' fold.

4 Almighty God, thy grace proclaim
Through every clime, of every name;
Let adverse powers before thee fall,
And crown the Saviour Lord of all.

862. C. M. W. Ward.

Prayer for the Success of the Gospel.

1 GREAT God, the nations of the earth
Are by creation thine;
And in thy works, by all beheld,
Thy radiant glories shine.

2 But, Lord, thy greater love has sent
Thy gospel to mankind,
Unveiling what rich stores of grace
Are treasured in thy mind.

3 O, when shall these glad tidings spread
The spacious earth around,
Till every tribe and every soul
Shall hear the joyful sound?

4 Smile, Lord, on each divine attempt
To spread the gospel's rays,
And build on sin's demolished throne
The temples of thy praise.

863. H. M. VILLAGE HYMNS.

Prayer for the Heathen.

1 SOVEREIGN of worlds above,
And Lord of all below,
Thy faithfulness and love,
Thy power and mercy, show:
Fulfil thy word; | Let heathen live,
Thy Spirit give; | And praise the Lord.

2 Few be the years that roll
Ere all shall worship thee;
The travail of his soul
Soon let the Saviour see:
O God of grace, | Fill earth with joy,
Thy power employ; | And heaven with praise.

864. C. M. GIBBONS.

Prayer for the Success of Missions.

1 LORD, send thy word, and let it fly,
Armed with thy Spirit's power:
Ten thousands shall confess its sway,
And bless the saving hour.

2 Beneath the influence of thy grace
The barren wastes shall rise,
With sudden greens and fruits arrayed,
A blooming paradise.

3 True holiness shall strike its root
In each regenerate heart;
Shall in a growth divine arise,
And heavenly fruits impart.

4 Peace, with her olives crowned, shall stretch
Her wings from shore to shore;
No trump shall rouse the rage of war,
Nor murderous cannon roar.

5 Lord, for those days we wait; those days
Are in thy word foretold;
Fly swifter, sun and stars, and bring
This promised age of gold.

6 "Amen," with joy divine, let earth's
Unnumbered myriads cry;
"Amen," with joy divine, let heaven's
Unnumbered choirs reply.

865. L. M. PRATT'S COL.

Prayer for the Heathen.

1 SOVEREIGN of worlds, display thy power;
Be this thy Zion's favored hour:
O, bid the morning star arise;
O, point the heathen to the skies.

2 Set up thy throne where Satan reigns,
In western wilds and eastern plains;
Far let the gospel's sound be known;
Make thou the universe thine own.

3 Speak, and the world shall hear thy voice;
Speak, and the desert shall rejoice:
Dispel the gloom of heathen night:
Bid every nation hail the light.

866. C. M. S. F. SMITH.

Heralds of Mercy.

1 MOST gracious to fulfil thy word,
Almighty to defend, —
To reap thy ripened harvest, Lord,
Thy chosen servants send.

2 Send to the east the valiant band;
Send to each distant pole;
Send to the west; o'er every land
Salvation's current roll.

3 Heralds of peace, we come! we come!
On love's swift wings we fly;
Ye dead in sin, O, live; ye dumb,
In hallelujahs cry.

4 O Zion, spread more wide thy tent;
Stretch forth thy straining cords;
The promise dawns; the clouds are rent;
Earth, thou shalt be the Lord's.

5 Haste, haste, ye years of toil and woe;
Heaven, earth, break forth and sing,
"The kingdoms of the world are now
Thy conquest, peerless King."

6 Amen, amen; let echoing praise
Swell like the sounding sea;
To God, to God, those rapturous lays,
That tide of praise, shall be.

867. H. M. BURDER.

Prayer for the Heathen.

1 RISE, Sun of glory, rise,
And chase the shades of night,
Which now obscure the skies,
And hide thy sacred light:
O, chase those dismal shades away,
And bring the bright, millennial day!

2 Now send thy Spirit down
On all the nations, Lord,
With great success to crown
The preaching of thy word;
That heathen lands may own thy sway,
And cast their idol gods away.

3 Then shall thy kingdom come
Among our fallen race,
And all the earth become
The temple of thy grace;
Whence pure devotion shall ascend,
And songs of praise, till time shall end.

868. 8s, 7s & 4. J. RYLAND.

Victories of Christ.

1 GIRD thy sword on, mighty Saviour;
Make the word of truth thy car;
Prosper in thy course, triumphant;
All success attend thy war:
Gracious Victor,
Bring thy trophies from afar.

2 Majesty combines with meekness,
Righteousness and peace unite,
To insure thy blesséd conquests;
Take possession of thy right:
Ride triumphant,
Dressed in robes of purest light.

3 Blest are they that touch thy sceptre;
Blest are all that own thy reign;
Freed from sin, that worst of tyrants,
Rescued from its galling chain:
Saints and angels,
All who know thee, bless thy reign.

869. L. M. BACON.

Diffusion of Gospel Light.

1 THOUGH now the nations sit beneath
The darkness of o'erspreading death,
God will arise with light divine,
On Zion's holy towers to shine.

2 That light shall beam o'er distant lands,
And heathen tribes, in joyful bands,
Come with exulting haste to prove
The power and greatness of his love.

3 Lord, spread the triumphs of thy grace;
Let truth, and righteousness, and peace,
In mild and lovely forms, display
The glories of the latter day.

870. C. M. BURDER'S COL.

Prayer for Christ's Victory.

1 JESUS, immortal King, arise;
Assert thy rightful sway;
Till earth, subdued, its tribute brings,
And distant lands obey.

2 Ride forth, victorious Conqueror, ride,
Till all thy foes submit,
And all the powers of hell resign
Their trophies at thy feet.

3 Send forth thy word, and let it fly
This spacious earth around,
Till every soul beneath the sun
Shall hear the joyful sound.

4 O, may the great Redeemer's name
Through every clime be known,
And heathen gods, forsaken, fall,
And Jesus reign alone.

5 From sea to sea, from shore to shore,
May Jesus be adored,
And Earth, with all her millions, shout
Hosannas to the Lord.

871. 8s & 7s. URWICK'S COL.

Desiring Christ's Triumph.

1 O THOU Sun of glorious splendor,
Shine with healing in thy wing;
Chase away these shades of darkness;
Holy light and comfort bring.

2 Let the heralds of salvation
Round the world with joy proclaim,
"Death and hell are spoiled and vanquished
Through the great Immanuel's name."

3 Take thy power, almighty Saviour;
Claim the nations for thine own;
Reign, thou Lord of life and glory,
Till each heart becomes thy throne.

4 Then the earth, o'erspread with glory,
Decked with heavenly splendor bright,
Shall be made Jehovah's dwelling —
As at first, the Lord's delight.

872. H. M. E. SCOTT.

Prayer for Christ's Victory.

1 ALL hail, incarnate God!
The wondrous things foretold
Of thee, in sacred writ,
With joy our eyes behold:
Still doth thine arm | And monuments
New trophies wear, | Of glory rear.

2 O, haste, victorious Prince,
That glorious, happy day,
When souls, like drops of dew,
Shall own thy gentle sway:
O, may it bless | And bear our shouts
Our longing eyes, | Beyond the skies.

3 All hail, triumphant Lord!
Eternal be thy reign:
Behold, the nations wait
To wear thy gentle chain:
When earth and time | Thy throne shall stand
Are known no more, | Forever sure.

873. 7s. CONDER.

The Latter Day.

1 HASTEN, Lord, thy promised hour;
Come in glory and in power:
Still thy foes are unsubdued;
Nature sighs to be renewed.

2 Time has nearly reached its sum;
All things, with thy bride, say, "Come,
Jesus, whom all worlds adore,
Come, and reign forevermore."

874. 8s, 7s & 4. WINCHELL'S SEL.

Influences of the Spirit.

1 WHO but thou, almighty Spirit,
Can the heathen world reclaim?
Men may preach, but, till thou favor,
Heathens still will be the same:
Mighty Spirit,
Witness to the Saviour's name.

2 Thou hast promised, by the prophets,
Glorious light in latter days:
Come, and bless bewildered nations;
Change our prayers and tears to praise:
Promised Spirit,
Round the world diffuse thy rays.

3 All our hopes, and prayers, and labors,
Must be vain without thy aid;
But thou wilt not disappoint us;
All is true that thou hast said:
Gracious Spirit,
O'er the world thy influence shed.

875. C. M. MONTGOMERY.

Prayer for the Spirit.

1 SPIRIT of power and might, behold
A world by sin destroyed:
Creator Spirit, as of old,
Move on the formless void.

2 Give thou the Word : that healing sound
Shall quell the deadly strife,
And earth again, like Eden crowned,
Bring forth the tree of life.

3 If sang the morning stars for joy
When nature rose to view,
What strains will angel harps employ
When thou shalt all renew !

4 And if the sons of God rejoice
To hear a Saviour's name,
How will the ransomed raise their voice,
To whom that Saviour came !

5 Lo ! every kindred, tongue, and tribe,
Assembling round the throne,
The new creation shall ascribe
To sovereign love alone.

876. 6s & 4s. PRATT'S COL.

Prayer to the Trinity.

1 THOU, whose almighty word
Chaos and darkness heard,
And took their flight,
Hear us, we humbly pray,
And where the gospel day
Sheds not its glorious ray,
" Let there be light."

2 Thou, who didst come to bring,
On thy redeeming wing,
Healing and sight,
Health to the sick in mind,
Sight to the inly blind,
O, now to all mankind
" Let there be light."

3 Spirit of truth and love,
Life-giving, Holy Dove,
Speed forth thy flight ;
Move on the waters' face,
Bearing the lamp of grace ;
And in earth's darkest place
" Let there be light."

877. 8s, 7s & 4. T. Cotterill.

Prayer for the Heathen.

1 O'ER the realms of pagan darkness
Let the eye of pity gaze;
See the kindreds of the people
Lost in sin's bewildering maze;
Darkness brooding
O'er the face of all the earth.

2 Light of them that sit in darkness,
Rise and shine; thy blessings bring:
Light to lighten all the Gentiles,
Rise with healing in thy wing:
To thy brightness
Let all kings and nations come.

3 May the heathen, now adoring
Idol gods of wood and stone,
Come, and, worshipping before him,
Serve the living God alone:
Let thy glory
Fill the earth as floods the sea.

4 Thou, to whom all power is given,
Speak the word; at thy command,
Let the company of heralds
Spread thy name from land to land;
Lord, be with them,
Alway, to the end of time.

878. L. M. A. Balfour.

The Missionary charged and encouraged.

1 GO, messenger of peace and love,
To people plunged in shades of night,
Like angels sent from fields above,
Be thine to shed celestial light.

2 On barren rock and desert isle,
Go, bid the rose of Sharon bloom;
Till arid wastes around thee smile,
And bear to heaven a sweet perfume.

3 Go to the hungry — food impart;
To paths of peace the wanderer guide;
And lead the thirsty, panting heart
Where streams of living water glide.

4 Go, bid the bright and morning star
From Bethlehem's plains resplendent shine,
And, piercing through the gloom afar,
Shed heavenly light and love divine.

5 O, faint not in the day of toil,
When harvest waits the reaper's hand;
Go, gather in the glorious spoil,
And joyous in his presence stand.

6 Thy love a rich reward shall find
From Him who sits enthroned on high;
For they who turn the erring mind
Shall shine like stars above the sky.

879. S. M. WARDLAW'S COL.

Universal Extension of Christ's Kingdom.

1 O LORD our God, arise,
The cause of truth maintain,
And wide o'er all the peopled world
Extend her blesséd reign.

2 Thou Prince of life, arise,
Nor let thy glory cease;
Far spread the conquests of thy grace,
And bless the earth with peace.

3 O Holy Spirit, rise,
Expand thy heavenly wing,
And o'er a dark and ruined world
Let light and order spring.

4 O, all ye nations, rise;
To God the Saviour sing;
From shore to shore, from earth to heaven,
Let echoing anthems ring.

880. 7s. MARSDEN.

The Messengers of God.

1 GO, ye messengers of God;
Like the beams of morning, fly;
Take the wonder-working rod;
Wave the banner-cross on high.

2 Go to many a tropic isle,
In the bosom of the deep,
Where the skies forever smile,
And th' oppressed forever weep.

3 O'er the pagan's night of care
Pour the living light of heaven;
Chase away his wild despair;
Bid him hope to be forgiven.

4 Where the golden gates of day
Open on the palmy east,
High the bleeding cross display,
Spread the gospel's richest feast.

881. 8s, 7s & 4. KELLY.

Departure of Missionaries.

1 MEN of God, go take your stations;
Darkness reigns throughout the earth;
Go proclaim among the nations
Joyful news of heavenly birth;
Bear the tidings
Of the Saviour's matchless worth.

2 Of his gospel not ashaméd,
As "the power of God to save,"
Go where Christ was never naméd,
Publish freedom to the slave —
Blesséd freedom!
Such as Zion's children have.

3 When exposed to fearful dangers,
Jesus will his own defend;
Borne afar 'midst foes and strangers,
Jesus will appear your Friend;
And his presence
Shall be with you to the end.

882. L. M. WINCHELL'S SEL.

Missionaries encouraged.

1 YE Christian heralds — go, proclaim
Salvation in Immanuel's name;
To distant climes the tidings bear,
And plant the rose of Sharon there.

2 He'll shield you with a wall of fire,
With holy zeal your hearts inspire,
Bid raging winds their fury cease,
And calm the savage breast to peace.

3 And when our labors all are o'er,
Then shall we meet to part no more —
Meet, with the blood-bought throng to fall,
And crown the Saviour Lord of all.

883. 8s & 7s. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

Missionaries charged.

1 ONWARD, onward, men of heaven;
Bear the gospel banner high;
Rest not till its light is given —
Star of every pagan sky:
Send it where the pilgrim stranger
Faints beneath the torrid ray;
Bid the hardy forest-ranger
Hail it, ere he fades away.

2 Where the Arctic Ocean thunders,
Where the tropics fiercely glow,
Broadly spread its page of wonders,
Brightly bid its radiance flow:
India marks its lustre stealing;
Shivering Greenland loves its rays;
Afric, 'mid her deserts kneeling,
Lifts the untaught strain of praise.

3 Rude in speech, or wild in feature,
Dark in spirit, though they be,
Show that light to every creature —
Prince or vassal, bond or free:
Lo! they haste to every nation;
Host on host the ranks supply:
Onward! Christ is your salvation,
And your death is victory.

884. 6s & 4s. URWICK'S COL.

The Gospel preached to every Creature.

1 SOUND, sound the truth abroad;
Bear ye the word of God
Through the wide world;
Tell what our Lord has done;
Tell how the day is won,
And from his lofty throne
Satan is hurled.

2 Swiftly, on wings of love,
Jesus, who reigns above,
Bids us to fly;
They who his message bear
Should neither doubt nor fear;
He will their Friend appear;
He will be nigh.

3 When on the mighty deep,
He will their spirits keep,
Stayed on his word;
When in a foreign land,
No other friend at hand,
Jesus will by them stand —
Jesus, their Lord.

4 Ye who, forsaking all,
At your loved Master's call,
Comforts resign,
Soon will your work be done;
Soon will the prize be won;
Brighter than yonder sun
Ye soon shall shine.

885. C. M. MORELL.

Missionaries commended to God.

1 FATHER of mercies, condescend
To hear our fervent prayer,
While these our brethren we commend
To thy paternal care.

2 Before them set an open door;
Their various efforts bless;
On them thy Holy Spirit pour,
And crown them with success.

3 Endow them with a heavenly mind;
Supply their every need;
Make them in spirit meek, resigned,
But bold in word and deed.

4 In every tempting, trying hour,
Uphold them by thy grace,
And guard them by thy mighty power,
Till they shall end their race.

5 Then, followed by a numerous train,
Gathered from heathen lands,
A crown of life may they obtain
From their Redeemer's hands.

886. C. M. ANON.

Missionaries' Farewell.

1 KINDRED, and friends, and native land,
How shall we say, "Farewell"?
How, — when our swelling sails expand, —
How will our bosoms swell!

2 Yes, nature, all thy soft delights
And tender ties we know;
But love more strong than death unites
To Him that bids us go.

3 Thus, when, our every passion moved,
The gushing tear-drop starts,
The cause of Jesus, more beloved,
Shall glow within our hearts.

4 The sighs we breathe for precious souls,
Where he is yet unknown,
Might waft us to the distant poles,
Or to the burning zone.

5 With warm desire our bosoms swell,
Our glowing powers expand;
"Farewell," then we can say, "farewell,
Our friends, our native land."

887. S. M. VOKE.

Missionaries encouraged.

1 YE messengers of Christ,
His sovereign voice obey;
Arise and follow where he leads,
And peace attend your way.

2 The Master whom you serve
Will needful strength bestow:
Depending on his promised aid,
With sacred courage go.

3 Go, spread the Saviour's name;
Go, tell his matchless grace;
Proclaim salvation, full and free,
To Adam's guilty race.

4 We wish you, in his name,
The most divine success,
Assured that he who sends you forth
Will your endeavors bless.

888. C. M. MORELL.

Fidelity enjoined.

1 GO, and the Saviour's grace proclaim,
Ye favored men of God;
Go, publish, through Immanuel's name,
Salvation bought with blood.

2 Go, with determined courage go,
And armed with power divine;
Your God will needful strength bestow,
And on your labors shine.

3 He who has called you to the war
Will soon reward your pains;
Before Messiah's conquering car
Shall mountains sink to plains.

4 Shrink not, though earth and hell oppose,
But plead your Master's cause,
Assured that e'en your mightiest foes
Shall bow before his cross.

889. 8s, 7s & 4. S. F. Smith.

The Missionary's Farewell.

1 YES, my native land, I love thee;
All thy scenes, I love them well:
Friends, connections, happy country,
Can I bid you all farewell?
Can I leave you,
Far in heathen lands to dwell?

2 Home, thy joys are passing lovely —
Joys no stranger-heart can tell:
Happy home, indeed I love thee:
Can I, can I say, "Farewell"?
Can I leave thee,
Far in heathen lands to dwell?

3 Scenes of sacred peace and pleasure,
Holy days and Sabbath bell,
Richest, brightest, sweetest treasure,
Can I say a last farewell?
Can I leave you,
Far in heathen lands to dwell?

4 Yes, I hasten from you gladly —
From the scenes I loved so well:
Far away, ye billows, bear me:
Lovely, native land, farewell:
Pleased I leave thee,
Far in heathen lands to dwell.

5 In the deserts let me labor;
On the mountains let me tell
How he died — the blesséd Saviour —
To redeem a world from hell:
Let me hasten,
Far in heathen lands to dwell.

6 Bear me on, thou restless ocean;
Let the winds my canvass swell:
Heaves my heart with warm emotion,
While I go far hence to dwell:
Glad I bid thee,
Native land, farewell, farewell.

890. 7s & 6s. NOEL'S COL

Departure of Missionaries.

1 ROLL on, thou mighty ocean;
And, as thy billows flow,
Bear messengers of mercy
To every land below.

2 Arise, ye gales, and waft them
Safe to the destined shore,
That man may sit in darkness
And death's deep shade no more.

3 O thou eternal Ruler,
Who holdest in thine arm
The tempests of the ocean,
Protect them from all harm.

4 O, be thy presence with them,
Wherever they may be;
Though far from us who love them,
O, be they still with thee.

891. 8s, 7s & 4. P. WILLIAMS.

Desiring the Spread of the Gospel.

1 O'ER the gloomy hills of darkness,
Look, my soul, be still and gaze;
See the promises advancing
To a glorious day of grace:
Blesséd jubilee,
Let thy glorious morning dawn.

2 Let the dark, benighted pagan,
Let the rude barbarian, see
That divine and glorious conquest
Once obtained on Calvary:
Let the gospel
Loud resound, from pole to pole.

3 Kingdoms wide, that sit in darkness,
Grant them, Lord, the glorious light;
Now, from eastern coast to western,
May the morning chase the night:
Let redemption,
Freely purchased, win the day.

4 Fly abroad, thou mighty gospel;
Win and conquer — never cease:
May thy lasting, wide dominions
Multiply, and still increase:
Sway thy sceptre,
Saviour, all the world around.

892. 7s & 5s. S. F. Smith.

The missionary Angel.

1 ONWARD speed thy conquering flight;
Angel, onward speed;
Cast abroad thy radiant light,
Bid the shades recede;
Tread the idols in the dust,
Heathen fanes destroy,
Spread the gospel's holy trust,
Spread the gospel's joy.

2 Onward speed thy conquering flight;
Angel, onward haste;
Quickly on each mountain's height
Be thy standard placed;
Let thy blissful tidings float
Far o'er vale and hill,
Till the sweetly-echoing note
Every bosom thrill.

3 Onward speed thy conquering flight;
Angel, onward fly;
Long has been the reign of night;
Bring the morning nigh:
'Tis to thee the heathen lift
Their imploring wail;
Bear them Heaven's holy gift,
Ere their courage fail.

4 Onward speed thy conquering flight;
Angel, onward speed;
Morning bursts upon our sight —
'Tis the time decreed:
Jesus now his kingdom takes,
Thrones and empires fall,
And the joyous song awakes,
"God is all in all."

893. 7s. Bowring.

Report of the Watchman.

1 WATCHMAN! tell us of the night,
What its signs of promise are.
Traveller! o'er yon mountain's height,
See that glory-beaming star.

2 Watchman! does its beauteous ray
Aught of hope or joy foretell?
Traveller! yes; it brings the day,
Promised day of Israel.

3 Watchman! tell us of the night;
Higher yet that star ascends.
Traveller! blessedness and light,
Peace and truth, its course portends.

4 Watchman! will its beams alone
Gild the spot that gave them birth?
Traveller! ages are its own;
See, it bursts o'er all the earth.

5 Watchman! tell us of the night,
For the morning seems to dawn.
Traveller! darkness takes its flight;
Doubt and terror are withdrawn.

6 Watchman! let thy wanderings cease;
Hie thee to thy quiet home.
Traveller! lo! the Prince of Peace,
Lo! the Son of God, is come.

894. C. M. Montgomery.

Returning to Zion.

1 DAUGHTER of Zion, from the dust
Exalt thy fallen head;
Again in thy Redeemer trust;
He calls thee from the dead.

2 Awake, awake; put on thy strength,
Thy beautiful array;
The day of freedom dawns at length,
The Lord's appointed day.

3 Rebuild thy walls, thy bounds enlarge,
And send thy heralds forth;
Say to the south, "Give up thy charge,"
And, "Keep not back, O north."

4 They come! they come! thine exiled bands,
Where'er they rest or roam,
Have heard thy voice in distant lands,
And hasten to their home.

5 Thus, though the universe shall burn,
And God his works destroy,
With songs thy ransomed shall return,
And everlasting joy.

895. C. M. WATTS.

Zion's Prospects.

1 LET Zion and her sons rejoice;
Behold the promised hour;
Her God hath heard her mourning voice,
And comes t' exalt his power.

2 Her dust and ruins, that remain,
Are precious in his eyes;
These ruins shall be built again,
And all that dust shall rise.

3 The Lord will raise Jerusalem,
And stand in glory there;
All nations bow before his name,
And kings attend with fear.

4 He sits, a Sovereign, on his throne,
With pity in his eyes;
He hears the dying prisoners' groan,
And sees their sighs arise.

5 He frees the soul condemned to death;
Nor, when his saints complain,
Shall it be said that praying breath
Was ever spent in vain.

6 This shall be known when we are dead,
And left on long record,
That ages yet unborn may read,
And praise and trust the Lord.

896. L. M. Pratt's Col.

Zion encouraged.

1 ZION, awake; thy strength renew;
Put on thy robes of beauteous hue;
Church of our God, arise and shine,
Bright with the beams of truth divine.

2 Soon shall thy radiance stream afar,
Wide as the heathen nations are;
Gentiles and kings thy light shall view;
All shall admire and love thee too.

897. H. M. Doddridge.

Zion's Prosperity.

1 O ZION, tune thy voice,
And raise thy hands on high;
Tell all the earth thy joys,
And boast salvation nigh;
Cheerful in God, | While rays divine
Arise and shine, | Stream far abroad.

2 He gilds thy mourning face
With beams that cannot fade;
His all-resplendent grace
He pours around thy head;
The nations round | With lustre new
Thy form shall view, | Divinely crowned.

3 In honor to his name,
Reflect that sacred light,
And loud that grace proclaim
Which makes thy darkness bright;
Pursue his praise, | In worlds above
Till sovereign love | The glory raise.

4 There, on his holy hill,
A brighter sun shall rise,
And with his radiance fill
Those fairer, purer skies;
While, round his throne, | In nobler spheres
Ten thousand stars | His influence own.

898. C. M. WATTS.

Prayer for the Enlargement of the Church.

1 SHINE, mighty God, on Zion shine,
With beams of heavenly grace;
Reveal thy power through every land,
And show thy smiling face.

2 When shall thy name, from shore to shore,
Sound through the earth abroad,
And distant nations know and love
Their Saviour and their God?

3 Sing to the Lord, ye distant lands;
Sing loud, with joyful voice;
Let every tongue exalt his praise,
And every heart rejoice.

899. C. M. LOGAN.

The Glory of the Latter Day.

1 BEHOLD, the mountain of the Lord,
In latter days, shall rise
Above the mountains and the hills,
And draw the wondering eyes.

2 To this the joyful nations round,
All tribes and tongues, shall flow:
"Up to the hill of God," they say,
"And to his house, we'll go."

3 The beam that shines on Zion's hill
Shall lighten every land:
The King who reigns in Zion's towers
Shall all the world command.

4 No strife shall vex Messiah's reign,
Or mar the peaceful years;
To ploughshares men shall beat their swords,
To pruning-hooks their spears.

5 Come, then, O, come from every land,
To worship at his shrine;
And, walking in the light of God,
With holy beauty shine.

900. 10s. POPE.

Gentiles coming into the Church.

1 RISE, crowned with light, imperial Salem, rise;
Exalt thy towering head, and lift thine eyes;
See heaven its sparkling portals wide display,
And break upon thee in a flood of day.

2 See a long race thy spacious courts adorn;
See future sons and daughters, yet unborn,
In crowding ranks on every side arise,
Demanding life, impatient for the skies.

3 See barbarous nations at thy gates attend,
Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend;
See thy bright altars thronged with prostrate kings,
While every land its joyous tribute brings.

4 The seas shall waste, the skies in smoke decay,
Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away;
But, fixed his word, his saving power remains;
Thy realm shall last, thy own Messiah reigns.

901. 6, 7s & 8. H. Y.

The Gospel Summons.

1 HARK! hark! a shout of joy!
The world, the world, is calling;
In east and west, in north and south,
See Satan's kingdom falling.

2 Wake! wake! the church of God,
And dissipate thy slumbers;
Shake off thy deadly apathy,
And marshal all thy numbers.

3 Trust, trust the faithful God;
His promise is unfailing;
The prayer of faith can pierce the skies;
Its breath is all-prevailing.

4 Look! look! the fields are white;
And stay thy hand no longer;
Though Satan's mighty legions fight,
The arm of God is stronger.

5 See! see! the cross is raised;
The crescent droops before it;
The pagan nations feel its power,
And prostrate ranks adore it.

6 Joy! joy! the Saviour reigns;
See prophecy fulfilling;
The hearts of stubborn Jews relent,
In God's own time made willing.

7 Pray! pray! then, Christian, pray;
Though faint, be yet pursuing,
And cease not, day by day, the prayer
Of lively faith renewing.

8 Soon, soon your waiting eyes
Shall see the heavens rending,
And rich and richer blessings still
From God's bright throne descending.

902. 8s, 7s & 4. KELLY.

Zion encouraged.

1 ON the mountain's top appearing,
Lo! the sacred herald stands,
Welcome news to Zion bearing —
Zion, long in hostile lands:
Mourning captive,
God himself will loose thy bands.

2 Has thy night been long and mournful?
Have thy friends unfaithful proved?
Have thy foes been proud and scornful,
By thy sighs and tears unmoved?
Cease thy mourning;
Zion still is well beloved.

3 God, thy God, will now restore thee;
He himself appears thy Friend;
All thy foes shall flee before thee;
Here their boasts and triumphs end:
Great deliverance
Zion's King will surely send.

4 Peace and joy shall now attend thee;
All thy warfare now be past;
God thy Saviour will defend thee;
Victory is thine at last:
All thy conflicts
End in everlasting rest.

903. L. M. Ch. Psalmody.

Subjection of the Nations to Christ prayed for.

1 SOON may the last, glad song arise,
Through all the myriads of the skies —
That song of triumph which records
That all the earth is now the Lord's.

2 Let thrones, and powers, and kingdoms, be
Obedient, mighty God, to thee;
And over land, and stream, and main,
Now wave the sceptre of thy reign.

3 O, let that glorious anthem swell;
Let host to host the triumph tell,
That not one rebel heart remains,
But over all the Saviour reigns.

904. 8s, 7s & 4. Kelly.

Encouraging Prospects.

1 YES, we trust the day is breaking;
Joyful times are near at hand;
God, the mighty God, is speaking,
By his word, in every land:
When he chooses,
Darkness flies at his command.

2 While the foe becomes more daring,
While he enters like a flood,
God, the Saviour, is preparing
Means to spread his truth abroad:
Every language
Soon shall tell the love of God.

3 O, 'tis pleasant, 'tis reviving
To our hearts, to hear, each day
Joyful news, from far arriving,
How the gospel wins its way,
Those enlightening
Who in death and darkness lay.

4 God of Jacob, high and glorious,
Let thy people see thy hand;
Let the gospel be victorious,
Through the world, in every land;
Then shall idols
Perish, Lord, at thy command.

905. C. M. WATTS.

Kingdom of Christ among Men.

1 LO! what a glorious sight appears
To our believing eyes!
The earth and seas are passed away,
And fled the rolling skies.

2 From highest heaven, where God resides,
That holy, happy place,
The new Jerusalem comes down,
Adorned with shining grace.

3 Attending angels shout for joy,
And heavenly armies sing, —
"Ye saints, behold the sacred seat
Of your descending King.

4 "The God of glory down to men
Removes his blest abode, —
His saints the objects of his grace,
And he their faithful God.

5 "His own soft hand shall wipe the tears
From every weeping eye;
And pains, and groans, and griefs, and fears,
And death itself, shall die."

6 How long, dear Saviour, O, how long
Shall this bright hour delay?
Fly swifter round, ye wheels of time,
And bring the welcome day.

906. 12s, 11 & 8. S. F. SMITH.

The Prince of Salvation.

1 THE Prince of salvation in triumph is riding,
And glory attends him along his bright way;
The tidings of grace on the breezes are gliding,
And nations are owning his sway.

2 Ride on in thy greatness, thou conquering Saviour;
Let thousands of thousands submit to thy reign,
Acknowledge thy goodness, entreat for thy favor,
And follow thy glorious train.

3 Then loud shall ascend, from each sanctified nation,
The voice of thanksgiving, the chorus of praise;
And heaven shall reëcho the song of salvation,
In rich and melodious lays.

907. 7s & 6s. ANON.

Universal Hallelujah.

1 WHEN shall the voice of singing
Flow joyfully along?
When hill and valley, ringing
With one triumphant song,
Proclaim the contest ended,
And Him, who once was slain,
Again to earth descended,
In righteousness to reign?

2 Then from the craggy mountains
The sacred shout shall fly,
And shady vales and fountains
Shall echo the reply:
High tower and lowly dwelling
Shall send the chorus round,
The hallelujah swelling
In one eternal sound.

908. H. M. ANON.

Millennium Hymn.

1 ISLES of the south, awake!
The song of triumph sing;
Let mount, and hill, and vale,
With hallelujahs ring:
Shout, for the idol 's overthrown,
And Israel's God is God alone.

2 Wild wastes of Afric, shout!
Your shackled sons are free;
No mother wails her child
'Neath the banana-tree:
No slave-ship dashes on thy shore;
The clank of chains is heard no more.

3 Shout, vales of India, shout!
No funeral fires blaze high;
No idol song rings loud,
As rolls the death-car by:
The banner of the cross now waves
Where Christian heralds made their graves.

4 Shout, rocky hills of Greece!
The crescent head lies low;
No Moslem flings his chain
Around the Christian now;
But Greek and Moslem join in one
To praise the Saviour, God the Son.

5 Shout, hills of Palestine!
Have you forgot the groan,
The spear, the thorn, the cross,
The wine-press trod alone,
The dying prayer that rose from thee,
Thou garden of Gethsemane?

6 Hail, glad, millennial day!
O, shout, ye heavens above!
To-day the nations sing
The song, redeeming love:
Redeeming love the song shall be:
Hail, blesséd year of jubilee!

909. L. M. PRATT'S COL.

Glory of the Latter Day.

1 ARISE, arise; with joy survey
The glory of the latter day:
Already is the dawn begun
Which marks at hand a rising sun.

2 "Behold the way," ye heralds, cry;
Spare not, but lift your voices high;
Convey the sound from pole to pole,
"Glad tidings" to the captive soul.

3 "Behold the way to Zion's hill,
Where Israel's God delights to dwell:
He fixes there his lofty throne,
And calls the sacred place his own."

4 The north gives up; the south no more
Keeps back her consecrated store;
From east to west the message runs,
And either India yields her sons.

5 Auspicious dawn, thy rising ray
With joy we view, and hail the day:
Great Sun of Righteousness, arise,
And fill the world with glad surprise.

910. 7s & 6s. MONTGOMERY.

Blessings of Christ's Kingdom.

1 HAIL to the Lord's Anointed,
Great David's greater Son!
Hail, in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun!
He comes to break oppression,
To set the captive free,
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.

2 He comes, with succor speedy,
To those who suffer wrong;
To help the poor and needy,
And bid the weak be strong;
To give them songs for sighing,
Their darkness turn to light,
Whose souls, condemned and dying,
Were precious in his sight.

3 He shall descend like showers
Upon the fruitful earth,
And love and joy, like flowers,
Spring in his path to birth;
Before him, on the mountains,
Shall peace, the herald, go;
And righteousness, in fountains,
From hill to valley flow.

4 For him shall prayer unceasing
And daily vows ascend,
His kingdom still increasing —
A kingdom without end:
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove:
His name shall stand forever;
That name to us is love.

911. L. M. WATTS.

The seventh Trumpet.

1 NOW let the angel sound on high;
Let shouts be heard through all the sky;
Kings of the earth, with glad accord,
Give up your kingdoms to the Lord.

2 Almighty God, thy power assume,
Who wast, and art, and art to come;
Jesus, the Lamb, that once was slain,
Forever live, forever reign.

912. 7s & 6s. S. F. Smith.

Success of the Gospel.

1 THE morning light is breaking;
The darkness disappears;
The sons of earth are waking
To penitential tears:
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
Brings tidings from afar
Of nations in commotion,
Prepared for Zion's war.

2 Rich dews of grace come o'er us,
In many a gentle shower,
And brighter scenes before us
Are opening every hour:
Each cry, to heaven going,
Abundant answers brings,
And heavenly gales are blowing,
With peace upon their wings.

3 See heathen nations bending
Before the God we love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above;
While sinners, now confessing,
The gospel call obey,
And seek the Saviour's blessing, —
A nation in a day.

4 Blest river of salvation,
Pursue thy onward way;
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay:
Stay not till all the lowly
Triumphant reach their home;
Stay not till all the holy
Proclaim, "The Lord is come."

913. L. P. M. Watts.

Prayer for the Heathen.

1 LET all the earth their voices raise,
To sing the choicest psalm of praise,
To sing and bless Jehovah's name:
His glory let the heathen know,
His wonders to the nations show,
And all his saving works proclaim.

2 He framed the globe; he built the sky;
He made the shining worlds on high,
And reigns complete in glory there:
His beams are majesty and light;
His beauties, how divinely bright!
His temple, how divinely fair!

3 Come, the great day, the glorious hour,
When earth shall feel his saving power,
And barbarous nations fear his name:
Then shall the race of men confess
The beauty of his holiness,
And in his courts his grace proclaim.

914. L. M. Collyer.

Missionary Meeting.

1 ASSEMBLED at thy great command,
Before thy face, dread King, we stand:
The voice that marshalled every star
Has called thy people from afar.

2 We meet through distant lands to spread
The truth for which the martyrs bled;
Along the line — to either pole —
The anthem of thy praise to roll.

3 Our prayers assist; accept our praise;
Our hopes revive; our courage raise;
Our counsels aid; to each impart
The single eye, the faithful heart.

4 Forth with thy chosen heralds come;
Recall the wandering spirits home:
From Zion's mount send forth the sound,
To spread the spacious earth around.

915. 7s. BACON.

The Song of Jubilee.

1 WAKE the song of jubilee;
Let it echo o'er the sea:
Now is come the promised hour;
Jesus reigns with sovereign power.

2 All ye nations, join and sing,
"Christ, of lords and kings, is King:"
Let it sound from shore to shore;
Jesus reigns forevermore.

3 Now the desert lands rejoice,
And the islands join their voice;
Yea, the whole creation sings,
"Jesus is the King of kings."

916. 7s. MONTGOMERY.

Jubilee Song.

1 HARK! the song of jubilee,
Loud as mighty thunders roar,
Or the fulness of the sea,
When it breaks upon the shore!

2 See, Jehovah's banner furled;
Sheathed his sword: — he speaks — 'tis done!
Now the kingdoms of this world
Are the kingdom of his Son.

3 He shall reign from pole to pole
With supreme, unbounded sway;
He shall reign, when, like a scroll,
Yonder heavens have passed away.

4 Hallelujah! for the Lord
God omnipotent shall reign:
Hallelujah! — let the word
Echo round the earth and main.

5 Hallelujah! hark! the sound,
From the centre to the skies,
Wakes, above, beneath, around,
All creation's harmonies.

917. 7s & 6s. HEBER.

Condition of the Heathen.

1 FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand, —
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand, —
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain, —
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile;
In vain, with lavish kindness,
The gifts of God are strown:
The heathen, in his blindness,
Bows down to wood and stone.

3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
By wisdom from on high,
Shall we to man benighted
The light of life deny?
Salvation! O, salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransomed nature
The Lamb, for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

918. S. M. TATE & BRADY.

Prayer for God's Chosen.

1 TO bless thy chosen race,
In mercy, Lord, incline,
And cause the brightness of thy face
On all thy saints to shine; —

2 That so thy wondrous way
May through the world be known,
While distant lands their homage pay,
And thy salvation own.

3 O, let them shout and sing
Glad songs of pious mirth;
For thou, the righteous Judge and King,
Shalt govern all the earth.

4 Let differing nations join
To celebrate thy fame;
Let all the world, O Lord, combine
To praise thy glorious name.

919. 7s & 6s. LYTE.

The Salvation of Israel.

1 O THAT the Lord's salvation
Were out of Zion come,
To heal his ancient nation,
To lead his outcasts home!

2 How long the holy city
Shall heathen feet profane?
Return, O Lord, in pity;
Rebuild her walls again.

3 Let fall thy rod of terror;
Thy saving grace impart;
Roll back the veil of error;
Release the fettered heart.

4 Let Israel, home returning,
Her lost Messiah see;
Give oil of joy for mourning,
And bind thy church to thee.

920. L. M. ANON.

Prayer for Israel.

1 O THOU, who once on Israel's ground
A homeless wanderer wast found, —
Redeemer, on thy heavenly throne,
Still call those ancient tribes thine own.

2 Bid their departed light return;
Thy holy splendor round them burn;
From prostrate Judah's ruins raise
A living temple to thy praise.

921. S. M. C. Wesley.

Prayer for Israel.

1 LORD, send thy servants forth
To call the Hebrews home;
From east and west, from south and north,
Let all the wanderers come.

2 Where'er, in lands unknown,
The fugitives remain,
Bid every creature help them on,
Thy holy mount to gain.

3 An offering to the Lord,
There let them all be seen,
And washed with water and with blood,
In soul and body clean.

4 With Israel's myriads sealed,
Let all the nations meet,
And show the promises fulfilled, —
Thy family complete.

922. L. M. Pratt's Col.

Israel returning from Captivity.

1 WHY, on the bending willows hung,
O Israel, sleeps thy tuneful string? —
Still mute remains thy sullen tongue,
And Zion's song declines to sing?

2 Awake! thy sweetest raptures raise;
Let harp and voice unite their strains:
Thy promised King his sceptre sways;
And Jesus, thy Messiah, reigns.

3 No taunting foes the song require;
No strangers mock thy captive chain;
But friends invite the silent lyre,
And brethren ask the holy strain.

4 Nor fear thy Salem's hills to wrong,
If other lands thy triumph share:
A heavenly city claims thy song;
A brighter Salem rises there.

5 By foreign streams no longer roam;
Nor, weeping, think of Jordan's flood:
In every clime behold a home;
In every temple see thy God.

923. C. M. W. B. Tappan.

Israel redeemed.

1 HARK! 'tis the Prophet of the skies
Proclaims redemption near:
The night of death and bondage flies;
The dawning tints appear.

2 Zion, from deepest shades of gloom,
Awakes to glorious day;
Her desert wastes with verdure bloom,
Her shadows flee away.

3 To heal her wounds, her night dispel,
The heralds cross the main;
On Calvary's mournful brow they tell
That Jesus lives again.

4 From Salem's towers the Islam sign
With holy zeal is hurled;
'Tis there Immanuel's symbols shine;
His banner is unfurled.

5 The gladdening news, conveyed afar,
Remotest nations hear;
To welcome Judah's rising star,
The ransomed tribes appear.

6 Again in Bethl'em swells the song;
The choral breaks again;
While Jordan's shores the strains prolong,
"Good-will and peace to men."

924. C. M. Moore.

Spiritual Restoration of the Jews.

1 BUT who shall see the glorious day,
When, throned on Zion's brow,
The Lord shall rend that veil away
Which blinds the nations now?

2 When earth no more beneath the fear
Of his rebuke shall lie, —
When pain shall cease, and every tear
Be wiped from every eye, —

3 Then, Judah, thou no more shalt mourn
Beneath the heathen's chain;
Thy days of splendor shall return,
And all be new again.

4 The fount of life shall then be quaffed
In peace by all who come,
And every wind that blows shall waft
Some long-lost exile home.

925. S. M. WATTS.

Universal Praise.

1 THY name, almighty Lord,
Shall sound through distant lands:
Great is thy grace, and sure thy word;
Thy truth forever stands.

2 Far be thine honor spread,
And long thy praise endure, —
Till morning light and evening shade
Shall be exchanged no more.

926. L. M. WATTS.

Exhortation to universal Praise.

1 FROM all who dwell below the skies
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung,
Through every land, by every tongue.

2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord;
Eternal truth attends thy word;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

CONSTITUTION OF A CHURCH.

927. C. M. Watts.

Prayer for the Reign of Christ.

1 ARISE, O King of grace, arise,
And enter to thy rest;
Behold, thy church, with longing eyes,
Waits to be owned and blest.

2 Enter with all thy glorious train,
Thy Spirit and thy Word;
All that the ark did once contain
Could no such grace afford.

3 Here, mighty God, accept our vows;
Here let thy praise be spread;
Bless the provisions of thy house,
And fill thy poor with bread.

4 Here let the Son of David reign,
Let God's Anointed shine;
Justice and truth his court maintain,
With love and power divine.

5 Here let him hold a lasting throne;
And, as his kingdom grows,
Fresh honors shall adorn his crown,
And shame confound his foes.

928. H. M. Pratt's Col.

God's Love to Zion.

1 FIXED on the sacred hills,
Its firm foundations rest;
The Lord his temple fills,
With all his glory blest:
He waits where'er His saints adore, | But loves the gates Of Zion more.

2 O Zion, sacred place!
Thy name shall spread around;
The city of his grace,
His wonders there abound:
Thy glories will Thy God declare, | And earth thy fame Resound afar.

929. C. M. S. F. Smith.

Christian Fellowship.

1 PLANTED in Christ, the living vine,
This day, with one accord,
Ourselves, with humble faith and joy,
We yield to thee, O Lord.

2 Joined in one body may we be;
One inward life partake;
One be our heart; one heavenly hope
In every bosom wake.

3 In prayer, in effort, tears, and toils,
One wisdom be our guide;
Taught by one Spirit from above,
In thee may we abide.

4 Complete in us, whom grace hath called,
Thy glorious work begun,
O Thou, in whom the church on earth
And church in heaven are one.

5 Around this feeble, trusting band
Thy sheltering pinions spread,
Nor let the storms of trial beat
Too fiercely on our head.

6 Then, when, among the saints in light,
Our joyful spirits shine,
Shall anthems of immortal praise,
O Lamb of God, be thine.

930. 8s & 7s. Newton.

The Church God's chosen Residence.

1 GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God;
He whose word can ne'er be broken
Chose thee for his own abode.

2 Lord, thy church is still thy dwelling,
Still is precious in thy sight,
Judah's temple far excelling,
Beaming with the gospel's light.

3 On the Rock of ages founded,
What can shake her sure repose?
With salvation's wall surrounded,
She can smile at all her foes.

4 See, the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply her sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove.

5 Round her habitation hovering,
See the cloud and fire appear,
For a glory and a covering,
Showing that the Lord is near.

6 Glorious things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God;
He whose word can ne'er be broken
Chose thee for his own abode.

931. L. M. WATTS.

The Church the Palace of God.

1 HAPPY the church, thou sacred place,
The seat of thy Creator's grace;
Thine holy courts are his abode,
Thou earthly palace of our God.

2 Thy walls are strength; and at thy gates
A guard of heavenly warriors waits;
Nor shall thy deep foundation move,
Fixed on his counsels and his love.

3 Thy foes in vain designs engage;
Against thy throne in vain they rage,
Like rising waves with angry roar,
That dash and die upon the shore.

4 God is our shield, and God our sun;
Swift as the fleeting moments run,
On us he sheds new beams of grace;
And we reflect his brightest praise.

DEDICATION HYMNS.

932. 7s. MONTGOMERY.

The House of Prayer and Praise.

1 LORD of hosts, to thee we raise
Here a house of prayer and praise;
Thou thy people's hearts prepare
Here to meet for praise and prayer.

2 Let the living here be fed
With thy word, the heavenly bread;
Here, in hope of glory blest,
May the dead be laid to rest;—

3 Here to thee a temple stand,
While the sea shall gird the land;
Here reveal thy mercy sure,
While the sun and moon endure.

4 Hallelujah!—earth and sky
To the joyful sound reply;
Hallelujah!—hence ascend
Prayer and praise till time shall end.

933. H. M. FRANCIS.

Prayer for God's Presence and Blessing.

1 GREAT King of glory, come,
And with thy favor crown
This temple as thy home,
This people as thine own:
Beneath this roof, O, deign to show
How God can dwell with men below.

2 Here may thine ears attend
Our interceding cries,
And grateful praise ascend,
Like incense to the skies:
Here may thy word melodious sound,
And spread celestial joys around.

3 Here may our unborn sons
And daughters sound thy praise,
And shine, like polished stones,
Through long-succeeding days:
Here, Lord, display thy saving power,
While temples stand and men adore.

4 Here may the listening throng
Imbibe thy truth and love;
Here Christians join the song
Of seraphim above;
Till all, who humbly seek thy face,
Rejoice in thy abounding grace.

934. L. M. MONTGOMERY.

A Blessing implored.

1 HERE, in thy name, eternal God,
We build this earthly house for thee;
O, choose it for thy fixed abode,
And guard it long from error free.

2 Here, when thy people seek thy face,
And dying sinners pray to live,
Hear thou, in heaven, thy dwelling-place,
And when thou hearest, Lord, forgive.

3 Here, when thy messengers proclaim
The blesséd gospel of thy Son,
Still by the power of his great name
Be mighty signs and wonders done.

4 When children's voices raise the song,
Hosanna! to their heavenly King,
Let heaven with earth the strain prolong;
Hosanna! let the angels sing.

5 But will, indeed, Jehovah deign
Here to abide, no transient guest?
Here will our great Redeemer reign,
And here the Holy Spirit rest?

6 Thy glory never hence depart;
Yet choose not, Lord, this house alone;
Thy kingdom come to every heart;
In every bosom fix thy throne.

935. L. M. Watts.

A House for God.

1 WHERE shall we go to seek and find
A habitation for our God?
A dwelling for th' Eternal Mind
Among the sons of flesh and blood?

2 The God of Jacob chose the hill
Of Zion for his ancient rest;
And Zion is his dwelling still;
His church is with his presence blest.

3 Here will he meet the hungry poor,
And fill their souls with living bread;
Here sinners, waiting at his door,
With sweet provision shall be fed.

4 "Here will I fix my gracious throne,
And reign forever," saith the Lord;
"Here shall my power and love be known,
And blessings shall attend my word."

936. C. M. Dobell's Col.

A Blessing sought.

1 GREAT Sovereign of the earth and sky,
And Lord of all below,
Before thy glorious majesty
Ten thousand seraphs bow.

2 Yet thou art not confined above;
Thy presence knows no bound;
Where'er thy praying people meet,
There thou art always found.

3 Behold a temple raised for thee;
O, meet thy people here;
Here, O thou King of saints, reside,
And in thy church appear.

4 Within these walls let holy peace,
And love, and concord, dwell;
Here give the troubled conscience ease,
The wounded spirit heal.

5 Here may salvation be proclaimed
By thy most precious blood;
Let sinners know the joyful sound,
And own their Saviour, God.

937. C. M. REED.

The Spirit's Presence desired.

1 SPIRIT divine, attend our prayer,
And make this house thy home;
Descend with all thy gracious power;
O, come, great Spirit, come.

2 Come as the light: to us reveal
Our sinfulness and woe,
And lead us in the paths of life,
Where all the righteous go.

3 Come as the fire, and purge our hearts,
Like sacrificial flame;
Let every soul an offering be
To our Redeemer's name.

4 Come as a dove, and spread thy wings,—
The wings of peaceful love,—
And let the church on earth become
Blest as the church above.

5 Spirit divine, attend our prayer,
And make this house thy home;
Descend with all thy gracious power;
O, come, great Spirit, come.

938. L. M. WILLIS.

The Temple of Nature.

1 THE perfect world, by Adam trod,
Was the first temple, built by God;
His fiat laid the corner-stone;
He spake, and, lo! the work was done.

2 He hung its starry roof on high,
The broad expanse of azure sky;
He spread its pavement, green and bright,
And curtained it with morning light.

3 The mountains in their places stood,
The sea, the sky; and all was good;
And when its first pure praises rung,
The morning stars together sung.

4 Lord, 'tis not ours to make the sea,
And earth, and sky, a house for thee;
But in thy sight our offering stands,
An humble temple, built with hands.

939. C. M. J. D. KNOWLES.

A Blessing supplicated.

1 O GOD, though countless worlds of light,
Thy power and glory show, —
Though round thy throne, above all height,
Immortal seraphs glow, —

2 Yet oft to men of ancient time
Thy glorious presence came,
And in Moriah's fane sublime
Thou didst record thy name

3 And now, where'er thy saints apart
Are met for praise and prayer,
Wherever sighs a contrite heart,
Thou, gracious God, art there.

4 With grateful joy, thy children rear
This temple, Lord, to thee;
Long may they sing thy praises here,
And here thy beauty see.

5 Here, Saviour, deign thy saints to meet;
With peace their hearts to fill;
And here, like Sharon's odors sweet,
May grace divine distil.

6 Here may thy truth fresh triumphs win;
Eternal Spirit, here,
In many a heart, now dead in sin,
A living temple rear.

940. H. M. DODDRIDGE.

A House of Prayer for all People.

1 GREAT Father of mankind,
We bless that wondrous grace
Which could for Gentiles find
Within thy courts a place:
How kind the care | For us to raise
Our God displays, | A house of prayer!

2 Though once estranged afar,
We now approach the throne;
For Jesus brings us near,
And makes our cause his own:
Strangers no more, | And find our home,
To thee we come, | And rest secure.

3 May all the nations throng
To worship in thy house,
And thou attend their song,
And smile upon their vows;
Indulgent still, | To join the choir
Till earth conspire | On Zion's hill.

941. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

God's Condescension.

1 AND will the great, eternal God
On earth establish his abode?
And will he, from his heavenly throne,
Avow our temples for his own?

2 We bring the tribute of our praise,
And sing that condescending grace
Which to our notes will lend an ear,
And call us, sinful mortals, near.

3 These walls we to thy honor raise;
Long may they echo with thy praise,
And thou, descending, fill the place
With choicest tokens of thy grace.

4 Here let the great Redeemer reign,
With all the graces of his train;
While power divine his words attends,
To conquer foes and cheer his friends.

5 And in the great, decisive day,
When God the nations shall survey,
May it before the world appear
That crowds were born to glory here.

942. L. M. H. S. Washburn.

The divine Blessing implored.

1 ALMIGHTY God, thy constant care
Hath been our sure support and stay,
And hither gladly we repair,
Our early sacrifice to pay.

2 Accept our vows; in humble trust
This house we consecrate to thee:
O, may thy promise to the just
Forever, Lord, our portion be.

3 And may that stream which maketh glad
The city of our God below,
Revive the drooping, cheer the sad,
As still its healing waters flow.

4 So let thy people here enjoy
The blessings which thy grace hath given,
That they may hail, with purer joy,
The unseen, perfect bliss of heaven.

943. C. M. Shepherd's Col.

Divine Condescension.

1 WILL God in very deed descend,
And dwell with men below?
An ear to mortal worship lend?
To us his glory show?

2 While heaven's exalted spheres resound
With hymns which angels sing,
Will God in mercy so abound,
T' accept the praise we bring?

3 Allowed within thy courts to meet,
Thy presence we implore;
Smile on us from thy mercy-seat,
And we desire no more.

4 Here let thy gospel be declared;
Here make thy power be known;
May every heart, by grace prepared,
Be the Redeemer's throne.

5 Here make thyself a glorious name,
And form us for thy praise;
Thy promised presence, Lord, we claim,
And supplicate thy grace.

944. C. M. J. R. Scott.

Divine Blessing solicited.

1 TO thee this temple we devote,
Our Father and our God;
Accept it thine, and seal it now
Thy Spirit's blest abode.

2 Here may the prayer of faith ascend,
The voice of praise arise;
O, may each lowly service prove
Accepted sacrifice.

3 Here may the sinner learn his guilt,
And weep before his Lord;
Here, pardoned, sing a Saviour's love,
And here his vows record.

4 Here may affliction dry the tear,
And learn to trust in God,
Convinced it is a Father smites,
And love that guides the rod.

5 Peace be within these sacred walls;
Prosperity be here;
Long smile upon thy people, Lord,
And evermore be near.

ORDINATION HYMNS.

945. L. M. Doddridge.

The Ministry of divine Appointment.

1 FATHER of mercies, in thy house
We pay our homage and our vows,
While with a grateful heart we share
These pledges of our Saviour's care.

2 The Saviour, when to heaven he rose
In splendid triumph o'er his foes,
Conferred his gifts on men below,
And wide his royal bounties flow.

3 Hence sprung th' apostle's honored name,
Sacred beyond all earthly fame;
In lowlier forms, to bless our eyes,
Our pastors hence and teachers rise.

4 So shall the bright succession run
Through latest courses of the sun;
While numerous churches, by their care,
Shall rise and flourish, large and fair.

946. L. M. BEDDOME.

Prayer for a Minister's Success.

1 FATHER of mercies, bow thine ear,
Attentive to our earnest prayer:
We plead for those who plead for thee;
Successful pleaders may they be.

2 How great their work! how vast their charge!
Do thou their anxious souls enlarge:
Their best endowments are our gain;
We share the blessings they obtain.

3 O, clothe with energy divine
Their words; and let those words be thine;
To them thy sacred truth reveal;
Suppress their fear, inflame their zeal.

4 Teach them to sow the precious seed;
Teach them thy chosen flock to feed;
Teach them immortal souls to gain, —
And thus reward their toil and pain.

5 Let thronging multitudes around
Hear from their lips the joyful sound,
In humble strains thy grace implore,
And feel thy Spirit's living power.

947. 8s & 6s. S. F. SMITH.

Benefits of the Ministry.

1 BLEST is the hour when cares depart,
And earthly scenes are far, —
When tears of woe forget to start,
And gently dawns upon the heart
Devotion's holy star.

2 Blest is the place where angels bend
To hear our worship rise,
Where kindred thoughts their musings blend,
And all the soul's affections tend
Beyond the veiling skies.

3 Blest are the hallowed vows that bind
Man to his work of love —
Bind him to cheer the humble mind,
Console the weeping, lead the blind,
And guide to joys above.

4 Sweet shall the song of glory swell,
Spirit divine, to thee,
When they, whose work is finished well,
In thy own courts of rest shall dwell,
Blest through eternity.

948. C. M. M. A. Collier.

Welcoming a Pastor.

1 THE sun, that lights yon broad, blue sky,
May see his radiance dim;
The stars, that circle bright and high,
May hush their joyous hymn; —

2 The spring may breathe her balmy airs,
Yet earth no verdure show;
The purest love a mother bears
May lose its wonted glow; —

3 But still within the Saviour's breast
There dwells a quenchless flame:
The earth may sink, the hills depart, —
It lives, it burns the same.

4 O ransomed church, the Son of God
Still loves thy children well;
For thee the paths of death he trod;
'Tis thine his grace to tell.

5 Saviour, thy messenger we greet
Within this hallowed spot;
O, may we here thy presence meet:
Our God, forsake us not.

949. S. M. WATTS.

Ministers the Bearers of good Tidings

1 HOW beauteous are their feet
Who stand on Zion's hill;
Who bring salvation on their tongues,
And words of peace reveal!

2 How charming is their voice!
How sweet their tidings are! —
"Zion, behold thy Saviour King;
He reigns and triumphs here."

3 How happy are our ears,
That hear this joyful sound!
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought, but never found.

4 How blesséd are our eyes,
That see this heavenly light!
Prophets and kings desired it long,
But died without the sight.

5 The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ;
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And deserts learn the joy.

6 The Lord makes bare his arm
Through all the earth abroad;
Let every nation now behold
Their Saviour and their God.

950. L. M. MONTGOMERY.

A Pastor welcomed.

1 WE bid thee welcome in the name
Of Jesus, our exalted Head:
Come as a servant: so he came;
And we receive thee in his stead.

2 Come as a shepherd: guard and keep
This fold from Satan and from sin;
Nourish the lambs, and feed the sheep;
The wounded heal, the lost bring in.

3 Come as a watchman: take thy stand
Upon thy tower on Zion's height;
And when the sword comes on the land,
Warn us to fly, or teach to fight.

4 Come as an angel, hence to guide
A band of pilgrims on their way;
That, safely walking at thy side,
We never fail, nor faint, nor stray.

5 Come as a teacher sent from God,
Charged his whole counsel to declare;
Lift o'er our ranks the prophet's rod,
While we uphold thy hands with prayer.

6 Come as a messenger of peace,
Filled with the Spirit, fired with love;
Live to behold our large increase,
And die to meet us all above.

951. L. M. S. F. Smith.

A Blessing sought upon a Pastor.

1 'TIS done — th' important act is done —
Heaven, earth, its solemn purport know;
Its fruits, when time its race has run,
Shall through eternal ages flow.

2 The covenants of this sacred hour,
Great Shepherd of thy people, seal;
Spirit of grace, diffuse thy power,
Our vows accept, thy might reveal.

3 Behold our guide, and deign to crown
His toils, O Lamb of God, with love;
His lips inspire; each effort own;
Breathe, dwell within him, heavenly Dove.

4 Behold his charge: what wealth shall dare
With its most priceless worth to vie?
Suns, systems, worlds, how mean they are,
Compared with souls, that cannot die!

5 The sun may set in endless gloom,
The planets from their stations flee,
Creation fill oblivion's tomb,
But souls can never cease to be.

6 O, when, before the judgment seat,
The wicked quake in dread despair,
May we, all reverent at thy feet,
Pastor and flock, find mercy there.

952. 6s & 4s. J. Young.

Prayer for a Minister's Success.

1 O HOLY Lord, our God,
By heavenly hosts adored,
Hear us, we pray:
To thee the cherubim,
Angels and seraphim,
Unceasing praises bring —
Their homage pay.

2 Here give thy word success;
And this thy servant bless;
His labors own;
And, while the sinner's Friend
His life and words commend,
Thy Holy Spirit send,
And make him known.

3 May every passing year
More happy still appear
Than this glad day:
With numbers fill the place,
Adorn thy saints with grace;
Thy truth may all embrace,
O Lord, we pray.

4 O Lord, our God, arise;
And now, before our eyes,
Thy arm make bare;
Unite our hearts in love,
Till, raised to heaven above,
We all its fulness prove,
And praise thee there.

953. L. M. S. F. Smith.

Prayer for the Spirit.

1 SPIRIT of peace and holiness,
This new-created union bless;
Bind each to each in ties of love,
And ratify our work above.

2 Saviour, who carest for thy sheep,
The shepherd of thy people keep;
Guide him in every doubtful way,
Nor let his feet from duty stray.

3 Gird thou his heart with strength divine;
Let Christ through all his conduct shine;
Faithful in all things may he be —
Dead to the world, alive to thee.

4 O thou, whose love doth never fail,
Breathe on this dry and thirsty vale;
And may it, from this hour, appear
That thy reviving power is here.

5 Lord of the Sabbath, unto thee
Our spirits rise in harmony;
Accept our praise, our sins remove,
And fit us for thy courts above.

954. L. M. S. F. Smith.

A Blessing sought upon a Pastor.

1 AND now the solemn deed is done;
The vow is pledged, the toil begun;
Seal thou, O God, the oath above,
And ratify the pledge of love.

2 The shepherd of thy people bless;
Gird him with thy own holiness;
In duty may his pleasure be,
His glory in his zeal for thee.

3 Here let the ardent prayer arise,
Faith fix its grasp beyond the skies,
The tear of penitence be shed,
And myriads to the Saviour led.

4 Come, Spirit, here consent to dwell;
The mists of earth and sin dispel:
Blest Saviour, thy own rights maintain;
Supreme in every bosom reign.

5 O, let our humble worship be
A grateful tribute, Lord, to thee;
And may these hallowed scenes of love
Fit us for purer joys above.

955. C. M. Doddridge.

Watching for Souls.

1 LET Zion's watchmen all awake,
And take th' alarm they give;
Now let them from the mouth of God
Their awful charge receive.

2 'Tis not a cause of small import
The pastor's care demands,
But what might fill an angel's heart,
And filled a Saviour's hands.

3 They watch for souls, for which the Lord
Did heavenly bliss forego, —
For souls, which must forever live,
In rapture or in woe.

4 May they that Jesus, whom they preach,
Their own Redeemer, see;
And watch thou daily o'er their souls,
That they may watch for thee.

956. 7s. Hammond.

Winning Souls to Christ.

1 WOULD you win a soul to God?
Tell him of a Saviour's blood,
Once for dying sinners spilt,
To atone for all their guilt.

2 Tell him how the streams did glide
From his hands, his feet, his side;
How his head with thorns was crowned,
And his heart in sorrow drowned; —

3 How he yielded up his breath;
How he agonized in death;
How he lives to intercede —
Christ our Advocate and Head.

4 Tell him it was sovereign grace
Led thee first to seek his face,
Made thee choose the better part,
Wrought salvation in thy heart.

5 Tell him of that liberty
Wherewith Jesus makes us free;
Sweetly speak of sins forgiven, —
Earnest of the joys of heaven.

HYMNS FOR SEAMEN.

957. L. M. COWPER.

Temptation compared to a Storm.

1 THE billows swell; the winds are high;
Clouds overcast my wintry sky:
Out of the depths to thee I call;
My fears are great, my strength is small.

2 O Lord, the pilot's part perform,
And guide and guard me through the storm;
Defend me from each threatening ill;
Control the waves; say, "Peace! be still."

3 Amidst the roaring of the sea,
My soul still hangs her hope on thee;
Thy constant love, thy faithful care,
Is all that saves me from despair.

4 Dangers of every shape and name
Attend the followers of the Lamb,
Who leave the world's deceitful shore,
And leave it to return no more.

5 Though tempest-tossed, and half a wreck,
My Saviour through the floods I seek;
Let neither winds nor stormy rain
Force back my shattered bark again.

958. C. M. SEL. HYMNS.

Prayer for Seamen.

1 WE come, O Lord, before thy throne,
And, with united pleas,
We meet and pray for those who roam
Far off upon the seas.

2 O, may the Holy Spirit bow
The sailor's heart to thee,
Till tears of deep repentance flow
Like rain-drops in the sea.

3 Then may a Saviour's dying love
Pour peace into his breast,
And waft him to the port above
Of everlasting rest.

959. L. M. H. K. White.

The Star of Bethlehem.

1 WHEN, marshalled on the nightly plain,
The glittering host bestud the sky,
One star alone, of all the train,
Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.

2 Hark! hark! to God the chorus breaks,
From every host, from every gem;
But one alone the Saviour speaks, —
It is the Star of Bethlehem!

3 Once on the raging seas I rode;
The storm was loud, the night was dark;
The ocean yawned, and rudely blowed
The wind that tossed my foundering bark.

4 Deep horror then my vitals froze;
Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem;
When suddenly a star arose, —
It was the Star of Bethlehem!

5 It was my guide, my light, my all;
It bade my dark forebodings cease;
And, through the storm and danger's thrall,
It led me to the port of peace.

6 Now, safely moored, my perils o'er,
I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
Forever, and forevermore, —
The Star — the Star of Bethlehem!

960. 12s. Heber.

"Save, Lord, or we perish."

1 WHEN thro' the torn sail the wild tempest is streaming,
When o'er the dark wave the red lightning is gleaming,
Nor hope lends a ray, the poor seaman to cherish,
We fly to our Maker, — "Save, Lord, or we perish."

2 O Jesus, once rocked on the breast of the billow,
Aroused by the shriek of despair from thy pillow, —
Now seated in glory, the mariner cherish,
Who cries in his anguish, "Save, Lord, or we perish."

3 And, O, when the whirlwind of passion is raging,
When sin in our hearts its sad warfare is waging,
Then send down thy grace, thy redeeméd to cherish;
Rebuke the destroyer, — "Save, Lord, or we perish."

961. C. M. MADAN'S COL.

Thanksgiving for Deliverance in a Storm.

1 OUR little bark, on boisterous seas,
By cruel tempests tost,
Without one cheerful beam of hope,
Expecting to be lost, —

2 We to the Lord, in humble prayer,
Breathed out our sad distress;
Though feeble, yet with contrite hearts,
We begged return of peace.

3 Then ceased the stormy winds to blow;
The surges ceased to roll;
And soon again a placid sea
Spoke comfort to the soul.

4 O, may our grateful, trembling hearts
Their hallelujahs sing
To him who hath our lives preserved, —
Our Saviour and our King.

962. L. M. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

Prayer at Sea.

1 PRAYER may be sweet in cottage homes,
Where sire and child devoutly kneel,
While through the open casement nigh
The vernal blossoms fragrant steal.

2 Prayer may be sweet in stately halls,
Where heart with kindred heart is blent,
And upward to th' eternal throne
The hymn of praise melodious sent.

3 But he who fain would know how warm
The soul's appeal to God may be,
From friends and native land should turn,
A wanderer on the faithless sea, —

4 Should hear its deep, imploring tone
Rise heavenward o'er the foaming surge,
When billows toss the fragile bark,
And fearful blasts the conflict urge.

5 Nought, nought appears but sea and sky;
No refuge where the foot may flee:
How will he cast, O Rock divine,
The anchor of his soul on thee!

963. L. M. WATTS.

The Seaman's Song.

1 WOULD you behold the works of God,
His wonders in the world abroad?
With hardy mariners survey
The unknown regions of the sea.

2 They leave their native shores behind,
And seize the favor of the wind;
Till God command, and tempests rise,
That heave the ocean to the skies.

3 When land is far, and death is nigh,
Bereaved of hope, to God they cry:
His mercy hears their loud address,
And sends salvation in distress.

4 He bids the winds their wrath assuage,
And stormy tempests cease to rage;
The grateful band their fears give o'er,
And hail with joy their native shore.

5 O, may the sons of men record
The wondrous goodness of the Lord;
Let them their purest offerings bring,
And in the church his glory sing.

964. C. M. ADDISON.

The Christian Mariner safe.

1 HOW are thy servants blest, O Lord!
How sure is their defence!
Eternal Wisdom is their guide,
Their help, Omnipotence.

2 In foreign realms, and lands remote,
Supported by thy care,
Through burning climes they pass unhurt,
And breathe in tainted air.

3 When by the dreadful tempest borne
High on the broken wave,
They know thou art not slow to hear,
Nor impotent to save.

4 The storm is laid; the winds retire,
Obedient to thy will;
The sea, that roars at thy command,
At thy command is still.

5 In midst of dangers, fears, and deaths,
Thy goodness we'll adore;
We'll praise thee for thy mercies past,
And humbly hope for more.

SABBATH SCHOOL HYMNS.

965. 8s & 7s. W. G. Clarke.

Opening of the School.

1 WE have met in peace together
In this house of God again;
Constant friends have led us hither,
Here to chant the solemn strain;
Here to breathe our adoration,
Here the Saviour's praise to sing;
May the Spirit of salvation
Come with healing in his wing.

2 We have met, and Time is flying;
We shall part, and still his wing,
Sweeping o'er the dead and dying,
Will the changeful seasons bring:
Let us, while our hearts are lightest,
In our fresh and early years,
Turn to Him whose smile is brightest,
And whose grace will calm our fears.

3 He will aid us, should existence
With its sorrows sting the breast;
Gleaming in the onward distance,
Faith will mark the land of rest:
There, 'midst day-beams round him playing,
We our Father's face shall see,
And shall hear him gently saying,
"Little children, come to me."

966. 7s. GRAY.

Prayer for a Blessing.

1 SUPPLIANT, lo! thy children bend,
Father, for thy blessing now;
Thou canst teach us, guide, defend;
We are weak, almighty thou.

2 With the peace thy word imparts
Be the taught and teachers blest:
In our lives, and in our hearts,
Father, be thy laws impressed.

3 Shed abroad in every mind
Light and pardon from above,
Charity for all our kind,
Trusting faith, and holy love.

967. L. M. UNION COL.

Prayer for a Blessing.

1 ASSEMBLED in our school once more,
O Lord, thy blessing we implore;
We meet to read, and sing, and pray;
Be with us, then, through this thy day.

2 Our fervent prayer to thee ascends
For parents, teachers, foes, and friends;
And when we in thy house appear,
Help us to worship in thy fear.

3 When we on earth shall meet no more,
May we above to glory soar,
And praise thee in more lofty strains
Where one eternal Sabbath reigns.

968. C. M. JANE TAYLOR.

Songs of Children in Heaven.

1 THERE is a glorious world of light
Above the starry sky,
Where saints departed, clothed in white,
Adore the Lord most high.

2 And hark! amid the sacred songs
Those heavenly voices raise,
Ten thousand thousand infant tongues
Unite in perfect praise.

3 Those are the hymns that we shall know,
If Jesus we obey;
That is the place where we shall go,
If found in wisdom's way.

969. C. M. STRAPHAN.

Pleasures of Teaching.

1 BE ours the bliss in wisdom's way
To guide untutored youth,
And lead the mind that went astray
To virtue and to truth.

2 Delightful work, young souls to win,
And turn the rising race
From the deceitful paths of sin
To seek redeeming grace!

3 Almighty God, thine influence shed
To aid this good design;
The honors of thy name be spread,
And all the glory thine.

970. H. M. PRATT'S COL.

United Praise of Teachers and Children.

1 COME, let our voices join
In joyful songs of praise;
To God, the God of love,
Our thankful hearts we'll raise:
To God alone all praise belongs—
Our earliest and our latest songs.

2 Within these hallowed walls
Our wandering feet are brought,
Where prayer and praise ascend,
And heavenly truths are taught:
To God alone your offerings bring;
Let young and old his praises sing.

3 Lord, let this work of love
Be crowned with full success;
Let thousands, yet unborn,
Thy sacred name here bless:
To thee, O Lord, all praise to thee
We'll raise throughout eternity.

971. 7s & 6s. ANON.

Praise to the Saviour.

1 TO thee, O blesséd Saviour,
Our grateful songs we raise;
O, tune our hearts and voices
Thy holy name to praise;
'Tis by thy sovereign mercy
We're here allowed to meet,
To join with friends and teachers
Thy blessing to entreat.

2 O, may thy precious gospel
Be published all abroad,
Till the benighted heathen
Shall know and serve the Lord;
Till o'er the wide creation
The rays of truth shall shine,
And nations now in darkness
Arise to light divine.

972. C. M. UNION COL.

Youthful Praise.

1 GREAT God, in whom we live and move,
Accept our feeble praise,
For all the mercy, grace, and love,
Which crown our youthful days.

2 For countless mercies, love unknown,
Lord, what can we impart?
Thou dost require one gift alone —
The offering of the heart.

3 Incline us, Lord, to give it thee;
Preserve us by thy grace,
Till death shall bring us all to see
Thy glory face to face.

973. C. M. UNION COL.

Teachers' Success.

1 HOW should our souls delight to bless
The God of truth and grace,
Who crowns our labors with success,
Among the rising race!

2 Their joyful tongues unite to praise
His all-redeeming love,
To him their sweet hosannas raise,
While they his mercies prove.

MATERNAL HYMNS.

974. S. M. CAMPBELL'S COL.

Solicitude for the Conversion of Children.

1 THOU God of sovereign grace,
In mercy now appear;
We long to see thy smiling face,
And feel that thou art near.

2 Receive these lambs to-day,
O Shepherd of the flock,
And wash the stains of guilt away
Beside the smitten Rock.

3 Thy saving health impart,
O Comforter divine;
Now make these children pure in heart;
Make them entirely thine.

4 To-day in love descend;
O, come this precious hour;
In mercy now their spirits bend
By thy resistless power.

5 Our laboring bosoms bleed
Till thou our griefs dispel;
Sure is the promise which we plead,
In all things ordered well.

6 Low bending at thy feet,
Our offspring we resign:
Thine arm is strong, thy love is great,
And high thy glories shine.

975. C. M. Sel. Hymns.

A Hymn for a Maternal Association.

1 GREAT God, we would to thee make known
Each fond, maternal care;
For this we gather round thy throne,
And bring our children there.

2 We ask not wealth, long life, or fame,
Or aught the world can give;
May they but glorify thy name,
And to thy honor live.

3 This is the burden of our prayer —
When from our bosoms riven,
May they be objects of thy care,
And heirs, at last, of heaven.

976. 7s. Campbell's Col.

Prayer for the Salvation of Children.

1 GOD of mercy, hear our prayer
For the children thou hast given;
Let them all thy blessings share —
Grace on earth and bliss in heaven.

2 In the morning of their days
May their hearts be drawn to thee;
Let them learn to lisp thy praise
In their earliest infancy.

3 When we see their passions rise,
Sinful habits unsubdued,
Then to thee we lift our eyes,
That their hearts may be renewed.

4 Cleanse their souls from every stain,
Through the Saviour's precious blood;
Let them all be born again,
And be reconciled to God.

5 For this mercy, Lord, we cry;
Bend thine ever-gracious ear;
While on thee our souls rely,
Hear our prayer — in mercy hear.

977. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

Christ's condescending Regard to little Children.

1 SEE Israel's gentle Shepherd stand,
With all-engaging charms;
Hark! how he calls the tender lambs,
And folds them in his arms!

2 "Permit them to approach," he cries,
"Nor scorn their humble name;
For 'twas to bless such souls as these
The Lord of angels came."

3 We bring them, Lord, by fervent prayer,
And yield them up to thee;
With humble trust that we are thine,
Thine let our offspring be.

4 If orphans they are left behind,
Thy guardian care we trust;
That care shall heal our bleeding hearts,
If weeping o'er their dust.

978. C. M. MOTHERS' HYMNS.

Prayer for Children's Conversion.

1 O LORD, behold us at thy feet,
A needy, sinful band;
As suppliants round thy mercy-seat,
We come at thy command.

2 'Tis for our children we would plead,
The offspring thou hast given;
Where shall we go, in time of need,
But to the God of heaven?

3 We ask not for them wealth or fame,
Amid the worldly strife;
But, in the all-prevailing Name,
We ask eternal life.

4 We seek the Spirit's quickening grace,
To make them pure in heart,
That they may stand before thy face,
And see thee as thou art.

979. C. M. Ch. Psalmist.

Parental Solicitude.

1 HOW can we see the children, Lord,
In love whom thou hast given,
Remain regardless of thy word,
Without a hope of heaven?

2 How can we see them tread the path
That leads to endless death,
Thus adding to thy fearful wrath,
With every moment's breath?

3 Lord, hear the parents' earnest cry,
And save our children dear:
Now send thy Spirit from on high,
And fill them with thy fear.

4 O, make them love thy holy law,
And joyful walk therein;
Their hearts to new obedience draw;
Save them from every sin.

980. S. M. Fellows.

Prayer for Offspring.

1 GREAT God, now condescend
To bless our rising race;
Soon may their willing spirits bend,
The subjects of thy grace.

2 O, what a pure delight
Their happiness to see!
Our warmest wishes all unite
To lead their souls to thee.

3 O, grant thy Spirit, Lord,
Their hearts to sanctify:
Remember now thy gracious word:
Our hopes on thee rely.

4 Draw forth the melting tear,
The penitential sigh;
Inspire their hearts with faith sincere,
And fix their hopes on high.

5 These children now are thine;
We give them back to thee:
O, lead them, by thy grace divine,
Along the heavenly way.

981. S. M. Doddridge.

Christ blessing Children.

1 THE Saviour kindly calls
Our children to his breast;
He folds them in his gracious arms;
Himself declares them blest.

2 "Let them approach," he cries,
"Nor scorn their humble claim;
The heirs of heaven are such as these;
For such as these I came."

3 With joy we bring them, Lord,
Devoting them to thee,
Imploring that, as we are thine,
Thine may our offspring be.

982. C. M. Anon.

Christ blessing Children.

1 ON, through Judea's palmy plain,
By Jordan's silv'ry shore,
The Saviour leads the thronging train,
Who follow to adore.

2 'Midst youth, and sire, and blooming maid,
He marked the listening child;
His hand upon its head he laid,
And blest in accents mild.

3 Lord, though no more thy hallowed form
Can greet our children's sight,
Grant that, whilst life their breasts shall warm,
Thy word may guide them right.

4 They may not feel thine earthly touch;
But be thy Spirit given,
To make them holy; "for of such
The kingdom is of heaven."

FAST AND THANKSGIVING.

983. C. M. HART.

Public Humiliation.

1 LORD, look on all assembled here,
Who in thy presence stand,
To offer up united prayer
For this our sinful land.

2 O, may we all, with one consent,
Fall low before thy throne,
With tears the nation's sins lament,
The church's, and our own.

3 And should the dread decree be past,
And we must feel the rod, —
Let faith and patience hold us fast
To our correcting God.

984. C. M. RIPPON'S COL.

Public Supplication.

1 WHEN Abrah'm, full of sacred awe,
Before Jehovah stood,
And, with an humble, fervent prayer,
For guilty Sodom sued, —

2 With what success, what wondrous grace,
Was his petition crowned!
The Lord would spare, if in this place
Ten righteous men were found.

3 And could a single pious soul
So rich a boon obtain?
Great God, and shall a nation cry,
And plead with thee in vain?

4 Are not the righteous dear to thee
Now, as in ancient times?
Or does this sinful land exceed
Gomorrah in her crimes?

5 Still we are thine; we bear thy name;
Here yet is thine abode:
Long has thy presence blessed our land:
Forsake us not, O God.

985. L. M. DYER.

Public Humiliation.

1 GREAT Maker of unnumbered worlds,
And whom unnumbered worlds adore,—
Whose goodness all thy creatures share,
While nature trembles at thy power,—

2 Thine is the hand that moves the spheres,
That wakes the wind, and lifts the sea;
And man, who moves the lord of earth,
Acts but the part assigned by thee.

3 While suppliant crowds implore thine aid,
To thee we raise the humble cry;
Thine altar is the contrite heart,
Thine incense the repentant sigh.

4 O, may our land, in this her hour,
Confess thy hand, and bless the rod,
By penitence make thee her Friend,
And find in thee a guardian God.

986. C. M. BREVIARY.

Humility under Affliction.

1 O SINNER, bring not tears alone,
Or outward form of prayer;
But let it in thy heart be known
That penitence is there.

2 To smite the breast, the clothes to rend,
God asketh not of thee:
Thy secret soul he bids thee bend
In true humility.

3 O, let us, then, with heartfelt grief,
Draw near unto our God,
And pray to him to grant relief,
And stay the lifted rod.

4 O righteous Judge, if thou wilt deign
To grant us what we need,
We pray for time to turn again,
And grace to turn indeed.

987. C. M. Watts.

Relief from national Judgments implored.

1 LORD, thou hast scourged our guilty land;
Behold, thy people mourn;
Shall vengeance ever guide thy hand,
And mercy ne'er return?

2 Our Zion trembles at thy stroke,
And dreads thy lifted hand;
O, heal the people thou hast broke,
And spare our guilty land.

3 Then shall our loud and grateful voice
Proclaim our guardian God,
The nations round the earth rejoice,
And sound thy praise abroad.

988. C. M. Rippon's Col.

Judgments for national Sins deprecated.

1 ALMIGHTY Lord, before thy throne
Thy mourning people bend;
'Tis on thy pardoning grace alone
Our dying hopes depend.

2 Dark judgments, from thy heavy hand,
Thy dreadful power display;
Yet mercy spares our guilty land,
And still we live to pray.

3 How changed, alas! are truths divine,
For error, guilt, and shame!
What impious numbers, bold in sin,
Disgrace the Christian name!

4 O, turn us, turn us, mighty Lord;
Convert us by thy grace;
Then shall our hearts obey thy word,
And see again thy face.

5 Then, should oppressing foes invade,
We will not yield to fear,
Secure of all-sufficient aid,
When thou, O God, art near.

989. S. M. E. Scott.

The Sacrifice of Gratitude.

1 THY bounties, gracious Lord,
With gratitude we own;
We praise thy providential care,
That showers its blessings down.

2 With joy thy people bring
Their offerings round thy throne;
With thankful souls, behold, we pay
A tribute of thine own.

3 O, may this sacrifice,
While at thy feet we bend,
An odor of a sweet perfume,
To thee, the Lord, ascend.

4 Well pleased our God will view
The products of his grace;
With endless life will he fulfil
His kindest promises.

990. 11s & 8s. Montgomery.

Thanksgiving and Praise in the Sanctuary.

1 BE joyful in God, all ye lands of the earth;
O, serve him with gladness and fear;
Exult in his presence with music and mirth;
With love and devotion draw near.

2 Jehovah is God, and Jehovah alone,
Creator and Ruler o'er all;
And we are his people; his sceptre we own;
His sheep, and we follow his call.

3 O, enter his gates with thanksgiving and song;
Your vows in his temple proclaim;
His praise in melodious accordance prolong,
And bless his adorable name.

4 For good is the Lord, inexpressibly good,
And we are the work of his hand;
His mercy and truth from eternity stood,
And shall to eternity stand.

991. 8s & 7s. CROSSE.

The Sacrifice of Thanksgiving.

1 LORD of heaven, and earth, and ocean,
Hear us from thy bright abode,
While our hearts, with true devotion,
Own their great and gracious God.

2 Health and every needful blessing
Are thy bounteous gifts alone;
Comforts undeserved possessing,
Here we bend before thy throne.

3 Thee, with humble adoration,
Lord, we praise for mercies past;
Still to this most favored nation
May those mercies ever last.

992. L. M. PRESB. COL.

Goodness of God celebrated.

1 JOIN, every tongue, to praise the Lord;
All nature rests upon his word;
Mercy and truth his courts maintain,
And own his universal reign.

2 Seasons and times obey his voice;
The evening and the morn rejoice
To see the earth made soft with showers,
Enriched with fruit, and dressed in flowers.

3 Thy works pronounce thy power divine;
In all the earth thy glories shine;
Through every month thy gifts appear;
Great God, thy goodness crowns the year.

993. 6s & 4s. MONTGOMERY.

Praise to the God of Harvest.

1 THE God of harvest praise;
In loud thanksgiving raise
Hand, heart, and voice;
The valleys smile and sing,
Forests and mountains ring,
The plains their tribute bring,
The streams rejoice.

2 Yea, bless his holy name,
And purest thanks proclaim
Through all the earth;
To glory in your lot
Is duty, — but be not
God's benefits forgot,
Amidst your mirth.

3 The God of harvest praise;
Hands, hearts, and voices, raise,
With sweet accord;
From field to garner throng,
Bearing your sheaves along,
And in your harvest song
Bless ye the Lord.

994. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

The Year crowned with Goodness.

1 ETERNAL Source of every joy,
Thy praise may well our lips employ,
While in thy temple we appear,
Whose goodness crowns the circling year.

2 Wide as the wheels of nature roll,
Thy hand supports the steady pole;
The sun is taught by thee to rise,
And darkness when to veil the skies.

3 The flowery spring, at thy command,
Embalms the air and paints the land;
The summer rays with vigor shine,
To raise the corn and cheer the vine.

4 Thy hand in autumn richly pours
Through all our coasts abundant stores;
And winters, softened by thy care,
No more a dreary aspect wear.

5 Still be the cheerful homage paid
With morning light and evening shade;
Seasons, and months, and weeks, and days,
Demand successive songs of praise.

995. L. M. CAMPBELL'S COL.

The Joy in Harvest.

1 GREAT God, as seasons disappear,
And changes mark the rolling year,
Thy favor still doth crown our days,
And we would celebrate thy praise.

2 The harvest song we would repeat:
"Thou givest us the finest wheat:"
"The joy of harvest," we have known:
The praise, O Lord, is all thine own.

3 Our tables spread, our garners stored,
O, give us hearts to bless thee, Lord;
Forbid it, Source of light and love,
That hearts and lives should barren prove.

4 Another harvest comes apace:
Mature our spirits by thy grace,
That we may calmly meet the blow
The sickle gives to lay us low;—

5 That so, when angel reapers come
To gather sheaves to thy blest home,
Our spirits may be borne on high
To thy safe garner in the sky.

996. L. P. M. ROSCOE.

Praise to the Author of National Blessings.

1 GREAT God, beneath whose piercing eye
The world's extended kingdoms lie,
We bow before thy heavenly throne;
Thy favoring smile upholds them all;
Thine anger smites them, and they fall;
Thy power we see, thy greatness own.

2 To thee, with grateful hearts, we raise
The tribute of exulting praise,
Our country's Guardian, Guide, and Friend;
Preserved by thee for ages past,
For ages let thy kindness last,
And e'er thy sheltering care extend.

997. C. M. ANON.

A Harvest Hymn.

1 FOUNTAIN of mercy, God of love,
How rich thy bounties are!
The rolling seasons, as they move,
Proclaim thy constant care.

2 When in the bosom of the earth
The sower hid the grain,
Thy goodness marked its secret birth,
And sent the early rain.

3 The spring's sweet influence, Lord, was thine;
The plants in beauty grew;
Thou gav'st refulgent suns to shine,
And gav'st refreshing dew.

4 These various mercies from above
Matured the swelling grain;
A kindly harvest crowns thy love,
And plenty fills the plain.

5 We own and bless thy gracious sway;
Thy hand all nature hails:
Seedtime nor harvest, night nor day,
Summer nor winter, fails.

998. L. M. HEGINBOTHAM.

The God of all Grace.

1 GREAT God, let all my tuneful powers
Awake, and sing thy mighty name:
Thy hand revolves my circling hours —
Thy hand, from whence my being came.

2 Seasons and moons, still rolling round
In beauteous order, speak thy praise;
And years, with smiling mercy crowned,
To thee successive honors raise.

3 My life, my health, my friends, I owe
All to thy vast, unbounded love;
Ten thousand precious gifts below,
And hope of nobler joys above.

4 Thus will I sing till nature cease,
Till sense and language are no more,
And after death thy boundless grace,
Through everlasting years, adore.

999. 7s. Sac. Lyrics.

Thanksgiving.

1 SWELL the anthem, raise the song ;
Praises to our God belong ;
Saints and angels, join to sing
Praises to the heavenly King.

2 Blessings from his liberal hand
Flow around this happy land :
Kept by him, no foes annoy ;
Peace and freedom we enjoy.

3 Here, beneath a virtuous sway,
May we cheerfully obey, —
Never feel oppression's rod, —
Ever own and worship God.

4 Hark ! the voice of nature sings
Praises to the King of kings ;
Let us join the choral song,
And the grateful notes prolong.

NATIONAL HYMNS.

1000. 6s & 4s. S. F. Smith.

National Hymn.

1 MY country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing ;
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrim's pride,
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring.

2 My native country, thee —
Land of the noble, free —
Thy name — I love ;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills ;
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

3 Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song:
Let mortal tongues awake;
Let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break, —
The sound prolong.

4 Our fathers' God, to thee,
Author of liberty,
To thee we sing:
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our King.

1001. L. M. Presb. Col.

God acknowledged in national Blessings.

1 GREAT God of nations, now to thee
Our hymn of gratitude we raise;
With humble heart and bending knee,
We offer thee our song of praise.

2 Thy name we bless, almighty God,
For all the kindness thou hast shown
To this fair land the pilgrims trod, —
This land we fondly call our own.

3 Here Freedom spreads her banner wide,
And casts her soft and hallowed ray;
Here thou our fathers' steps didst guide
In safety through their dangerous way.

4 We praise thee that the gospel's light
Through all our land its radiance sheds,
Dispels the shades of error's night,
And heavenly blessings round us spreads.

5 Great God, preserve us in thy fear;
In dangers still our Guardian be;
O, spread thy truth's bright precepts here;
Let all the people worship thee.

1002. C. M. ANON.

God's Kindness to our Forefathers.

1 TO Him from whom our blessings flow,
Who all our wants supplies,
This day the choral song and vow
From grateful hearts shall rise.

2 'Twas he who led the pilgrim band
Across the stormy sea;
'Twas he who stayed the tyrant's hand,
And set our country free.

3 When shivering on a strand unknown,
In sickness and distress,
Our fathers looked to God alone,
To save, protect, and bless.

4 Be thou our nation's strength and shield,
In manhood as in youth;
Thine arm for our protection wield,
And guide us by thy truth.

1003. C. M. WREFORD.

Prayer for our Country.

1 LORD, while for all mankind we pray,
Of every clime and coast,
O, hear us for our native land,—
The land we love the most.

2 O, guard our shores from every foe,
With peace our borders bless,
With prosperous times our cities crown,
Our fields with plenteousness.

3 Unite us in the sacred love
Of knowledge, truth, and thee;
And let our hills and valleys shout
The songs of liberty.

4 Lord of the nations, thus to thee
Our country we commend;
Be thou her refuge and her trust,
Her everlasting friend.

1004. L. P. M. KIPPIS.

National Praise and Prayer.

1 WITH grateful hearts, with joyful tongues,
To God we raise united songs;
His power and mercy we proclaim:
Through every age, O, may we own
Jehovah here has fixed his throne,
And triumph in his mighty name.

2 Long as the moon her course shall run,
Or men behold the circling sun,
Lord, in our land support thy reign;
Crown her just counsels with success,
With truth and peace her borders bless,
And all thy sacred rights maintain.

1005. P. M. H. S. WASHBURN.

The Goodness of God to our Country celebrated.

1 LET every heart rejoice and sing;
Let choral anthems rise;
Ye reverend men and children, bring
To God your sacrifice;
For he is good; the Lord is good,
And kind are all his ways:
With songs and honors sounding loud,
The Lord Jehovah praise,
While the rocks and the rills,
While the vales and the hills,
A glorious anthem raise:
Let each prolong the grateful song,
And the God of our fathers praise.

2 He bids the sun to rise and set;
In heaven his power is known;
And earth, subdued to him, shall yet
Bow low before his throne;
For he is good; the Lord is good,
And kind are all his ways:
With songs and honors sounding loud,
The Lord Jehovah praise,
While the rocks and the rills,
While the vales and the hills,
A glorious anthem raise:
Let each prolong the grateful song,
And the God of our fathers praise.

1006. L. M. PRATT'S COL.

Prayer for national Gratitude and Holiness.

1 LORD, let thy goodness lead our land,
Still saved by thine almighty hand,
The tribute of its love to bring
To thee, our Saviour and our King.

2 Let every public temple raise
Triumphant songs of holy praise;
Let every peaceful, private home
A temple, Lord, to thee become.

3 Still be it our supreme delight
To walk as in thy glorious sight;
Still in thy precepts and thy fear,
Till life's last hour, to persevere.

1007. 6s & 4s. S. F. SMITH.

Hymn for the national Anniversary.

1 AUSPICIOUS morning, hail!
Voices from hill and vale
Thy welcome sing:
Joy on thy dawning breaks;
Each heart that joy partakes,
While cheerful music wakes,
Its praise to bring.

2 When on the tyrant's rod
Our patriot fathers trod,
And dared be free,
'Twas not in burning zeal,
Firm nerves, and hearts of steel,
Our country's joy to seal,
But, Lord, in thee.

3 Thou, as a shield of power,
In battle's awful hour,
Didst round us stand;
Our hopes were in thy throne;
Strong in thy might alone,
By thee our banners shone,
God of our land.

4 Long o'er our native hills,
Long by our shaded rills,
May freedom rest;
Long may our shores have peace,
Our flag grace every breeze,
Our ships the distant seas,
From east to west.

5 Peace on this day abide,
From morn till even-tide;
Wake tuneful song;
Melodious accents raise;
Let every heart, with praise,
Bring high and grateful lays,
Rich, full, and strong.

MORNING HYMNS.

1008. C. M. ANON.

"I will be glad in the Lord."

1 WHEN morning's first and hallowed ray
Breaks with its trembling light,
To chase the pearly dews away, —
Bright tear-drops of the night, —

2 My heart, O Lord, forgets to rove,
But rises, gladly free,
On wings of everlasting love,
And finds its home in thee.

3 When evening's silent shades descend,
And nature sinks to rest,
Still to my Father and my Friend
My wishes are addressed.

4 And e'en when midnight's solemn gloom
Above, around, is spread,
Sweet dreams of everlasting bloom
Are hovering o'er my head.

5 I dream of that fair land, O Lord,
Where all thy saints shall be;
I wake to lean upon thy word,
And still delight in thee.

1009. C. M. Watts.

God's Goodness acknowledged.

1 ONCE more, my soul, the rising day
Salutes thy waking eyes;
Once more, my voice, thy tribute pay
To Him who rules the skies.

2 Night unto night his name repeats;
The day renews the sound,
Wide as the heavens on which he sits,
To turn the seasons round.

3 'Tis he supports my mortal frame;
My tongue shall speak his praise;
My sins would rouse his wrath to flame,
And yet his wrath delays.

4 How many wretched souls have fled
Since the last setting sun!
And yet thou lengthenest out my thread.
And yet my moments run.

5 Great God, let all my hours be thine,
While I enjoy the light;
Then shall my sun in smiles decline,
And bring a peaceful night.

1010. L. M. Watts.

A Morning Hymn.

1 GOD of the morning, at thy voice
The cheerful sun makes haste to rise,
And like a giant doth rejoice
To run his journey through the skies.

2 O, like the sun may I fulfil
Th' appointed duties of the day;
With ready mind and active will
March on, and keep my heavenly way.

3 Lord, thy commands are clean and pure,
Enlightening our beclouded eyes;
Thy threatenings just, thy promise sure;
Thy gospel makes the simple wise.

4 Give me thy counsels for my guide,
And then receive me to thy bliss;
All my desires and hopes beside
Are faint and cold compared with this.

1011. L. M. Watts.

Grateful Acknowledgment.

1 MY God, how endless is thy love!
Thy gifts are every evening new;
And morning mercies from above
Gently distil like early dew.

2 Thou spread'st the curtains of the night,
Great Guardian of my sleeping hours;
Thy sovereign word restores the light,
And quickens all my drowsy powers.

3 I yield my powers to thy command;
To thee I consecrate my days;
Perpetual blessings from thy hand
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

1012. C. M. Sac. Offering.

Grateful Acknowledgment.

1 AGAIN, from calm and sweet repose,
I rise to hail the dawn;
Again my waking eyes unclose
To view the smiling morn.

2 Great God of love, thy praise I'll sing;
For thou hast safely kept
My soul beneath thy guardian wing,
And watched me while I slept.

3 Glory to thee, eternal Lord;
O, teach my heart to pray,
And thy blest Spirit's help afford,
To guide me through the day.

4 Let every thought and word accord
With thy most holy will;
Each deed the precepts of thy word
With pious aim fulfil.

5 From danger, sin, and every ill,
My constant Guardian prove;
O, sanctify my heart, and fill
With thoughts of holy love.

1013. 7s. Epis. Col.

A Morning Prayer.

1 NOW the shades of night are gone;
Now is passed the early dawn:
Lord, we would be thine to-day:
Drive the shades of sin away.

2 Make our souls as noonday clear;
Banish every doubt and fear:
In thy vineyard, Lord, to-day,
We would labor, we would pray.

3 When our work of life is past,
O, receive us all at last:
Labor then will all be o'er;
Sin's dark night will be no more.

1014. 7s. Ch. Psalmody.

Gratitude and Supplication.

1 THOU that dost my life prolong,
Kindly aid my morning song;
Thankful, from my couch I rise,
To the God that rules the skies.

2 Thou didst hear my evening cry;
Thy preserving hand was nigh:
Peaceful slumbers thou hast shed,
Grateful to my weary head.

3 Thou hast kept me through the night;
'Twas thy hand restored the light:
Lord, thy mercies still are new,
Plenteous as the morning dew.

4 Still my feet are prone to stray;
O, preserve me through the day:
Dangers every where abound;
Sins and snares beset me round.

5 Gently, with the dawning ray,
On my soul thy beams display;
Sweeter than the smiling morn,
Let thy cheering light return.

1015. C. M. STEELE.

Gratitude and Supplication.

1 GOD of my life, my morning song
To thee I cheerful raise:
Thine acts of love 'tis good to sing,
And pleasant 'tis to praise.

2 Preserved by thy almighty arm,
I passed the shades of night,
Serene, and safe from every harm,
To see the morning light.

3 While numbers spent the night in sighs,
And restless pains and woes,
In gentle sleep I closed my eyes,
And woke from sweet repose.

4 O, let the same almighty care
Through all this day attend;
From every danger, every snare,
My heedless steps defend.

5 Smile on my minutes as they roll,
And guide my future days;
And let thy goodness fill my soul
With gratitude and praise.

1016. S. M. DWIGHT.

Morning Thanksgiving.

1 SERENE I laid me down,
Beneath his guardian care:
I slept — and I awoke, and found
My kind Preserver near.

2 Thus does thine arm support
This weak, defenceless frame;
But whence these favors, Lord, to me,
All worthless as I am?

3 O, how shall I repay
The bounties of my God?
This feeble spirit pants beneath
The pleasing, painful load.

4 My life I would anew
Devote, O Lord, to thee;
And in thy service I would spend
A long eternity.

1017. L. M. KENN.

A Morning Invocation.

1 AWAKE, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run;
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

2 Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part,
Who all night long unwearied sing
High praises to th' eternal King.

3 Glory to thee, who safe hast kept,
And hast refreshed me while I slept:
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,
I may of endless life partake.

4 Lord, I to thee my vows renew;
Dispel my sins as morning dew;
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with thyself my spirit fill.

5 Direct, control, suggest, this day,
All I design, or do, or say,
That all my powers, with true delight,
In thy sole glory may unite.

1018. C. M. KIPPIS.

Morning and Evening Praise.

1 ON thee, each morning, O my God,
My waking thoughts attend,
In whom are founded all my hopes,
In whom my wishes end.

2 My soul, in pleasing wonder lost,
Thy boundless love surveys,
And, fired with grateful zeal, prepares
The sacrifice of praise.

3 When evening slumbers press my eyes,
With thy protection blest,
In peace and safety I commit
My weary limbs to rest.

4 My spirit, in thy hands secure,
Fears no approaching ill;
For, whether waking or asleep,
Thou, Lord, art with me still.

5 Then will I daily to the world
Thy wondrous acts proclaim,
Whilst all with me shall praise and sing,
And bless thy sacred name.

6 At morn, at noon, at night, I'll still
The pleasing work pursue,
And thee alone will praise, to whom
All praise is ever due.

1019. C. M. WATTS.

A Morning Hosanna.

1 HOSANNA, with a cheerful sound,
To God's upholding hand!
Ten thousand snares attend us round,
And yet secure we stand.

2 That was a most amazing power
That raised us with a word;
And every day, and every hour,
We lean upon the Lord.

3 The rising morn cannot assure
That we shall end the day;
For death stands ready at the door
To hurry us away.

4 Our life is forfeited by sin
To God's most righteous law;
We own thy grace, immortal King,
In every breath we draw.

5 God is our sun, whose daily light
Our joy and safety brings;
Our feeble frame lies safe at night
Beneath his guardian wings.

1020. 6s & 5s. ANON.

Praise to God.

1 THROUGH thy protecting care,
Kept till the dawning,
Taught to draw near in prayer,
Heed we the warning:
O thou great One in Three,
Gladly our souls would be
Evermore praising thee,
God of the morning.

2 God of our sleeping hours,
Watch o'er us waking,
All our imperfect powers
In thine hands taking:
In us thy work fulfil,
Be with thy children still,
Those who obey thy will
Never forsaking.

EVENING HYMNS.

1021. 12s & 11s. CHURCHMAN.

An Evening Hymn.

1 SEE, daylight is fading o'er earth and o'er ocean;
The sun has gone down on the far-distant sea;
O, now, in the hush of life's fitful commotion,
We lift our tired spirits, blest Saviour, to thee.

2 Full oft wast thou found afar on the mountain,
As eventide spread her dark wing o'er the wave:
Thou Son of the Highest, and life's endless fountain,
Be with us, we pray thee, to bless and to save.

3 And oft as the tumult of life's heaving billow
Shall toss our frail bark, driving wild o'er night's deep,
Let thy healing wing be stretched over our pillow,
And guard us from evil, though death watch our sleep.

4 To God, our great Father, whose throne is in heaven,
Who dwells with the lowly and contrite in heart,
To the Son and the Spirit all glory be given:
One God, ever blesséd and praiséd, thou art.

1022. L. M. Anon.

Evening Reflections.

1 STILL evening comes, with gentle shade,
Sweet harbinger of balmy rest,
From toilsome hours and anxious thoughts
Revolving in the pensive breast.

2 Refulgent day in darkness sets;
The noisy crowds are hushed in sleep;
Harsh sounds to gentle murmurs turn,
As o'er the fields the zephyrs sweep.

3 The hour is sweet when tumults cease;
The scene obscured inspires my eye,
And darkness marks the loved retreat
Where pleasures live and sorrows die.

4 Retirement solemn, yet serene,
And undisturbed by human voice,
Invites repose on Jesus' arm,
And bids my soul in God rejoice.

1023. L. M. Watts.

Evening Reflections.

1 THUS far the Lord has led me on;
Thus far his power prolongs my days;
And every evening shall make known
Some fresh memorial of his grace.

2 Much of my time has run to waste,
And I, perhaps, am near my home;
But he forgives my follies past;
He gives me strength for days to come.

3 I lay my body down to sleep;
Peace is the pillow for my head;
While well-appointed angels keep
Their watchful stations round my bed.

4 Thus, when the night of death shall come,
My flesh shall rest beneath the ground,
And wait thy voice to break my tomb,
With sweet salvation in the sound.

1024. C. M. Watts.

God's Goodness acknowledged.

1 DREAD Sovereign, let my evening song
Like holy incense rise;
Assist the offering of my tongue
To reach the lofty skies.

2 Through all the dangers of the day
Thy hand was still my guard;
And still to drive my wants away
Thy mercy stood prepared.

3 Perpetual blessings from above
Encompass me around;
But, O, how few returns of love
Hath my Redeemer found!

4 What have I done for him who died
To save my guilty soul?
Alas! my sins are multiplied,
Fast as my minutes roll.

5 Yet, with this guilty heart of mine,
Lord, to thy cross I flee,
And to thy grace my soul resign,
To be renewed by thee.

1025. L. M. Steele.

Evening Reflections.

1 GREAT God, to thee my evening song,
With humble gratitude, I raise;
O, let thy mercy tune my tongue,
And fill my heart with lively praise.

2 My days, unclouded as they pass,
And every gently-rolling hour,
Are monuments of wondrous grace,
And witness to thy love and power.

3 And yet this thoughtless, wretched heart,
Too oft regardless of thy love,
Ungrateful, can from thee depart,
And, fond of trifles, vainly rove.

4 Seal my forgiveness in the blood
Of Jesus: his dear name alone
I plead for pardon, gracious God,
And kind acceptance, at thy throne.

5 Let this blest hope mine eyelids close;
With sleep refresh my feeble frame;
Safe in thy care may I repose,
And wake with praises to thy name.

1026. 7s. Epis. Col.

Communion with God.

1 SOFTLY now the light of day
Fades upon our sight away;
Free from care, from labor free,
Lord, we would commune with thee.

2 Soon for us the light of day
Shall forever pass away;
Then, from sin and sorrow free,
Take us, Lord, to dwell with thee.

1027. 7s & 6s. Sac. Songs.

Reflections at Sunset.

1 THE mellow eve is gliding
Serenely down the west;
So, every care subsiding,
My soul would sink to rest.

2 The woodland hum is ringing
The daylight's gentle close;
May angels, round me singing,
Thus hymn my last repose.

3 The evening star has lighted
Her crystal lamp on high;
So, when in death benighted,
May hope illume the sky.

4 In golden splendor dawning
The morrow's light shall break;
O, on the last bright morning
May I in glory wake.

1028. S. M. CURTIS'S COL.

Flight of Time.

1 ANOTHER day is past,
The hours forever fled,
And time is bearing us away
To mingle with the dead.

2 Our minds in perfect peace
Our Father's care shall keep;
We yield to gentle slumber now,
For thou canst never sleep.

3 How blesséd, Lord, are they
On thee securely stayed!
Nor shall they be in life alarmed,
Nor be in death dismayed.

1029. C. M. SAC. OFFERING.

Recognition of daily Mercies.

1 ETERNAL God of love and power,
I will thy praise resound,
And tell how every passing hour
Is with thy goodness crowned.

2 Throughout the day, thy tender care
Has all my wants supplied,
And deigned from every baneful snare
My erring steps to guide.

3 But, O, my tongue in vain essays
Thy bounty to declare;
It ne'er can tell, in mortal lays,
How great thy mercies are.

4 But yet thine all-discerning eye
My grateful heart can see;
And all its warm emotions lie,
O Lord, exposed to thee.

5 Now, while mine eyes are closed in sleep,
Wilt thou my Guardian be,
And deign my wearied frame to keep
From every danger free.

1030. 6s & 5s. ANON.

Seeking Protection.

1 O THOU who hearest prayer,
Through his submission
Who did our sorrows bear,
Hear our petition:
Lead us in thine own way;
Grant us, we humbly pray,
For all our sins this day,
Holy contrition.

2 They shall lie down in peace,
Lord, whom thou keepest;
Thy mercies never cease;
Thou never sleepest:
Guard us till morning's ray
Bids us again essay
Who shall pour forth the lay
Loudest and deepest.

1031. L. M. KENN.

Trusting God.

1 GLORY to thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light:
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Beneath the shadow of thy wings.

2 Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
The ills which I this day have done;
That with the world, myself, and thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

3 Teach me to live that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
Teach me to die that so I may
With joy behold the judgment day.

4 Be thou my Guardian while I sleep;
Thy watchful station near me keep;
My heart with love celestial fill,
And guard me from th' approach of ill.

5 Lord, let my heart forever share
The bliss of thy paternal care:
'Tis heaven on earth, 'tis heaven above,
To see thy face and sing thy love.

1032. 8s & 7s. EDMESTON.

Confidence in God's Protection.

1 SAVIOUR, breathe an evening blessing
Ere repose our spirits seal;
Sin and want we come confessing;
Thou canst save and thou canst heal.

2 Though destruction walk around us,
Though the arrows past us fly,
Angel guards from thee surround us;
We are safe, if thou art nigh.

3 Though the night be dark and dreary,
Darkness cannot hide from thee;
Thou art he who, never weary,
Watchest where thy people be.

4 Should swift death this night o'ertake us,
And command us to the tomb,
May the morn in heaven awake us,
Clad in bright, eternal bloom.

1033. 8s. HOGG.

Praise to God.

1 BLESSED be thy name forever,
Thou of life the glorious Giver:
Thou canst guard thy creatures, sleeping;
Heal the heart long broke with weeping.

2 Thou who slumberest not, nor sleepest,
Blest are they thou kindly keepest:
Thou of every good the Giver,
Blesséd be thy name forever.

1034. C. M. WATTS.

Evening Devotion.

1 LORD, thou wilt hear me when I pray;
I am forever thine:
I fear before thee all the day,
Nor would I dare to sin.

2 And while I rest my weary head,
From cares and business free,
'Tis sweet conversing on my bed
With my own heart and thee.

3 I pay this evening sacrifice;
And when my work is done,
Great God, my faith, my hope relies
Upon thy grace alone.

4 Thus with my thoughts composed to peace,
I'll give mine eyes to sleep;
Thy hand in safety keeps my days,
And will my slumbers keep.

THE SEASONS.

1035. C. M. WATTS.

Seasons.

1 WITH songs and honors sounding loud,
Address the Lord on high;
O'er all the heavens he spreads his cloud,
And waters veil the sky.

2 He sends his showers of blessings down,
To cheer the plains below;
He makes the grass the mountains crown,
And corn in valleys grow.

3 His steady counsels change the face
Of each declining year;
He bids the sun cut short his race,
And wintry days appear.

4 On us his providence has shone,
With gentle, smiling rays;
O, may our lips and lives make known
His goodness and his praise.

1036. C. M. STEELE.

Spring.

1 WHEN verdure clothes the fertile vale,
And blossoms deck the spray,
And fragrance breathes in every gale,
How sweet the vernal day!

2 Hark! how the feathered warblers sing!
'Tis nature's cheerful voice;
Soft music hails the lovely spring,
And woods and fields rejoice.

3 O God of nature and of grace,
Thy heavenly gifts impart;
Then shall my meditation trace
Spring, blooming in my heart.

4 Inspired to praise, I then shall join
Glad nature's cheerful song,
And love and gratitude divine
Attune my joyful tongue.

1037. H. M. DWIGHT.

Spring.

1 HOW pleasing is the voice
Of God, our heavenly King,
Who bids the frosts retire,
And wakes the lovely spring!

Bright suns arise, | And beauty glows
The mild wind blows, | Through earth and skies.

2 The morn, with glory crowned,
His hand arrays in smiles:
He bids the eve decline,
Rejoicing o'er the hills:

The evening breeze | His beauty blooms
His breath perfumes; | In flowers and trees.

3 With life he clothes the spring,
The earth with summer warms,
He spreads th' autumnal feast,
And rides on wintry storms:

His gifts divine | And round the year
Through all appear; | His glories shine.

1038. C. M. W. B. PEABODY.

Spring.

1 WHEN brighter suns and milder skies
Proclaim the opening year,
What various sounds of joy arise!
What prospects bright appear!

2 Earth and her thousand voices give
Their thousand notes of praise;
And all, that by his mercy live,
To God their offering raise.

3 The streams, all beautiful and bright,
Reflect the morning sky;
And there, with music in his flight,
The wild bird soars on high.

4 Thus, like the morning, calm and clear,
That saw the Saviour rise,
The spring of heaven's eternal year
Shall dawn on earth and skies.

5 No winter there, no shades of night,
Obscure those mansions blest,
Where, in the happy fields of light,
The weary are at rest.

1039. C. M. NEWTON.

Spring.

1 AT length the wished-for spring has come:
How altered is the scene!
The trees and shrubs are dressed in bloom,
The earth arrayed in green.

2 O, let my inmost soul confess,
With grateful joy and love,
The bounteous hand that deigns to bless
The garden, field, and grove.

3 Inspired to praise, my heart would join
Glad nature's cheerful song;
While love and gratitude combine
To tune my joyful tongue.

4 My faith exults, that yet the spring
Of righteousness and praise
Our gracious God will surely bring,
And in all nations raise.

1040. 7s & 6s. Brit. Mag.

Autumn.

1 THE leaves, around me falling,
Are preaching of decay;
The hollow winds are calling,
"Come, pilgrim, come away:"
The day, in night declining,
Says I must, too, decline;
The year its bloom resigning,
Its lot foreshadows mine.

2 The light my path surrounding,
The loves to which I cling,
The hopes within me bounding,
The joys that round me wing,—
All, all, like stars at even,
Just gleam and shoot away,
Pass on before to heaven,
And chide at my delay.

3 The friends gone there before me
Are calling from on high,
And happy angels o'er me
Tempt sweetly to the sky:
"Why wait," they say, "and wither,
'Mid scenes of death and sin?
O, rise to glory, hither,
And find true life begin."

4 I hear the invitation,
And fain would rise and come,
A sinner, to salvation,
An exile, to his home;
But while I here must linger,
Thus, thus, let all I see
Point on, with faithful finger,
To heaven, O Lord, and thee.

1041. 8s & 7s. Horne.

Autumn.

1 SEE the leaves around us falling,
Dry and withered, to the ground,
Thus to thoughtless mortals calling,
In a sad and solemn sound,—

2 "Youth, on length of days presuming,
Who the paths of pleasure tread,
View us, late in beauty blooming,
Numbered now among the dead.

3 "What though yet no losses grieve you, —
Gay with health and many a grace;
Let not cloudless skies deceive you;
Summer gives to autumn place."

4 On the tree of life eternal
Let our highest hopes be stayed:
This alone, forever vernal,
Bears a leaf that shall not fade.

1042. C. M. STEELE.

Winter.

1 STERN Winter throws his icy chains,
Encircling nature round;
How bleak, how comfortless the plains,
Late with gay verdure crowned!

2 The sun withholds his vital beams,
And light and warmth depart;
And drooping, lifeless nature seems
An emblem of my heart.

3 Return, O blissful sun, and bring
Thy soul-reviving ray:
This mental winter shall be spring,
This darkness cheerful day.

4 O happy state! divine abode,
Where spring eternal reigns,
And perfect day, the smile of God,
Fills all the heavenly plains.

5 Great Source of light, thy beams display,
My drooping joys restore,
And guide me to the seats of day,
Where winter frowns no more.

1043. C. M. Watts.

Winter.

1 THE hoary frost, the fleecy snow,
Descend, and clothe the ground;
The liquid streams forbear to flow,
In icy fetters bound.

2 When, from his dreadful stores on high,
God pours the sounding hail,
The man that does his power defy
Shall find his courage fail.

3 God sends his word, and melts the snow;
The fields no longer mourn;
He calls the warmer gales to blow,
And bids the spring return.

4 The changing wind, the flying cloud,
Obey his mighty word;
With songs and honors sounding loud,
Praise ye the sovereign Lord.

OPENING AND CLOSING YEAR.

1044. L. M. Doddridge.

The Flight of Time.

1 GOD of eternity, from thee
Did infant Time his being draw;
Moments, and days, and months, and years,
Revolve by thine unvaried law.

2 Silent and slow they glide away;
Steady and strong the current flows,
Lost in eternity's wide sea —
The boundless gulf from whence it rose.

3 With it the thoughtless sons of men
Upon the rapid streams are borne
Swift on to their eternal home,
Whence not one soul can e'er return.

4 Yet, while the shore, on either side,
Presents a gaudy, flattering show,
We gaze, in fond amazement lost,
Nor think to what a world we go.

5 Great Source of wisdom, teach my heart
To know the price of every hour,
That time may bear me on to joys
Beyond its measure and its power.

1045. C. M. ANON.

Reflections at the End of the Year.

1 AND now, my soul, another year
Of thy short life is past;
I cannot long continue here,
And this may be my last.

2 Much of my hasty life is gone,
Nor will return again;
And swift my passing moments run, —
The few that yet remain.

3 Awake, my soul; with utmost care
Thy true condition learn:
What are thy hopes? how sure? how fair?
What is thy great concern?

4 Behold, another year begins;
Set out afresh for heaven;
Seek pardon for thy former sins,
In Christ so freely given.

5 Devoutly yield thyself to God,
And on his grace depend;
With zeal pursue the heavenly road,
Nor doubt a happy end.

1046. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

Close of the Year.

1 OUR Helper, God, we bless his name,
Whose love forever is the same;
The tokens of whose gracious care
Begin, and crown, and close, the year.

2 Amid ten thousand snares we stand,
Supported by his guardian hand;
And see, when we review our ways,
Ten thousand monuments of praise.

3 Thus far his arm hath led us on;
Thus far we make his mercy known;
And while we tread this desert land,
New mercies shall new songs demand.

4 Our grateful souls on Jordan's shore
Shall raise one sacred pillar more,
Then bear, in his bright courts above,
Inscriptions of immortal love.

1047. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

Close of the Year.

1 AWAKE, ye saints, and raise your eyes,
And lift your voices high;
Awake, and praise that sovereign love
That shows salvation nigh.

2 On all the wings of time it flies;
Each moment brings it near:
Then welcome each declining day;
Welcome each closing year.

3 Not many years their rounds shall run,
Nor many mornings rise,
Ere all its glories stand revealed
To our admiring eyes.

4 Ye wheels of nature, speed your course;
Ye mortal powers, decay;
Fast as ye bring the night of death,
Ye bring eternal day.

1048. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

Close of the Year.

1 REMARK, my soul, the narrow bound
Of each revolving year;
How swift the weeks complete their round!
How short the months appear!

2 So fast eternity comes on,
And that important day
When all that mortal life hath done
God's judgment shall survey.

3 Yet like an idle tale we pass
The swift-revolving year,
And study artful ways t' increase
The speed of its career.

4 Awake, O God, my careless heart
Its great concerns to see,
That I may act the Christian part,
And give the year to thee.

5 So shall their course more grateful roll,
If future years arise;
Or this shall bear my waiting soul
To joy beyond the skies.

1049. 7s. NEWTON.

New Year's Day.

1 WHILE, with ceaseless course, the sun
Hasted through the former year,
Many souls their race have run,
Never more to meet us here:
Fixed in an eternal state,
They have done with all below:
We a little longer wait,
But how little none can know.

2 As the wingéd arrow flies,
Speedily the mark to find;
As the lightning from the skies
Darts, and leaves no trace behind; —
Swiftly thus our fleeting days
Bear us down life's rapid stream:
Upward, Lord, our spirits raise;
All below is but a dream.

3 Thanks for mercies past receive;
Pardon of our sins renew;
Teach us, henceforth, how to live,
With eternity in view;
Bless thy word to old and young;
Fill us with a Saviour's love:
When our life's short race is run,
May we dwell with thee above.

1050. 5s & 12s. C. Wesley.

The new Year.

1 COME, let us anew
Our journey pursue —
Roll round with the year,
And never stand still till the Master appear;
His adorable will
Let us gladly fulfil,
And our talents improve
By the patience of hope, and the labor of love.

2 Our life is a dream;
Our time, as a stream,
Glides swiftly away,
And the fugitive moment refuses to stay;
The arrow is flown;
The moment is gone;
The millennial year
Rushes on to our view, and eternity 's near.

3 O that each, in the day
Of his coming, may say,
"I have fought my way through;
I have finished the work thou didst give me to do;"
O that each from his Lord
May receive the glad word,
"Well and faithfully done;
Enter into my joy, and sit down on my throne."

1051. L. M. Doddridge.

A Song for the opening Year.

1 GREAT God, we sing that mighty hand,
By which supported still we stand:
The opening year thy mercy shows;
Let mercy crown it till it close.

2 By day, by night, at home, abroad,
Still we are guarded by our God;
By his incessant bounty fed,
By his unerring counsel led.

3 With grateful hearts the past we own ;
The future — all to us unknown —
We to thy guardian care commit,
And peaceful leave before thy feet.

4 In scenes exalted or depressed,
Be thou our joy, and thou our rest ;
Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise,
Adored through all our changing days.

5 When death shall close our earthly songs,
And seal in silence mortal tongues,
Our Helper, God, in whom we trust,
In brighter worlds our souls shall boast.

1052. C. M. HEGINBOTHAM.

New Year. Providential Goodness.

1 GOD of our lives, thy various praise
Our voices shall resound :
Thy hand directs our fleeting days,
And brings the seasons round.

2 To thee shall grateful songs arise,
Our Father and our Friend,
Whose constant mercies from the skies
In genial streams descend.

3 In every scene of life, thy care,
In every age, we see ;
And constant as thy favors are,
So let our praises be.

4 Still may thy love, in every scene,
In every age, appear ;
And let the same compassion deign
To bless the opening year.

5 If mercy smile, let mercy bring
Our wandering souls to God :
In our affliction we shall sing,
If thou wilt bless the rod.

1053. C. M. NEWTON.

New Year. Prayer for a Blessing.

1 NOW, gracious Lord, thine arm reveal,
And make thy glory known;
Now let us all thy presence feel,
And soften hearts of stone.

2 From all the guilt of former sin
May mercy set us free;
And let the year we now begin
Begin and end with thee.

3 Send down thy Spirit from above,
That saints may love thee more,
And sinners now may learn to love,
Who never loved before.

4 And when before thee we appear,
In our eternal home,
May growing numbers worship here,
And praise thee in our room.

SHORTNESS OF TIME.

1054. C. M. WATTS.

Brevity and Frailty of Life.

1 HOW short and hasty is our life!
How vast our soul's affairs!
Yet foolish mortals vainly strive
To lavish out their years.

2 Our days run thoughtlessly along,
Without a moment's stay;
Just like a story, or a song,
We pass our lives away.

3 God from on high invites us home;
But we march heedless on,
And, ever hastening to the tomb,
Stoop downward as we run.

4 Draw us, O God, with sovereign grace,
And lift our thoughts on high,
That we may end this mortal race,
And see salvation nigh.

1055. C. M. Watts.

Life short, and Man frail.

1 TEACH me the measure of my days,
Thou Maker of my frame;
I would survey life's narrow space,
And learn how frail I am.

2 A span is all that we can boast;
How short the fleeting time!
Man is but vanity and dust,
In all his flower and prime.

3 What can I wish, or wait for, then,
From creatures — earth and dust?
They make our expectations vain,
And disappoint our trust.

4 Now I forbid my carnal hope,
My fond desire recall;
I give my mortal interest up,
And make my God my all.

1056. L. M. Spir. of the Psalms.

Brevity of Life.

1 ERE mountains reared their forms sublime,
Or heaven and earth in order stood,
Before the birth of ancient time,
From everlasting thou art God.

2 A thousand ages, in their flight,
With thee are as a fleeting day;
Past, present, future, to thy sight
At once their various scenes display.

3 But our brief life 's a shadowy dream,
A passing thought, that soon is o'er,
That fades with morning's earliest beam,
And fills the musing mind no more.

4 To us, O Lord, the wisdom give,
Each passing moment so to spend,
That we at length with thee may live
Where life and bliss shall never end.

1057. C. M. J. Q. Adams.

Swiftness of Time.

1 HOW swift, alas! the moments fly!
How rush the years along!
Scarce here, yet gone already by —
The burden of a song.

2 See childhood, youth, and manhood, pass,
And age, with furrowed brow;
Time was — time shall be — but, alas!
Where, where in time is now?

3 Time is the measure but of change;
No present hour is found;
The past, the future, fill the range
Of time's unceasing round.

4 Where, then, is now? In realms above,
With God's atoning Lamb,
In regions of eternal love,
Where sits enthroned I AM.

5 Then, pilgrim, let thy joys and fears
On time no longer lean;
But henceforth all thy hopes and fears
From earth's affections wean.

6 To God let grateful accents rise;
With truth, with virtue, live;
So all the bliss that time denies,
Eternity shall give.

1058. S. M. Watts.

Man hastening to the Grave.

1 LORD, what a feeble piece
Is this our mortal frame!
Our life, how poor a trifle 'tis,
That scarce deserves the name.

2 Alas! 'twas brittle clay
That formed our body first;
And every month, and every day,
'Tis mouldering back to dust.

3 Our moments fly apace;
Nor will our minutes stay;
Just like a flood our hasty days
Are sweeping us away.

4 Well, if our days must fly,
We'll keep their end in sight;
We'll spend them all in wisdom's way,
And let them speed their flight.

5 They'll waft us sooner o'er
This life's tempestuous sea:
We soon shall reach the peaceful shore
Of blest eternity.

1059. 7s & 6s. S. F. Smith.

Life rapidly passing away.

1 AS flows the rapid river,
With channel broad and free,
Its waters rippling ever,
And hasting to the sea,
So life is onward flowing,
And days of offered peace,
And man is swiftly going
Where calls of mercy cease.

2 As moons are ever waning,
As hastes the sun away,
As stormy winds, complaining,
Bring on the wintry day,
So fast the night comes o'er us —
The darkness of the grave;
And death is just before us:
God takes the life he gave.

3 Say, hath thy heart its treasure
Laid up in worlds above?
And is it all thy pleasure
Thy God to praise and love?
Beware, lest death's dark river
Its billows o'er thee roll,
And thou lament forever
The ruin of thy soul.

1060. 7s & 6s. [Peculiar.] J. Burton.

Life a Winter's Day.

1 TIME is winging us away
To our eternal home;
Life is but a winter's day —
A journey to the tomb:
Youth and vigor soon will flee,
Blooming beauty lose its charms;
All that's mortal soon shall be
Enclosed in death's cold arms.

2 Time is winging us away
To our eternal home;
Life is but a winter's day —
A journey to the tomb;
But the Christian shall enjoy
Health and beauty soon above,
Where no worldly griefs annoy,
Secure in Jesus' love.

1061. C. M. Watts.

Time the Period to prepare for Eternity.

1 THEE we adore, Eternal Name,
And humbly own to thee
How feeble is our mortal frame,
What dying worms are we.

2 The year rolls round, and steals away
The breath that first it gave;
Whate'er we do, where'er we be,
We're travelling to the grave.

3 Great God, on what a slender thread
Hang everlasting things! —
The final state of all the dead
Upon life's feeble strings!

4 Eternal joy, or endless woe,
Attends on every breath;
And yet how unconcerned we go
Upon the brink of death!

5 Awake, O Lord, our drowsy sense,
To walk this dangerous road;
And if our souls are hurried hence,
May they be found with God.

1062. S. M. Doddridge.

Reflections on past Generations.

1 OUR fathers! where are they,
With all they called their own?
Their joys and griefs, their hopes and cares,
Their wealth and honor, gone!

2 But joy or grief succeeds
Beyond our mortal thought,
While still the remnant of their dust
Lies in the grave forgot.

3 God of our fathers, hear,
Thou everlasting Friend,
While we, as on life's utmost verge,
Our souls to thee commend.

4 Of all the pious dead
May we the footsteps trace,
Till with them, in the land of light,
We dwell before thy face.

1063. S. M. Doddridge.

Importance of To-day.

1 TO-MORROW, Lord, is thine,
Lodged in thy sovereign hand;
And if its sun arise and shine,
It shines by thy command.

2 The present moment flies,
And bears our life away;
O, make thy servants truly wise,
That they may live to-day.

3 Since on this fleeting hour
Eternity is hung,
Awake, by thine almighty power,
The agéd and the young.

4 One thing demands our care;
O, be that still pursued,
Lest, slighted once, the season fair
Should never be renewed.

5 To Jesus may we fly,
Swift as the morning light,
Lest life's young, golden beams should die
In sudden, endless night.

1064. C. H. M. JANE TAYLOR.

What is your Life?

1 O, WHAT is life? — 'tis like a flower
That blossoms and is gone;
It flourishes its little hour,
With all its beauty on:
Death comes, and, like a wintry day,
It cuts the lovely flower away.

2 O, what is life? — 'tis like the bow
That glistens in the sky:
We love to see its colors glow;
But while we look, they die:
Life fails as soon: — to-day 'tis here;
To-morrow it may disappear.

3 Lord, what is life? — if spent with thee,
In humble praise and prayer,
How long or short our life may be,
We feel no anxious care:
Though life depart, our joys shall last
When life and all its joys are past.

MEETING AND PARTING.

1065. 7s. NEWTON.

Parting of Christians.

1 FOR a season called to part,
Let us now ourselves commend
To the gracious eye and heart
Of our ever-present Friend.

2 Jesus, hear our humble prayer:
Tender Shepherd of thy sheep,
Let thy mercy and thy care
All our souls in safety keep.

3 In thy strength may we be strong;
Sweeten every cross and pain;
And our wasting lives prolong,
Till we meet on earth again.

1066. 8s & 7s. [Peculiar.] Parting Gift.

Hope of Meeting.

1 WHEN forced to part from those we love,
Though sure to meet to-morrow,
We still a painful anguish prove, —
We feel a pang of sorrow.

2 But who can e'er describe the tears
We shed when thus we sever,
If doomed to part for months, for years, —
To part, perhaps, forever?

3 Yet, if our aims are fixed aright,
A sacred hope is given,
Though here our prospects end in night,
We'll meet again in heaven.

4 Then let us form those bonds above
Which time can ne'er dissever,
Since, parting in a Saviour's love,
We part to meet forever.

1067. C. M. L. S. Hill.

Hope of Reunion above.

1 WHEN floating on life's troubled sea,
By storms and tempests driven,
Hope, with her radiant finger, points
To brighter scenes in heaven.

2 She bids the storms of life to cease,
The troubled breast be calm;
And in the wounded heart she pours
Religion's healing balm.

3 Her hallowed influence cheers life's hours
Of sadness and of gloom;
She guides us through this vale of tears,
To joys beyond the tomb.

4 And when our fleeting days are o'er,
And life's last hour draws near,
With still unwearied wing she hastes
To wipe the falling tear.

5 She bids the anguished heart rejoice:
Though earthly ties are riven,
We still may hope to meet again
In yonder peaceful heaven.

1068. S. M. Fawcett.

Christian Fellowship.

1 BLEST be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

5 This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way;
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day.

6 From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And sin, we shall be free,
And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity.

1069. C. M. Reed.

Gratitude for Preservation.

1 COME, let us strike our harps afresh
To Great Jehovah's name;
Sweet be the accents of our tongues
When we his love proclaim.

2 'Twas by his bidding we were called
In pain awhile to part;
'Tis by his care we meet again,
And gladness fills our heart.

3 Blest be the hand that has preserved
Our feet from every snare,
And blest the goodness of the Lord,
Which to this hour we share.

4 O, may the Spirit's quickening power
Now sanctify our joy,
And warm our zeal in works of love
Our talents to employ.

5 Fast, fast our minutes fly away;
Soon shall our wanderings cease;
Then with our Father we shall dwell,
A family of peace.

1070. 6s & 5s. [Peculiar.] Sel. Hymns.

Reunion in Heaven.

1 WHEN shall we meet again? —
Meet ne'er to sever?
When will Peace wreath her chain
Round us forever?
Our hearts will ne'er repose
Safe from each blast that blows
In this dark vale of woes —
Never — no, never!

2 When shall love freely flow
Pure as life's river?
When shall sweet friendship glow
Changeless forever?
Where joys celestial thrill,
Where bliss each heart shall fill,
And fears of parting chill
Never — no, never!

3 Up to that world of light
Take us, dear Saviour;
May we all there unite,
Happy forever:
Where kindred spirits dwell,
There may our music swell,
And time our joys dispel
Never — no, never!

4 Soon shall we meet again —
Meet ne'er to sever;
Soon will Peace wreath her chain
Round us forever:
Our hearts will then repose
Secure from worldly woes;
Our songs of praise shall close
Never — no, never!

DEATH.

1071. L. M. Watts.

Men die, but the Saviour lives.

1 IT is the Lord our Saviour's hand
Impairs our strength amid the race;
Disease and death, at his command,
Arrest us, and cut short our days.

2 Spare, gracious Lord, O, spare, we pray,
Nor let our sun go down at noon:
Thy years are one eternal day;
And must thy children die so soon?

3 Yet, in the midst of death and grief,
This thought our sorrows shall assuage —
"Our Father and our Saviour lives;
Thou art the same through every age."

4 Before thy face thy church shall live,
And on thy throne thy children reign;
This fading world shall they survive,
And rise to glorious life again.

1072. L. M. Watts.

Death disarmed.

1 WHY should we start, and fear to die?
What timorous worms we mortals are!
Death is the gate of endless joy,
And yet we dread to enter there.

2 The pains, the groans, and dying strife,
Fright our approaching souls away;
Still we shrink back again to life,
Fond of our prison and our clay.

3 O, if my Lord would come and meet,
My soul should stretch her wings in haste,
Fly, fearless, through death's iron gate,
Nor feel the terrors as she passed.

4 Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are,
While on his breast I lean my head,
And breathe my life out sweetly there.

1073. L. M. Watts.

God's Eternity and Man's Frailty.

1 THROUGH every age, eternal God,
Thou art our rest, our safe abode:
High was thy throne e'er heaven was made,
Or earth, thy humble footstool, laid.

2 Long hadst thou reigned ere time began,
Or dust was fashioned into man;
And long thy kingdom shall endure,
When earth and time shall be no more.

3 But man, weak man, is born to die,
Made up of guilt and vanity:
Thy dreadful sentence, Lord, is just —
"Return, ye sinners, to your dust."

4 Death, like an ever-flowing stream,
Sweeps us away: our life 's a dream —
An empty tale — a morning flower
Cut down and withered in an hour.

5 Teach us, O Lord, how frail is man,
And kindly lengthen out our span,
Till, cleansed by grace, we all may be
Prepared to die, and dwell with thee.

1074. C. M. Collyer.

Prayer for Support in Death.

1 WHEN, bending o'er the brink of life,
My trembling soul shall stand,
And wait to pass death's awful flood,
Great God, at thy command, —

2 Thou Source of life and joy supreme,
Whose arm alone can save,
Dispel the darkness that surrounds
The entrance to the grave.

3 Lay thy supporting, gentle hand
Beneath my sinking head,
And let a beam of life divine
Illume my dying bed.

1075. C. M. Watts.

God's Presence makes Death easy.

1 DEATH cannot make our souls afraid,
If God be with us there;
We may walk through its darkest shade,
And never yield to fear.

2 I could renounce my all below,
If my Redeemer bid;
And run, if I were called to go,
And die, as Moses did.

3 Might I but climb to Pisgah's top,
And view the promised land,
My flesh itself would long to drop,
And welcome the command.

4 Clasped in my heavenly Father's arms,
I would forget my breath,
And lose my life among the charms
Of so divine a death.

1076. C. M. Watts.

Victory over Death.

1 O FOR an overcoming faith,
To cheer my dying hours,
To triumph o'er the monster Death,
And all his frightful powers!

2 Joyful, with all the strength I have,
My quivering lips should sing —
"Where is thy boasted victory, Grave?
And where, O Death, thy sting?"

3 If sin be pardoned, I'm secure;
Death has no sting beside:
The law gives sin its damning power;
But Christ, my ransom, died.

4 Now to the God of victory
Immortal thanks be paid,
Who makes us conquerors, while we die,
Through Christ, our living Head.

1077. C. M. Beddome.

Preparation for Death.

1 IF I must die, O, let me die
With hope in Jesus' blood
The blood that saves from sin and guilt,
And reconciles to God.

2 If I must die, O, let me die
In peace with all mankind,
And change these fleeting joys below
For pleasures more refined.

3 If I must die, — and die I must, —
Let some kind seraph come,
And bear me on his friendly wing
To my celestial home.

4 Of Canaan's land, from Pisgah's top,
May I but have a view,
Though Jordan should o'erflow its banks,
I'll boldly venture through.

1078. L. M. Watts.

Death and Burial of a Christian.

1 UNVEIL thy bosom, faithful tomb;
Take this new treasure to thy trust,
And give these sacred relics room,
To slumber in the silent dust.

2 Nor pain, nor grief, nor anxious fear,
Invades thy bounds; no mortal woes
Can reach the peaceful sleeper here,
While angels watch the soft repose.

3 So Jesus slept; God's dying Son
Passed through the grave, and blest the bed:
Rest here, blest saint, till from his throne
The morning break, and pierce the shade.

4 Break from his throne, illustrious morn;
Attend, O earth, his sovereign word;
Restore thy trust; a glorious form
Shall then arise to meet the Lord.

1079. C. M. Watts.

Meditation on the Tomb.

1 HARK! from the tombs a warning sound;
My ears, attend the cry —
"Ye living men, come view the ground
Where you must shortly lie.

2 "Princes, this clay must be your bed,
In spite of all your towers;
The tall, the wise, the reverend head,
Must lie as low as ours."

3 Great God, is this our certain doom?
And are we still secure? —
Still walking downward to the tomb,
And yet prepare no more?

4 Grant us the power of quickening grace,
To fit our souls to fly;
Then, when we drop this dying flesh,
We'll rise above the sky.

1080. P. M. Pope.

The dying Christian to his Soul.

1 VITAL spark of heavenly flame,
Quit, O, quit this mortal frame:
Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying,
O, the pain, the bliss, of dying!
Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life.

2 Hark! — they whisper; angels say,
"Sister spirit, come away:"
What is this absorbs me quite? —
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
Drowns my spirits, draws my breath? —
Tell me, my soul, can this be death?

3 The world recedes; it disappears;
Heaven opens on my eyes; my ears
With sounds seraphic ring:
Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!
"O Grave, where is thy victory?
O Death, where is thy sting?"

1081. C. M. HEBER.

A Warning from the Grave.

1 BENEATH our feet and o'er our head
Is equal warning given:
Beneath us lie the countless dead,
And far above is heaven.

2 Death rides on every passing breeze,
And lurks in every flower;
Each season has its own disease,
Its peril every hour.

3 Turn, sinner, turn: thy danger know:
Where'er thy foot can tread,
The earth rings hollow from below,
And warns thee of her dead.

4 Turn, Christian, turn: thy soul apply
To truths which hourly tell
That they who underneath thee lie
Shall live in heaven — or hell.

1082. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

Death and Judgment appointed to All.

1 HEAVEN has confirmed the dread decree,
That Adam's race must die:
One general ruin sweeps them down,
And low in dust they lie.

2 Ye living men, the tomb survey,
Where you must shortly dwell;
Hark! how the awful summons sounds,
In every funeral knell!

3 Once you must die, and once for all;
The solemn purport weigh;
For know that heaven or hell depends
On that important day.

4 Those eyes, so long in darkness veiled,
Must wake, the Judge to see;
And every word, and every thought,
Must pass his scrutiny.

5 O, may I in the Judge behold
My Saviour and my Friend,
And, far beyond the reach of death,
With all his saints ascend.

1083. 7s. Montgomery.

The Summons.

1 "SPIRIT, leave thy house of clay;
Lingering dust, resign thy breath;
Spirit, cast thy chains away;
Dust, be thou dissolved in death:"
Thus the mighty Saviour speaks,
While the faithful Christian dies;
Thus the bonds of life he breaks,
And the ransomed captive flies.

2 "Prisoner, long detained below,
Prisoner, now with freedom blest,
Welcome from a world of woe;
Welcome to a land of rest:"
Thus the choir of angels sing,
As they bear the soul on high,
While with hallelujahs ring
All the regions of the sky.

3 Grave, the guardian of our dust,
Grave, the treasury of the skies,
Every atom of thy trust
Rests in hope again to rise:
Hark! the judgment-trumpet calls —
"Soul, rebuild thy house of clay;
Immortality thy walls,
And eternity thy day."

1084. 7s & 4. Mrs. Gilbert.

Prayer for Support in Death.

1 WHEN the vale of death appears,
Faint and cold this mortal clay,
Blest Redeemer, soothe my fears,
Light me through the gloomy way;
Break the shadows,
Usher in eternal day; —

2 Upward from this dying state
Bid my waiting soul aspire;
Open thou the crystal gate;
To thy praise attune my lyre:
Then, triumphant,
I will join th' immortal choir.

1085. 8s & 4. MONTGOMERY.

The Grave.

1 THERE is a calm for those who weep,
A rest for weary pilgrims found:
They softly lie, and sweetly sleep,
Low in the ground.

2 The storm that sweeps the wintry sky
No more disturbs their deep repose,
Than summer evening's latest sigh,
That shuts the rose.

3 Then, traveller in the vale of tears,
To realms of everlasting light,
Through time's dark wilderness of years,
Pursue thy flight.

4 Thy soul, renewed by grace divine,
In God's own image, freed from clay,
In heaven's eternal sphere shall shine,
A star of day.

1086. 8s. COWPER.

Longing to be with Christ.

1 TO Jesus, the crown of my hope,
My soul is in haste to be gone;
O, bear me, ye cherubim, up,
And waft me away to his throne.

2 My Saviour, whom, absent, I love;
Whom, not having seen, I adore;
Whose name is exalted above
All glory, dominion, and power, —

3 Dissolve thou these bonds that detain
My soul from her portion in thee;
O, strike off this adamant chain,
And make me eternally free.

4 When that happy era begins,
When arrayed in thy glories I shine,
Nor grieve any more, by my sins,
The bosom on which I recline, —

5 O, then shall the veil be removed,
And round me thy brightness be poured;
I shall see him whom, absent, I loved,
Whom, not having seen, I adored.

1087. C. M. WATTS.

Triumph over Death in Hope of the Resurrection.

1 GREAT God, I own thy sentence just,
And nature must decay;
I yield my body to the dust,
To dwell with fellow-clay.

2 Yet faith may triumph o'er the grave,
And trample on the tombs;
My great Redeemer ever lives,
My God, my Saviour, comes.

3 The mighty Conqueror shall appear,
High on a royal seat;
And Death, the last of all his foes,
Lie vanquished at his feet.

4 Then shall I see thy lovely face
With strong, immortal eyes,
And feast upon thy wondrous grace,
With pleasure and surprise.

1088. L. M. STEELE.

Death of an Infant.

1 SO fades the lovely, blooming flower,
Frail, smiling solace of an hour;
So soon our transient comforts fly,
And pleasure only blooms to die.

2 Is there no kind, no healing art,
To soothe the anguish of the heart?
Spirit of grace, be ever nigh:
Thy comforts are not made to die.

3 Let gentle patience smile on pain,
Till dying hope revives again;
Hope wipes the tear from sorrow's eye,
And faith points upward to the sky.

1089. 7s. Toplady.

The dying Christian to his Soul.

1 DEATHLESS spirit, now arise;
Soar, thou native of the skies —
Pearl of price, by Jesus bought,
To his glorious likeness wrought.

2 Go to shine before the throne;
Deck the Mediator's crown;
Go, his triumphs to adorn;
Made for God, to God return.

3 Lo! he beckons from on high;
Fearless to his presence fly;
Thine the merit of his blood,
Thine the righteousness of God.

4 Angels, joyful to attend,
Hovering round thy pillow bend,
Wait to catch the signal given,
And convey thee quick to heaven.

5 Burst thy shackles; drop thy clay;
Sweetly breathe thyself away;
Singing, to thy crown remove,
Swift of wing, and fired with love.

6 Shudder not to pass the stream:
Venture all thy care on Him —
Him, whose dying love and power
Stilled its tossing, hushed its roar.

7 Safe is the expanded wave,
Gentle as a summer's eve;
Not one object of his care
Ever suffered shipwreck there.

8 See the haven full in view;
Love divine shall bear thee through:
Trust to that propitious gale;
Weigh thy anchor, spread thy sail.

9 Saints in glory, perfect made,
Wait thy passage through the shade;
Swiftly to their wish be given;
Kindle higher joy in heaven.

1090. S. H. M. Montgomery.

Friends separated by Death.

1 FRIEND after friend departs:
Who hath not lost a friend?
There is no union here of hearts
That finds not here an end:
Were this frail world our final rest,
Living or dying, none were blest.

2 Beyond the flight of time,
Beyond the reign of death,
There surely is some blesséd clime
Where life is not a breath,
Nor life's affections transient fire,
Whose sparks fly upward and expire.

3 There is a world above,
Where parting is unknown;
A long eternity of love,
Formed for the good alone;
And faith beholds the dying here
Translated to that glorious sphere.

4 Thus star by star declines,
Till all are passed away;
As morning high and higher shines,
To pure and perfect day;
Nor sink those stars in empty night,
But hide themselves in heaven's own light.

1091. C. M. Steele.

The Death of a young Person.

1 WHEN blooming youth is snatched away
By death's resistless hand,
Our hearts the mournful tribute pay,
Which pity must demand.

2 While pity prompts the rising sigh,
O, may this truth, impressed
With awful power, "I too must die,"
Sink deep in every breast.

3 Let this vain world engage no more:
Behold the opening tomb:
It bids us seize the present hour:
To-morrow death may come.

4 O, let us fly — to Jesus fly,
Whose powerful arm can save;
Then shall our hopes ascend on high,
And triumph o'er the grave.

5 Great God, thy sovereign grace impart,
With cleansing, healing power;
This only can prepare the heart
For death's surprising hour.

1092. C. M. Watts.

Death of Christian Friends.

1 WHY do we mourn departing friends,
Or shake at death's alarms?
'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends
To call them to his arms.

2 Are we not tending upward, too,
As fast as time can move?
Nor would we wish the hours more slow,
To keep us from our Love.

3 Why should we tremble to convey
Their bodies to the tomb?
'Twas there the flesh of Jesus lay,
And left a long perfume.

4 The graves of all the saints he blest,
And softened every bed;
Where should the dying members rest,
But with their dying Head?

5 Thence he arose, ascending high,
And showed our feet the way;
Up to the Lord our souls shall fly,
At the great rising day.

6 Then let the last loud trumpet sound,
And bid our kindred rise:
Awake, ye nations under ground;
Ye saints, ascend the skies.

1093. 7, 6s & 8. Noel's Col.

The Land of Rest.

1 BROTHER, thou art gone to rest;
We will not weep for thee;
For thou art now where oft on earth
Thy spirit longed to be.

2 Brother, thou art gone to rest;
Thine is an early tomb;
But Jesus summoned thee away;
Thy Saviour called thee home.

3 Brother, thou art gone to rest;
Thy toils and cares are o'er;
And sorrow, pain, and suffering, now
Shall ne'er distress thee more.

4 Brother, thou art gone to rest;
Thy sins are all forgiven;
And saints in light have welcomed thee
To share the joys of heaven.

5 Brother, thou art gone to rest;
And this shall be our prayer —
That, when we reach our journey's end,
Thy glory we may share.

1094. C. M. L. H. Sigourney.

Burial of a Friend.

1 AS, bowed by sudden storms, the rose
Sinks on the garden's breast,
Down to the grave our brother goes,
In silence there to rest.

2 No more with us his tuneful voice
The hymn of praise shall swell;
No more his cheerful heart rejoice
When peals the Sabbath bell.

3 Yet, if, in yonder cloudless sphere,
Amid a sinless throng,
He utters in his Saviour's ear
The everlasting song, —

4 No more we'll mourn the absent friend,
But lift our earnest prayer,
And daily every effort bend
To rise and join him there.

1095. L. M. Epis. Col.

Death of an Infant.

1 AS vernal flowers that scent the morn,
But wither in the rising day,
Thus lovely was this infant's dawn,
Thus swiftly fled his life away.

2 He died before his infant soul
Had ever burnt with wrong desires —
Had ever spurned at heaven's control,
Or ever quenched its sacred fires.

3 He died to sin; he died to care;
But for a moment felt the rod;
Then, rising on the viewless air,
Spread his light wings, and soared to God.

4 This blesséd theme now cheers my voice;
The grave is not the loved one's prison;
The "stone" that covered half my joys
Is "rolled away," and, lo! "he's risen."

1096. 8s & 7s. S. F. Smith.

Interment of a pious young Female.

1 SISTER, thou wast mild and lovely,
Gentle as the summer breeze,
Pleasant as the air of evening,
When it floats among the trees.

2 Peaceful be thy silent slumber —
Peaceful in the grave so low:
Thou no more wilt join our number;
Thou no more our songs shalt know.

3 Dearest sister, thou hast left us;
Here thy loss we deeply feel;
But 'tis God that hath bereft us:
He can all our sorrows heal.

4 Yet again we hope to meet thee,
When the day of life is fled,
Then in heaven with joy to greet thee,
Where no farewell tear is shed.

1097. C. M. DALE.

Death of a Christian.

1 DEAR as thou wert, and justly dear,
We will not weep for thee:
One thought shall check the starting tear;
It is, that thou art free.

2 And thus shall faith's consoling power
The tears of love restrain:
O, who that saw thy parting hour
Could wish thee here again?

3 Triumphant in thy closing eye
The hope of glory shone;
Joy breathed in thy expiring sigh,
To think the race was run.

4 The passing spirit gently fled,
Sustained by grace divine;
O, may such grace on us be shed,
And make our end like thine.

1098. 7s. J. H. BANCROFT.

The Christian's Burial.

1 BROTHER, though from yonder sky
Cometh neither voice nor cry,
Yet we know for thee to-day
Every pain hath passed away.

2 Not for thee shall tears be given,
Child of God, and heir of heaven;
For he gave thee sweet release;
Thine the Christian's death of peace.

3 Well we know thy living faith
Had the power to conquer death;
As a living rose may bloom
By the border of the tomb.

4 Brother, in that solemn trust
We commend thee, dust to dust;
In that faith we wait, till, risen,
Thou shalt meet us all in heaven.

5 While we weep as Jesus wept,
Thou shalt sleep as Jesus slept:
With thy Saviour thou shalt rest,
Crowned, and glorified, and blest.

1099. S. H. M. MONTGOMERY.

The Christian's tranquil Death.

1 THIS place is holy ground;
World, with its cares, away;
A holy, solemn stillness round
This lifeless, mouldering clay;
Nor pain, nor grief, nor anxious fear,
Can reach the peaceful sleeper here.

2 Behold the bed of death —
The pale and mortal clay;
Heard ye the sob of parting breath?
Marked ye the eye's last ray?
No; life so sweetly ceased to be,
It lapsed in immortality.

3 Why mourn the pious dead?
Why sorrows swell our eyes?
Can sighs recall the spirit fled?
Shall vain regrets arise?
Though death has caused this altered mien
In heaven the ransomed soul is seen.

4 Bury the dead, and weep
In stillness o'er the loss:
Bury the dead; in Christ they sleep
Who bore on earth his cross;
And from the grave their dust shall rise,
In his own image, to the skies.

1100. L. M. J. N. BROWN.

Address to the Dying Christian.

1 GO, spirit of the sainted dead,
Go to thy longed-for, happy home:
The tears of man are o'er thee shed;
The voice of angels bids thee come.

2 If life be not in length of days,
In silvered locks, and furrowed brow,
But living to the Saviour's praise,
How few have lived so long as thou!

3 Though earth may boast one gem the less,
May not e'en heaven the richer be?
And myriads on thy footsteps press,
To share thy blest eternity.

1101. 7s & 8s. [Peculiar.] Doane.

Weep not.

1 LIFT not thou the wailing voice;
Weep not; 'tis a Christian dieth:
Up, where blesséd saints rejoice,
Ransomed now, the spirit flieth:
High in heaven's own light she dwelleth;
Full the song of triumph swelleth:
Freed from earth, and earthly failing,
Lift for her no voice of wailing.

2 They who die in Christ are blest:
Ours be, then, no thought of grieving:
Sweetly with their God they rest,
All their toils and troubles leaving:
So be ours the faith that saveth,
Hope that every trial braveth,
Love that to the end endureth,
And, through Christ, the crown secureth.

1102. C. M. Peabody.

Peaceful Death of the Pious.

1 BEHOLD the western evening light!
It melts in deepening gloom;
So calmly Christians sink away,
Descending to the tomb.

2 The winds breathe low; the yellow leaf
Scarce whispers from the tree;
So gently flows the parting breath,
When good men cease to be.

3 How beautiful, on all the hills,
The crimson light is shed!
'Tis like the peace the Christian gives
To mourners round his bed.

4 How mildly on the wandering cloud
The sunset beam is cast!
So sweet the memory left behind,
When loved ones breathe their last.

5 And, lo! above the dews of night
The vesper star appears:
So faith lights up the mourner's heart,
Whose eyes are dim with tears.

6 Night falls, but soon the morning light
Its glories shall restore;
And thus the eyes that sleep in death
Shall wake, to close no more.

1103. L. M. BARBAULD.

Blessedness of the Righteous in Death.

1 HOW blest the righteous when he dies!
When sinks a weary soul to rest!
How mildly beam the closing eyes!
How gently heaves th' expiring breast!

2 So fades a summer cloud away;
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er;
So gently shuts the eye of day;
So dies a wave along the shore.

3 A holy quiet reigns around,
A calm which life nor death destroys;
And nought disturbs that peace profound
Which his unfettered soul enjoys.

4 Farewell, conflicting hopes and fears,
Where lights and shades alternate dwell;
How bright th' unchanging morn appears!
Farewell, inconstant world, farewell!

5 Life's labor done, as sinks the clay,
Light from its load the spirit flies,
While heaven and earth combine to say,
"How blest the righteous when he dies!"

1104. C. M. WATTS.

Those blessed who die in the Lord.

1 HEAR what the voice from heaven proclaims
For all the pious dead:
"Sweet is the savor of their names,
And soft their sleeping bed.

2 "They die in Jesus, and are blest;
How kind their slumbers are!
From suffering and from sin released,
They're freed from every snare.

3 "Far from this world of toil and strife,
They're present with the Lord;
The labors of their mortal life
End in a large reward."

1105. L. M. 6 l. Winchell's Sel.

The Hope of Christian Friendship.

1 SWEET is the thought, the promise sweet,
That friends, long-severed friends, shall meet —
That kindred souls, on earth disjoined,
Shall meet, from earthly dross refined,
Their mortal cares and sorrows o'er,
And mingle hearts to part no more.

2 But for this hope, this blesséd stay,
When earthly comforts all decay,
O, who could view th' expiring eye,
Nor wish, with those they love, to die?
Who could receive their parting breath,
Nor long to follow them in death?

3 But we have brighter hopes: we know
Short is this pilgrimage of woe;
We know that our Redeemer lives;
We trust the promises he gives;
And part in hope to meet above,
Where all is joy, and all is love.

1106. 12s & 11s. Heber.

Farewell to a Friend departed.

1 THOU art gone to the grave; but we will not deplore thee,
Though sorrows and darkness encompass the tomb;
The Saviour has passed through its portals before thee,
And the lamp of his love is thy guide through the gloom.

2 Thou art gone to the grave; we no longer behold thee,
Nor tread the rough paths of the world by thy side;
But the wide arms of mercy are spread to enfold thee,
And sinners may hope, since the Saviour hath died.

3 Thou art gone to the grave; and, its mansion forsaking,
Perchance thy weak spirit in doubt lingered long;
But the sunshine of heaven beamed bright on thy waking,
And the sound thou didst hear was the seraphim's song.

4 Thou art gone to the grave; but we will not deplore thee;
Since God was thy Ransom, thy Guardian, thy Guide;
He gave thee, he took thee, and he will restore thee;
And death has no sting, since the Saviour hath died.

1107. 8s & 7s. Bap. Memorial.

Burial of a Christian Brother.

1 BROTHER, rest from sin and sorrow;
Death is o'er, and life is won;
On thy slumber dawns no morrow:
Rest; thine earthly race is run.

2 Brother, wake; the night is waning;
Endless day is round thee poured;
Enter thou the rest remaining
For the people of the Lord.

3 Brother, wake; for He who loved thee,—
He who died that thou mightst live,—
He who graciously approved thee,—
Waits thy crown of joy to give.

4 Fare thee well; though woe is blending
With the tones of earthly love,
Triumph high and joy unending
Wait thee in the realms above.

1108. L. M. Norton.

Blessedness of the pious Dead.

1 O, STAY thy tears; for they are blest,
Whose days are past, whose toil is done:
Here midnight care disturbs our rest;
Here sorrow dims the noonday sun.

2 How blest are they whose transient years
Pass like an evening meteor's flight!
Not dark with guilt, nor dim with tears;
Whose course is short, unclouded, bright.

3 O, cheerless were our lengthened way;
But Heaven's own light dispels the gloom,
Streams downward from eternal day,
And casts a glory round the tomb.

4 O, stay thy tears; the blest above
Have hailed a spirit's heavenly birth,
And sung a song of joy and love;
Then why should anguish reign on earth?

1109. L. M. Mrs. Mackay.

Asleep in Jesus.

1 ASLEEP in Jesus! blesséd sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep —
A calm and undisturbed repose,
Unbroken by the last of foes.

2 Asleep in Jesus! O, how sweet
To be for such a slumber meet!
With holy confidence to sing
That Death has lost his venomed sting!

3 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest,
Whose waking is supremely blest:
No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour
That manifests the Saviour's power.

4 Asleep in Jesus! O, for me
May such a blissful refuge be:
Securely shall my ashes lie,
And wait the summons from on high.

5 Asleep in Jesus! time nor space
Affects this precious hiding-place:
On Indian plains or Lapland snows,
Believers find the same repose.

6 Asleep in Jesus! far from thee
Thy kindred and their graves may be;
But thine is still a blesséd sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep.

1110. C. M. Anon.

Peaceful Death of the Righteous.

1 I LOOKED upon the righteous man,
And saw his parting breath,
Without a struggle or a sigh,
Serenely yield to death:
There was no anguish on his brow,
Nor terror in his eye:
The spoiler aimed a fatal dart,
But lost the victory.

2 I looked upon the righteous man,
And heard the holy prayer
Which rose above that breathless form,
To soothe the mourners' care,
And felt how precious was the gift
He to his loved ones gave —
The stainless memory of the just,
The wealth beyond the grave.

3 I looked upon the righteous man;
And all our earthly trust
Of pleasure, vanity, or pride,
Seemed lighter than the dust,
Compared with his celestial gain —
A home above the sky:
O, grant us, Lord, his life to live,
That we like him may die.

1111. L. M. BATHURST.

The Christian's parting Hour.

1 HOW sweet the hour of closing day,
When all is peaceful and serene,
And when the sun, with cloudless ray,
Sheds mellow lustre o'er the scene!

2 Such is the Christian's parting hour;
So peacefully he sinks to rest;
When faith, endued from heaven with power,
Sustains and cheers his languid breast.

3 Mark but that radiance of his eye,
That smile upon his wasted cheek:
They tell us of his glory nigh,
In language that no tongue can speak.

4 A beam from heaven is sent to cheer
The pilgrim on his gloomy road;
And angels are attending near,
To bear him to their bright abode.

5 Who would not wish to die like those
Whom God's own Spirit deigns to bless?
To sink into that soft repose,
Then wake to perfect happiness?

1112. 8s & 7s. COLLYER.

Comfort in the Death of the Christian.

1 CEASE, ye mourners, cease to languish
O'er the grave of those you love;
Pain, and death, and night, and anguish,
Enter not the world above.

2 While our silent steps are straying,
Lonely, through night's deepening shade
Glory's brightest beams are playing
Round the happy Christian's head.

3 Light and peace at once deriving
From the hand of God most high,
In his glorious presence living,
They shall never, never die.

4 Endless pleasure, pain excluding,
Sickness, there, no more can come;
There, no fear of woe, intruding,
Sheds o'er heaven a moment's gloom.

1113. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

The Christian's Farewell.

1 YE golden lamps of heaven, farewell,
With all your feeble light;
Farewell, thou ever-changing moon,
Pale empress of the night.

2 And thou, refulgent orb of day,
In brighter flames arrayed,
My soul, that springs beyond thy sphere,
No more demands thy aid.

3 Ye stars are but the shining dust
Of my divine abode,
The pavement of those heavenly courts
Where I shall see my God.

4 The Father of eternal light
Will there his beams display;
Nor shall one moment's darkness blend
With that unvaried day.

1114. S. M. CH. PSALMODY.

The peaceful Death of the Righteous.

1 O FOR the death of those
Who slumber in the Lord!
O, be like theirs my last repose,
Like theirs my last reward!

2 Their bodies in the ground,
In silent hope, may lie,
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound
Shall call them to the sky.

3 Their ransomed spirits soar,
On wings of faith and love,
To meet the Saviour they adore,
And reign with him above.

4 With us their names shall live
Through long-succeeding years,
Embalmed with all our hearts can give —
Our praises and our tears.

5 O for the death of those
Who slumber in the Lord!
O, be like theirs my last repose,
Like theirs my last reward!

1115. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

Death of a Minister.

1 WHAT though the arm of conquering death
Does God's own house invade;
What though our teacher and our friend
Is numbered with the dead; —

2 Though earthly shepherds dwell in dust,
The agéd and the young;
The watchful eye in darkness closed,
And dumb th' instructive tongue; —

3 Th' eternal Shepherd still survives,
His teaching to impart:
Lord, be our Leader and our Guide,
And rule and keep our heart.

4 Yes, while the dear Redeemer lives,
We have a boundless store,
And shall be fed with what He gives,
Who lives forevermore.

1116. 10s. MONTGOMERY.

Death of a Minister in his Prime.

1 GO to the grave in all thy glorious prime,
In full activity of zeal and power;
A Christian cannot die before his time;
The Lord's appointment is the servant's hour.

2 Go to the grave; at noon from labor cease;
Rest on thy sheaves; thy harvest-task is done;
Come from the heat of battle, and in peace,
Soldier, go home; with thee the fight is won.

3 Go to the grave; for there thy Saviour lay
In death's embrace, ere he arose on high;
And all the ransomed, by that narrow way,
Pass to eternal life beyond the sky.

4 Go to the grave: —no; take thy seat above;
Be thy pure spirit present with the Lord,
Where thou for faith and hope hast perfect love,
And open vision for the written word.

1117. 8s & 7s. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

Death of a Pastor.

1 PASTOR, thou art from us taken
In the glory of thy years,
As the oak, by tempests shaken,
Falls ere time its verdure sears.

2 Here, where oft thy lip hath taught us
Of the Lamb who died to save, —
Where thy guiding hand hath brought us
To the deep, baptismal wave, —

3 Pale and cold we see thee lying
In God's temple, once so dear,
And the mourners' bitter sighing
Falls unheeded on thine ear.

4 All thy love and zeal, to lead us
Where immortal fountains flow,
And on living bread to feed us,
In our fond remembrance glow.

5 May the conquering faith that cheered thee
When thy foot on Jordan pressed,
Guide our spirits while we leave thee
In the tomb that Jesus blessed.

1118. S. M. MONTGOMERY.

The Death of an aged Minister.

1 "SERVANT of God, well done;
Rest from thy loved employ:
The battle fought, the victory won,
Enter thy Master's joy."

2 The voice at midnight came;
He started up to hear;
A mortal arrow pierced his frame;
He fell, but felt no fear.

3 Tranquil amid alarms,
It found him on the field,
A veteran slumbering on his arms,
Beneath his red-cross shield.

4 The pains of death are past;
Labor and sorrow cease;
And, life's long warfare closed at last,
His soul is found in peace.

5 Soldier of Christ, well done;
Praise be thy new employ;
And, while eternal ages run,
Rest in thy Saviour's joy.

1119. 8s & 9s. BACON.

Death of a Missionary.

1 WEEP not for the saint that ascends
To partake of the joys of the sky;
Weep not for the seraph that bends
With the worshipping chorus on high;
Weep not for the spirit now crowned
With the garland to martyrdom given;
O, weep not for him: he has found
His reward and his refuge in heaven.

2 But weep for their sorrows who stand
And lament o'er the dead by his grave;
Who sigh when they muse on the land
Of their home far away o'er the wave;
And weep for the nations that dwell
Where the light of the truth never shone,
Where anthems of peace never swell,
And the love of the Lord is unknown.

1120. 6s. LUTHER.

The Death of Martyrs.

1 FLUNG to the heedless winds,
Or on the waters cast,
Their ashes shall be watched,
And gathered at the last:
And from that scattered dust,
Around us and abroad,
Shall spring a plenteous seed
Of witnesses for God.

2 Jesus hath now received
Their latest living breath;
Yet vain is Satan's boast
Of victory in their death:
Still, still, though dead, they speak,
And, triumph-tongued, proclaim
To many a wakening land
The one availing Name.

RESURRECTION.

1121. C. M. SCOTCH COL.

Death vanquished.

1 WHEN the last trumpet's awful voice
This rending earth shall shake,—
When opening graves shall yield their charge,
And dust to life awake,—

2 Those bodies that corrupted fell
Shall incorrupted rise,
And mortal forms shall spring to life
Immortal in the skies.

3 Behold, what heavenly prophets sung
Is now at last fulfilled—
That Death should yield his ancient reign,
And, vanquished, quit the field.

4 Let Faith exalt her joyful voice,
And thus begin to sing:
"O Grave, where is thy triumph now?
And where, O Death, thy sting?"

1122. S. M. Watts.

Hope of the Resurrection.

1 AND must this body die?
This mortal frame decay?
And must these active limbs of mine
Lie mouldering in the clay?

2 God, my Redeemer, lives,
And often, from the skies,
Looks down, and watches all my dust,
Till he shall bid it rise.

3 Arrayed in glorious grace
Shall these vile bodies shine,
And every shape, and every face,
Look heavenly and divine.

4 These lively hopes we owe
To Jesus' dying love;
We would adore his grace below,
And sing his power above.

5 O Lord, accept the praise
Of these our humble songs,
Till strains of nobler sound we raise
With our immortal tongues.

1123. C. M. Steele.

Time and Eternity.

1 LIFE is a span — a fleeting hour:
How soon the vapor flies!
Man is a tender, transient flower,
That e'en in blooming dies.

2 The once-loved form, now cold and dead,
Each mournful thought employs;
And Nature weeps her comforts fled,
And withered all her joys.

3 Hope looks beyond the bounds of time,
When what we now deplore
Shall rise in full, immortal prime,
And bloom to fade no more.

4 Cease, then, fond Nature, cease thy tears;
Thy Saviour dwells on high;
There everlasting spring appears;
There joys shall never die.

1124. C. M. WATTS.

Scenes of the Resurrection.

1 HOW long shall Death, the tyrant, reign,
And triumph o'er the just?
How long the blood of martyrs slain
Lie mingled with the dust?

2 Lo! I behold the scattered shades;
The dawn of heaven appears;
The bright, immortal morning spreads
Its blushes round the spheres.

3 I see the Lord of glory come,
And flaming guards around;
The skies divide to make him room;
The trumpet shakes the ground.

4 I hear the voice, "Ye dead, arise!"
And, lo! the graves obey;
And waking saints, with joyful eyes,
Salute th' expected day.

5 O, may our humble spirits stand
Among them, clothed in white:
The meanest place at his right hand
Is infinite delight.

6 How will our joy and wonder rise,
When our returning King
Shall bear us homeward through the skies,
On love's triumphant wing!

1125. S. M. C. WESLEY.

Resurrection and Judgment.

1 AND am I born to die?
To lay this body down?
And must my trembling spirit fly
Into a world unknown?

2 Waked by the trumpet's sound,
I from the grave must rise,
And see the Judge with glory crowned,
And see the flaming skies.

3 How shall I leave my tomb? —
With triumph, or regret? —
A fearful or a joyful doom,
A curse or blessing, meet?

4 I must from God be driven,
Or with my Saviour dwell;
Must come, at his command, to heaven,
Or else depart — to hell.

5 O Thou, that wouldst not have
One wretched sinner die, —
Who diedst thyself, my soul to save
From endless misery, —

6 Show me the way to shun
Thy dreadful wrath severe,
That, when thou comest on thy throne,
I may with joy appear.

1126. C. M. WATTS.

Hope of Heaven through Christ.

1 BLEST be the everlasting God,
The Father of our Lord;
Be his abounding mercy praised,
His majesty adored.

2 When from the dead he raised his Son,
And called him to the sky,
He gave our souls a lively hope
That they should never die.

3 What though our inbred sins require
Our flesh to see the dust;
Yet as the Lord our Saviour rose,
So all his followers must.

4 There's an inheritance divine
Reserved against that day;
'Tis uncorrupted, undefiled,
And cannot fade away.

5 Saints by the power of God are kept
Till the salvation come;
We walk by faith as strangers here,
Till Christ shall call us home.

1127. C. M. WATTS.

Hope of the Resurrection.

1 I SET the Lord before my face ;
He bears my courage up ;
My heart, my tongue, their joy express ;
My flesh shall rest in hope.

2 My spirit, Lord, thou wilt not leave
Where souls departed are,
Nor quit my body in the grave,
To see destruction there.

3 Thou wilt reveal the path of life,
And raise me to thy throne ;
Thy courts immortal pleasure give ;
Thy presence, joys unknown.

1128. L. M. WATTS.

Death and the Resurrection.

1 WHEN God is nigh, my faith is strong ;
His arm is my almighty prop :
Be glad, my heart ; rejoice, my tongue ;
My dying flesh shall rest in hope.

2 Though in the dust I lay my head,
Yet, gracious God, thou wilt not leave
My soul forever with the dead,
Nor lose thy children in the grave.

3 My flesh shall thy first call obey,
Shake off the dust, and rise on high ;
Then shalt thou lead the wondrous way
To yonder throne above the sky.

4 There streams of endless pleasure flow,
And full discoveries of thy grace,
Which we but tasted here below,
Spread heavenly joys through all the place.

1129. C. M. H. K. WHITE.

Journeying through Death to Life.

1 THROUGH sorrow's night, and danger's path,
Amid the deepening gloom,
We, soldiers of a heavenly King,
Are marching to the tomb.

2 There, when the turmoil is no more,
And all our powers decay,
Our cold remains in solitude
Shall sleep the years away.

3 Our labors done, securely laid
In this our last retreat,
Unheeded o'er our silent dust
The storms of life shall beat.

4 Yet not thus lifeless, in the grave,
The vital spark shall lie;
For o'er life's wreck that spark shall rise,
To seek its kindred sky.

5 These ashes, too, — this little dust, —
Our Father's care shall keep,
Until the final trump shall break
The long and dreary sleep.

6 Then love's soft dew o'er every eye
Shall shed its mildest rays,
And our long-silent dust shall rise,
With shouts of endless praise!

JUDGMENT DAY.

1130. L. M. W. Scott.

The great Day.

1 THE day of wrath, that dreadful day,
When heaven and earth shall pass away! —
What power shall be the sinner's stay?
How shall he meet that dreadful day? —

2 When, shrivelling like a parchéd scroll,
The flaming heavens together roll,
And louder yet, and yet more dread,
Resounds the trump that wakes the dead?

3 O, on that day, that wrathful day,
When man to judgment wakes from clay,
Be thou, O Christ, the sinner's stay,
Though heaven and earth shall pass away.

1131. 7s. T. Von Celano.

Pleading for Acceptance.

1 ON that great, that awful day,
This vain world shall pass away,
And before the Maker stand
All the creatures of his hand.

2 Then shall all the nations meet
At th' eternal judgment-seat,
And, unveiled before his eye,
All the works of man shall lie.

3 O, in that destroying hour,
Source of goodness, Source of power,
Show thou, of thine own free grace,
Help unto a helpless race.

4 Hear, and pity; hear, and aid;
Spare the creatures thou hast made;
Fold us with the sheep that stand
Pure and safe at thy right hand.

1132. 8s & 7s. [Peculiar.] Luther.

Christ coming to Judgment.

1 GREAT God, what do I see and hear?
The end of things created:
The Judge of man I see appear,
On clouds of glory seated:
The trumpet sounds; the graves restore
The dead which they contained before:
Prepare, my soul, to meet him.

2 The dead in Christ shall first arise,
At the last trumpet's sounding,
Caught up to meet him in the skies,
With joy their Lord surrounding:
No gloomy fears their souls dismay;
His presence sheds eternal day
On those prepared to meet him.

3 But sinners, filled with guilty fears,
Behold his wrath prevailing;
For they shall rise, and find their tears
And sighs are unavailing:
The day of grace is past and gone;
Trembling they stand before the throne,
All unprepared to meet him.

4 Great God, what do I see and hear!
The end of things created:
The Judge of man I see appear,
On clouds of glory seated:
Before his cross I view the day
When heaven and earth shall pass away,
And thus prepare to meet him.

1133. C. P. M. C. Wesley.

Contemplation of Judgment.

1 O GOD, my inmost soul convert,
And deeply on my thoughtful heart
Eternal things impress;
Cause me to feel their solemn weight,
And tremble on the brink of fate,
And wake to righteousness.

2 Before me place, in dread array,
The pomp of that tremendous day,
When thou with clouds shalt come
To judge the nations at thy bar;
And tell me, Lord, shall I be there
To meet a joyful doom?

3 Be this my one great business here,
With serious industry and fear,
Eternal bliss t' insure —
Thine utmost counsel to fulfil,
And suffer all thy righteous will,
And to the end endure.

4 Then, Father, then my soul receive,
Transported from this vale, to live
And reign with thee above,
Where faith is sweetly lost in sight,
And hope in full, supreme delight,
And everlasting love.

1134. L. M. WATTS.

Rejoicing in Christ as Sovereign and Judge.

1 HE reigns! the Lord the Saviour reigns!
Sing to his name in lofty strains;
Let all the earth in songs rejoice,
And in his praise exalt their voice.

2 Deep are his counsels, and unknown;
But grace and truth support his throne:
Though gloomy clouds his way surround,
Justice is their eternal ground.

3 In robes of judgment, lo! he comes,
Shakes the wide earth and cleaves the tombs;
Before him burns devouring fire;
The mountains melt, the seas retire.

4 His enemies, with sore dismay,
Fly from the sight, and shun the day:
Then lift your heads, ye saints, on high,
And sing, for your redemption 's nigh.

1135. L. M. HEBER.

The Lord will come.

1 THE Lord will come; the earth shall quake;
The hills their ancient seats forsake;
And, withering, from the vault of night
The stars withdraw their feeble light.

2 The Lord will come; but not the same
As once in lowly form he came, —
A quiet Lamb to slaughter led, —
The bruised, the suffering, and the dead.

3 The Lord will come; a dreadful form,
With wreath of flame, and robe of storm,
On cherub wings, and wings of wind,
Anointed Judge of human kind.

4 Can this be he who wont to stray
A pilgrim on the world's highway,
By power oppressed, and mocked by pride?
O God, is this the Crucified?

5 Go, tyrants, to the rocks complain;
Go seek the mountain's cleft in vain;
But faith, victorious o'er the tomb,
Shall sing for joy, "The Lord is come."

1136. 8s, 7s & 4. OLIVER.

Christ coming to Judgment.

1 LO! he comes, with clouds descending,
Once for favored sinners slain;
Thousand thousand saints, attending,
Swell the triumph of his train:
Hallelujah!
Jesus shall forever reign.

2 Every eye shall now behold him,
Robed in dreadful majesty:
Those who set at nought and sold him,
Pierced, and nailed him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the true Messiah see.

3 When the solemn trump has sounded,
Heaven and earth shall flee away;
All who hate him must, confounded,
Hear the summons of that day —
"Come to judgment! —
Come to judgment! — come away!"

4 Now the Saviour, long expected,
See, in solemn pomp, appear;
All his saints, by man rejected,
Now shall meet him in the air:
Hallelujah!
See the day of God appear.

1137. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

The Day approaches.

1 THE day approaches, O my soul, —
The great, decisive day, —
Which from the verge of mortal life
Shall bear thee far away.

2 Another day more awful dawns,
And, lo! the Judge appears:
Ye heavens, retire before his face;
And sink, ye darkened stars.

3 Yet does one short, preparing hour —
One precious hour — remain:
Rouse, then, my soul, with all thy power,
Nor let it pass in vain.

1138. 7s. KELLY.

Christ coming to save his People.

1 HARK! that shout of rapturous joy,
Bursting forth from yonder cloud;
Jesus comes, and, through the sky,
Angels tell their joy aloud.

2 Hark! the trumpet's awful voice
Sounds abroad o'er sea and land;
Let his people now rejoice;
Their redemption is at hand.

3 See, the Lord appears in view;
Heaven and earth before him fly;
Rise, ye saints; he comes for you;
Rise to meet him in the sky.

4 Go and dwell with him above,
Where no foe can e'er molest;
Happy in the Saviour's love,
Ever blessing, ever blest.

1139. 10s & 11s. [PECULIAR.] WATTS.

The last Judgment.

1 THE God of glory sends his summons forth,
Calls the south nations, and awakes the north;
From east to west the sovereign orders spread,
Through distant worlds and regions of the dead:
The trumpet sounds; hell trembles; heaven rejoices;
Lift up your heads, ye saints, with cheerful voices.

2 No more shall atheists mock his long delay;
His vengeance sleeps no more: behold the day;
Behold, the Judge descends: his guards are nigh:
Tempest and fire attend him down the sky:
When God appears, all nature shall adore him:
While sinners tremble, saints rejoice before him.

3 Sinners, awake betimes; O, now be wise;
Awake before this dreadful morning rise:
Change your vain thoughts, your crooked works amend;
Fly to the Saviour, make the Judge your Friend:
Then join the saints; wake every cheerful passion;
When Christ returns, he comes for your salvation.

1140. 8s, 7s & 4. Rippon's Col.

The Judgment welcomed.

1 LO! he cometh: countless trumpets
Wake to life the slumbering dead;
'Mid ten thousand saints and angels
See their great, exalted Head:
Hallelujah!
Welcome, welcome, Son of God.

2 Full of joyful expectation,
Saints behold the Judge appear;
Truth and justice go before him;
Now the joyful sentence hear:
Hallelujah!
Welcome, welcome, Judge divine.

3 "Come, ye blesséd of my Father;
Enter into life and joy;
Banish all your fears and sorrows;
Endless praise be your employ:"
Hallelujah!
Welcome, welcome to the skies.

1141. S. M. Beddome.

The Lord cometh to Judgment.

1 BEHOLD, the day is come;
The righteous Judge is near;
And sinners, trembling at their doom,
Shall soon their sentence hear.

2 Angels, in bright attire,
Conduct him through the skies;
Darkness and tempest, smoke and fire,
Attend him as he flies.

3 How awful is the sight!
How loud the thunders roar!
The sun forbears to give his light,
And stars are seen no more.

4 The whole creation groans;
But saints arise and sing:
They are the ransomed of the Lord,
And he their God and King.

1142. C. M. Watts.

Everlasting Absence of God intolerable.

1 THAT awful day will surely come, —
Th' appointed hour makes haste, —
When I must stand before my Judge,
And pass the solemn test.

2 Thou lovely Chief of all my joys,
Thou Sovereign of my heart,
How could I bear to hear thy voice
Pronounce the sound, "Depart!"

3 O, wretched state of deep despair,
To see my God remove,
And fix my dreadful station where
I must not taste his love!

4 Jesus, I throw my arms around,
And hang upon thy breast;
Without one gracious smile from thee,
My spirit cannot rest.

5 O, tell me that my worthless name
Is graven on thy hands;
Show me some promise in thy book,
Where my salvation stands.

1143. C. P. M. Rippon's Col.

Pleading for Acceptance.

1 WHEN thou, my righteous Judge, shalt come
To take thy ransomed people home,
Shall I among them stand?
Shall such a worthless worm as I,
Who sometimes am afraid to die,
Be found at thy right hand?

2 I love to meet thy people now,
Before thy feet with them to bow,
Though vilest of them all;
But — can I bear the piercing thought? —
What if my name should be left out,
When thou for them shalt call?

3 O Lord, prevent it by thy grace;
Be thou my only hiding-place,
In this th' accepted day;
Thy pardoning voice, O, let me hear,
To still my unbelieving fear,
Nor let me fall, I pray.

4 And when the final trump shall sound,
Among thy saints let me be found,
To bow before thy face:
Then in triumphant strains I'll sing,
While heaven's resounding mansions ring
With praise of sovereign grace.

1144. 8s, 7s & 4. NEWTON.

Saints and Sinners judged.

1 DAY of judgment, day of wonders!
Hark! the trumpet's awful sound,
Louder than a thousand thunders,
Shakes the vast creation round:
How the summons
Will the sinner's heart confound!

2 See the Judge, our nature wearing,
Clothed in majesty divine:
You, who long for his appearing,
Then shall say, "This God is mine:"
Gracious Saviour,
Own me in that day for thine.

3 At his call the dead awaken,
Rise to life from earth and sea;
All the powers of nature, shaken
By his looks, prepare to flee:
Careless sinner,
What will then become of thee?

4 But to those who have confesséd,
Loved and served the Lord below,
He will say, "Come near, ye blesséd;
See the kingdom I bestow:
You forever
Shall my love and glory know."

1145. S. M. Doddridge.

Preparation for the Judgment.

1 AND will the Judge descend?
And must the dead arise?
And not a single soul escape
His all-discerning eyes?

2 How will my heart endure
The terrors of that day,
When earth and heaven, before his face,
Astonished, shrink away?

3 But, ere the trumpet shakes
The mansions of the dead,
Hark! from the gospel's cheering sound
What joyful tidings spread!

4 Come, sinners, seek his grace,
Whose wrath ye cannot bear;
Fly to the shelter of his cross,
And find salvation there.

HEAVEN.

1146. C. M. Watts.

The heavenly Canaan.

1 THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Eternal day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never-fading flowers:
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
That heavenly land from ours.

3 Sweet fields, beyond the swelling flood,
Stand dressed in living green:
So to the Jews fair Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.

4 But timorous mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea,
And linger, trembling, on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

5 O, could we make our doubts remove, —
Those gloomy doubts that rise, —
And see the Canaan that we love
With unbeclouded eyes, —

6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er, —
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

1147. C. M. WATTS.

The heavenly Mansion.

1 THERE is a house not made with hands,
Eternal, and on high;
And here my spirit waiting stands
Till God shall bid it fly.

2 Shortly this prison of my clay
Must be dissolved and fall;
Then, O my soul, with joy obey
Thy heavenly Father's call.

3 'Tis he, by his almighty grace,
That forms thee fit for heaven,
And, as an earnest of the place,
Has his own Spirit given.

4 We walk by faith of joys to come;
Faith lives upon his word;
But while the body is our home,
We're absent from the Lord.

5 'Tis pleasant to believe thy grace,
But we had rather see;
We would be absent from the flesh,
And present, Lord, with thee.

1148. 11s. MUHLENBURG.

Longing for Heaven.

1 I WOULD not live alway; I ask not to stay
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way;
The few lucid mornings that dawn on us here
Are followed by gloom or beclouded with fear.

2 I would not live alway thus fettered by sin —
Temptation without and corruption within:
E'en the rapture of pardon is mingled with fears,
And the cup of thanksgiving with penitent tears.

3 I would not live alway; no — welcome the tomb:
Since Jesus hath lain there, I dread not its gloom:
There sweet be my rest till he bid me arise
To hail him in triumph descending the skies.

4 Who, who would live alway away from his God —
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,
Where rivers of pleasure flow bright o'er the plains,
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns?

5 There saints of all ages in harmony meet,
Their Saviour and brethren transported to greet;
While anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul.

1149. L. M. PRATT'S COL.

Heaven alone unfading.

1 HOW vain is all beneath the skies!
How transient every earthly bliss!
How slender all the fondest ties
That bind us to a world like this!

2 The evening cloud, the morning dew,
The withering grass, the fading flower,
Of earthly hopes are emblems true —
The glory of a passing hour.

3 But though earth's fairest blossoms die,
And all beneath the skies is vain,
There is a brighter world on high,
Beyond the reach of care and pain.

4 Then let the hope of joys to come
Dispel our cares, and chase our fears:
If God be ours, we're travelling home,
Though passing through a vale of tears.

1150. C. M. Village Hymns.

Celestial Prospects.

1 BRIGHT glories rush upon my sight,
And charm my wondering eyes —
The regions of immortal light,
The beauties of the skies.

2 All hail, ye fair, celestial shores,
Ye lands of endless day;
A rich delight your prospect pours,
And drives my griefs away.

3 There's a delightful clearness now;
My clouds of doubt are gone;
Fled is my former darkness, too;
My fears are all withdrawn.

4 Short is the passage, short the space,
Between my home and me;
There, there behold the radiant place!
How near the mansions be!

5 Immortal wonders! boundless things
In those dear worlds appear:
Prepare me, Lord, to stretch my wings,
And in those glories share.

1151. 7s. Spir. of the Psalms.

The Righteous only may hope for Heaven.

1 WHO, O Lord, when life is o'er,
Shall to heaven's blest mansions soar?
Who, an ever-welcome guest,
In thy holy place shall rest?

2 He whose heart thy love has warmed;
He whose will, to thine conformed,
Bids his life unsullied run;
He whose words and thoughts are one; —

3 He who shuns the sinner's road,
Loving those who love their God;
Who, with hope and faith unfeigned,
Treads the path by thee ordained; —

4 He who trusts in Christ alone;
Not in aught himself has done; —
He, great God, shall be thy care,
And thy choicest blessing share.

1152. S. M. MONTGOMERY.

Rest for the weary Soul.

1 O, WHERE shall rest be found—
Rest for the weary soul?
'Twere vain the ocean depths to sound,
Or pierce to either pole.

2 The world can never give
The bliss for which we sigh:
'Tis not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die.

3 Beyond this vale of tears,
There is a life above,
Unmeasured by the flight of years;
And all that life is love.

4 There is a death whose pang
Outlasts the fleeting breath:
O, what eternal terrors hang
Around the second death!

5 Lord God of truth and grace,
Teach us that death to shun,
Lest we be banished from thy face,
And evermore undone.

1153. C. M. WATTS.

Holiness of Heaven.

1 NOR eye hath seen, nor ear hath heard,
Nor sense nor reason known,
What joys the Father has prepared
For those that love his Son.

2 But the good Spirit of the Lord
Reveals a heaven to come;
The beams of glory in his word
Allure and guide us home.

3 Pure are the joys above the sky,
And all the region peace:
No wanton lips, nor envious eye
Can see or taste the bliss.

4 Those holy gates forever bar
Pollution, sin, and shame;
And none shall gain admittance there
But followers of the Lamb.

1154. L. M. WATTS.

The Sight of God and Christ the Joy of Heaven.

1 O FOR a sight, a pleasing sight,
Of our almighty Father's throne!
There sits our Saviour, crowned with light,
Clothed with a body like our own.

2 Adoring saints around him stand,
And thrones and powers before him fall;
The God shines gracious through the man,
And sheds bright glories on them all.

3 O, what amazing joys they feel,
While to their golden harps they sing,
And echo, from each heavenly hill,
The glorious triumphs of their King!

4 When shall the day, O Lord, appear,
That I shall mount to dwell above,
And stand and bow among them there,
And view thy face, and sing thy love?

1155. C. M. WATTS.

Rest from Sin and Trouble in Heaven.

1 OUR sins, alas! how strong they are!
And, like a raging flood,
They break our duty, Lord, to thee,
And force us from our God.

2 The waves of trouble, how they rise!
How loud the tempests roar!
But death shall land our weary souls
Safe on the heavenly shore.

3 Fulfilling there his high commands,
Our cheerful feet shall move;
No sin shall clog our active zeal,
Or cool our burning love.

4 We there shall ever sing and tell
The wonders of his grace,
While heavenly raptures fire our hearts,
And smile in every face.

5 Forever his dear, sacred name
Shall dwell upon our tongue,
And Jesus and salvation be
The close of every song.

1156. C. M. Watts.

The Hope of Heaven.

1 WHEN I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.

2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And fiery darts be hurled,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

3 Let cares, like a wild deluge, come,
And storms of sorrow fall!
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all.

4 There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

1157. C. M. Beddome.

The final Adieu.

1 THERE is a world of perfect bliss
Above the starry skies;
Oppressed with sorrows and with sins,
I thither lift my eyes.

2 'Tis there the weary are at rest,
And all is peace within;
The mind, with guilt no more oppressed,
Is tranquil and serene.

3 Discord and strife are banished thence,
Distrust and slavish fear;
No more we hear the pensive sigh,
Or see the falling tear.

4 Farewell to earth and earthly things:
In vain they tempt my stay:
Come, angels, spread your joyful wings,
And bear my soul away.

5 I long to see my Father's face,
And sing his praises too:
Adieu, companions, dearest friends;
Vain world, once more adieu.

1158. C. M. STEELE.

Heaven anticipated.

1 COME, Lord, and warm each languid heart;
Inspire each lifeless tongue:
And let the joys of heaven impart
Their influence to our song.

2 Then to the shining realms of bliss
The wings of faith shall soar,
And all the charms of Paradise
Our raptured thoughts explore.

3 There shall the followers of the Lamb
Join in immortal songs,
And endless honors to his name
Employ their tuneful tongues.

4 Lord, tune our hearts to praise and love;
Our feeble notes inspire,
Till, in thy blissful courts above,
We join the heavenly choir.

1159. S. M. MONTGOMERY.

Home in Heaven.

1 MY Father's house on high!
Home of my soul! how near,
At times, to faith's foreseeing eye
Thy golden gates appear!

2 I hear at morn and even,
At noon and midnight hour,
The choral harmonies of heaven
Seraphic music pour.

3 O, then my spirit faints
To reach the land I love —
The bright inheritance of saints,
My glorious home above.

1160. C. M. Ch. Psalmody.

Treasure in Heaven.

1 YES, there are joys that cannot die,
With God laid up in store —
Treasures, beyond the changing sky,
More bright than golden ore.

2 To that bright world my soul aspires,
With rapturous delight:
O for the Spirit's quickening powers,
To speed me in my flight!

1161. 8s & 6s. Kelly.

Termination of the Christian Warfare.

1 WHEN we pass through yonder river,
When we reach the farther shore,
There's an end of war forever;
We shall see our foes no more:
All our conflicts then shall cease,
Followed by eternal peace.

2 After warfare, rest is pleasant:
O, how sweet the prospect is!
Though we toil and strive at present,
Let us not repine at this:
Toil, and pain, and conflict, past,
All endear repose at last.

3 When we gain the heavenly regions,
When we touch the heavenly shore, —
Blesséd thought! — no hostile legions
Can alarm or trouble more:
Far beyond the reach of foes,
We shall dwell in sweet repose.

4 O, that hope! how bright, how glorious!
'Tis his people's blest reward;
In the Saviour's strength victorious,
They at length behold their Lord:
In his kingdom they shall rest,
In his love be fully blest.

1162. C. M. Moore.

Heaven desired.

1 THE dove let loose in eastern skies,
Returning fondly home,
Ne'er stoops to earth her wing, nor flies,
Where idler warblers roam; —

2 But high she shoots through air and light,
Above all low delay,
Where nothing earthly bounds her flight,
Nor shadow dims her way.

3 So grant me, Lord, from every snare
Of sinful passion free,
Aloft, through faith's serener air,
To urge my course to thee; —

4 No sin to cloud, no lure to stay,
My soul, as home she springs,
Thy sunshine on her joyful way,
Thy freedom on her wings.

1163. 8s. De Fleury.

Songs of Heaven.

1 YE angels, who stand round the throne,
And view my Immanuel's face,
In rapturous songs make him known;
O, tune your soft harps to his praise.

2 Ye saints, who stand nearer than they,
And cast your bright crowns at his feet,
His grace and his glory display,
And all his rich mercy repeat.

3 He snatched you from hell and the grave;
He ransomed from death and despair;
For you he is mighty to save,
And faithful to bring you safe there.

4 O, when will the moment appear,
When I shall unite in your song?
I'm weary of lingering here;
For I to your Saviour belong.

5 I'm fettered and chained here in clay;
I struggle and pant to be free;
I long to be soaring away,
My God and my Saviour to see.

1164. 7s. MONTGOMERY.

The Victory of the Saints.

1 PALMS of glory, raiment bright,
Crowns which never fade away,
Gird and deck the saints in light;
Priests, and kings, and conquerors, they.

2 Yet the conquerors bring their palms
To the Lamb amidst the throne,
And proclaim, in joyful psalms,
Victory through his cross alone.

3 Kings for harps their crowns resign,
Crying, as they strike the chords,
"Take the kingdom; it is thine,
King of kings and Lord of lords."

4 Round the altar priests confess,
With their robes made white as snow,
'Twas their Saviour's righteousness,
And his blood, which made them so.

5 Who were these? on earth they dwelt,
Sinners once of Adam's race;
Guilt, and fear, and suffering, felt,
But were saved by sovereign grace.

6 They were mortal, too, like us;
And when we, like them, shall die,
May our souls, translated thus,
Triumph, reign, and shine, on high.

1165. L. M. WATTS.

The Christian's Prospect.

1 WHAT sinners value I resign;
Lord, 'tis enough that thou art mine;
I shall behold thy blissful face,
And stand complete in righteousness.

2 This life 's a dream — an empty show;
But that bright world to which I go
Hath joys substantial and sincere:
When shall I wake, and find me there?

3 O glorious hour! O blest abode!
I shall be near and like my God,
And flesh and sin no more control
The sacred pleasures of my soul.

4 My flesh shall slumber in the ground
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound,
Then burst the chains, with glad surprise,
And in my Saviour's image rise.

1166. C. M. Montgomery's Col.

The Society of Heaven.

1 JERUSALEM! my glorious home!
Name ever dear to me!
When shall my labors have an end,
In joy, and peace, and thee?

2 When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls
And pearly gates behold?
Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold?

3 O, when, thou city of my God,
Shall I thy courts ascend,
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbaths have no end?

4 There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,
Nor sin nor sorrow know:
Blest seats! through rude and stormy scenes
I onward press to you.

5 Why should I shrink at pain and woe?
Or feel at death dismay?
I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
And realms of endless day.

6 Apostles, martyrs, prophets, there,
Around my Saviour stand;
And soon my friends in Christ below
Will join the glorious band.

7 Jerusalem! my glorious home!
My soul still pants for thee;
Then shall my labors have an end,
When I thy joys shall see.

1167. C. M. W. B. Tappan.

The Peace and Repose of Heaven.

1 THERE is an hour of hallowed peace
For those with cares oppressed,
When sighs and sorrowing tears shall cease,
And all be hushed to rest.

2 'Tis then the soul is freed from fears
And doubts which here annoy;
Then they that oft had sown in tears
Shall reap again in joy.

3 There is a home of sweet repose,
Where storms assail no more;
The stream of endless pleasure flows
On that celestial shore.

4 There purity with love appears,
And bliss without alloy;
There they that oft had sown in tears
Shall reap again in joy.

1168. 8s & 6s. W. B. Tappan.

Heaven anticipated.

1 THERE is an hour of peaceful rest
To mourning wanderers given;
There is a joy for souls distressed,
A balm for every wounded breast;
'Tis found alone in heaven.

2 There is a home for weary souls,
By sins and sorrows driven,
When tossed on life's tempestuous shoals,
Where storms arise, and ocean rolls,
And all is drear — 'tis heaven.

3 There faith lifts up the tearless eye, —
The heart no longer riven, —
And views the tempest passing by,
Sees evening shadows quickly fly,
And all serene in heaven.

4 There fragrant flowers immortal bloom,
And joys supreme are given;
There rays divine disperse the gloom;
Beyond the dark and narrow tomb
Appears the dawn of heaven.

1169. C. M. STEELE.

Longing for a View of Heaven.

1 O, LET our thoughts and wishes fly
Above these gloomy shades,
To those bright worlds beyond the sky,
Which sorrow ne'er invades!

2 There, joys unseen by mortal eyes,
Or reason's feeble ray,
In ever-blooming prospect rise,
Exposed to no decay.

3 Lord, send a beam of light divine
To guide our upward aim;
With one reviving look of thine,
Our languid hearts inflame.

4 O, then, on faith's sublimest wing,
Our ardent souls shall rise
To those bright scenes where pleasures spring
Immortal in the skies.

1170. C. M. STEELE.

Glories of Heaven.

1 FAR from these narrow scenes of night,
Unbounded glories rise,
And realms of joy and pure delight,
Unknown to mortal eyes.

2 Fair, distant land! — could mortal eyes
But half its charms explore,
How would our spirits long to rise,
And dwell on earth no more!

3 No cloud those blissful regions know —
Realms ever bright and fair;
For sin, the source of mortal woe,
Can never enter there.

4 O, may the heavenly prospect fire
Our hearts with ardent love,
Till wings of faith, and strong desire,
Bear every thought above.

5 Prepare us, Lord, by grace divine,
For thy bright courts on high;
Then bid our spirits rise and join
The chorus of the sky.

1171. C. M. R. Turnbull.

My Father's House.

1 THERE is a place of sacred rest,
Far, far beyond the skies,
Where beauty smiles eternally,
And pleasure never dies; —
My Father's house, my heavenly home,
Where "many mansions" stand,
Prepared, by hands divine, for all
Who seek the better land.

2 When tossed upon the waves of life,
With fear on every side, —
When fiercely howls the gathering storm,
And foams the angry tide, —
Beyond the storm, beyond the gloom,
Breaks forth the light of morn,
Bright beaming from my Father's house,
To cheer the soul forlorn.

3 Yes, even at that fearful hour,
When death shall seize its prey,
And from the place that knows us now,
Shall hurry us away, —
The vision of that heavenly home
Shall cheer the parting soul,
And o'er it, mounting to the skies,
A tide of rapture roll.

4 In that pure home of tearless joy
Earth's parted friends shall meet,
With smiles of love that never fade,
And blessedness complete:
There, there adieus are sounds unknown;
Death frowns not on that scene,
But life, and glorious beauty, shine,
Untroubled and serene.

1172. L. M. Anon.

The better Land.

1 THERE is a land mine eye hath seen,
In visions of enraptured thought,
So bright that all which spreads between
Is with its radiant glory fraught; —

2 A land upon whose blissful shore
There rests no shadow, falls no stain;
There those who meet shall part no more,
And those long parted meet again.

3 Its skies are not like earthly skies,
With varying hues of shade and light;
It hath no need of suns to rise,
To dissipate the gloom of night.

4 There sweeps no desolating wind
Across that calm, serene abode;
The wanderer there a home may find,
Within the Paradise of God.

1173. C. M. STENNETT.

Heaven in Prospect.

1 ON Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wishful eye
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.

2 O the transporting, rapturous scene,
That rises to my sight! —
Sweet fields, arrayed in living green,
And rivers of delight.

3 O'er all those wide-extended plains
Shines one eternal day;
There God the Son forever reigns,
And scatters night away.

4 No chilling winds, nor poisonous breath,
Can reach that healthful shore;
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and feared no more.

5 When shall I reach that happy place,
And be forever blest?
When shall I see my Father's face,
And in his bosom rest?

6 Filled with delight, my raptured soul
Would here no longer stay;
Though Jordan's waves should round me roll,
I'd fearless launch away.

1174. L. M. Tuck.

The Dwelling-Place of God.

1 THERE is a region lovelier far
Than sages tell or poets sing,
Brighter than noonday glories are,
And softer than the tints of spring.

2 It is not fanned by summer's gale;
'Tis not refreshed by vernal showers;
It never needs the moonbeam pale, —
For there are known no evening hours.

3 No; for that world is ever bright
With purest radiance all its own:
The streams of uncreated light
Flow round it from th' eternal throne.

4 It is all holy and serene,
The land of glory and repose;
No cloud obscures the radiant scene;
There not a tear of sorrow flows.

5 In vain the curious, searching eye
May seek to view the fair abode,
Or find it in the starry sky:
It is the dwelling-place of God.

1175. C. M. Watts.

The Martyrs glorified.

1 "THESE glorious minds, how bright they shine!
Whence all their white array?
How came they to the happy seats
Of everlasting day?"

2 Lo! these are they from sufferings great
Who came to realms of light,
And in the blood of Christ have washed
These robes, which shine so bright.

3 Now with triumphal palms they stand
Before the throne on high,
And serve the God they love, amidst
The glories of the sky.

4 His presence fills each heart with joy,
Tunes every lip to sing;
By day, by night, the sacred courts
With glad hosannas ring.

5 Their thirst and hunger ever flee;
Their joys forever last;
The fruit of life's immortal tree
Shall be their sweet repast.

6 The Lamb shall lead his heavenly flock
Where living fountains rise;
And love divine shall wipe away
The sorrows of their eyes.

1176. 7s. MONTGOMERY.

The Redeemed in Heaven.

1 WHO are these in bright array,
This exulting, happy throng,
Round the altar night and day,
Hymning one triumphant song? —
"Worthy is the Lamb, once slain,
Blessing, honor, glory, power,
Wisdom, riches, to obtain,
New dominion every hour."

2 These through fiery trials trod;
These from great affliction came;
Now, before the throne of God,
Sealed with his almighty name:
Clad in raiment pure and white,
Victor-palms in every hand,
Through their great Redeemer's might,
More than conquerors they stand.

3 Hunger, thirst, disease, unknown,
On immortal fruits they feed;
Them the Lamb, amidst the throne,
Shall to living fountains lead:
Joy and gladness banish sighs;
Perfect love dispels all fears;
And forever from their eyes
God shall wipe away their tears.

1177. 7s. RAFFLES.

The Saints in Glory.

1 HIGH, in yonder realms of light,
Dwell the raptured saints above,
Far beyond our feeble sight,
Happy in Immanuel's love.

2 Pilgrims in this vale of tears,
Once they knew, like us below,
Gloomy doubts, distressing fears,
Torturing pain, and heavy woe.

3 Happy spirits, ye are fled
Where no grief can entrance find,
Lulled to rest the aching head,
Soothed the anguish of the mind.

4 'Mid the chorus of the skies,
'Mid th' angelic lyres above,
Hark! their songs melodious rise —
Songs of praise to Jesus' love.

1178. C. M. TOPLADY.

Happiness of the Saints in Glory.

1 HOW happy are the souls above,
From sin and sorrow free!
With Jesus they are now at rest,
And all his glory see.

2 "Worthy the Lamb," aloud they cry,
"That brought us near to God:"
In ceaseless hymns of praise they shout
The virtue of his blood.

3 Sweet gratitude inspires their songs,
Ambitious to proclaim,
Before the Father's awful throne,
The honors of the Lamb.

4 With wondering joy their lips recount
Their fears and dangers past,
And bless the wisdom, power, and love,
Which brought them home at last.

5 Lord, let the merit of thy death
To me, like them, be given;
And I, like them, will shout thy praise
Through all the courts of heaven.

1179. L. M. Sac. Lyrics.

The Redeemed in Heaven.

1 LO! round the throne, at God's right hand,
The saints, in countless myriads, stand,
Of every tongue, redeemed to God,
Arrayed in garments washed in blood.

2 Through tribulation great they came;
They bore the cross, despised the shame:
From all their labors now they rest,
In God's eternal glory blest.

3 Hunger and thirst they feel no more;
Nor sin, nor pain, nor death deplore:
The tears are wiped from every eye,
And sorrow yields to endless joy.

4 They see their Saviour face to face,
And sing the triumphs of his grace:
Him day and night they ceaseless praise;
To him their loud hosannas raise.

5 Worthy the Lamb, for sinners slain,
Through endless years to live and reign;
Thou hast redeemed us by thy blood,
And made us kings and priests to God.

1180. L. M. Berridge.

Perfect Felicity in Heaven.

1 O, HAPPY saints, who dwell in light,
And walk with Jesus, clothed in white!
Safe landed on that peaceful shore
Where pilgrims meet to part no more.

2 Released from sorrow, toil, and strife,
And welcomed to an endless life,
Their souls have now begun to prove
The height and depth of Jesus' love.

3 There, gazing on his beauteous face,
They tell the wonders of his grace,
And, while they sing with rapture sweet,
They bow, adoring, at his feet.

DOXOLOGIES.

1. L. M.

PRAISE God, from whom all blessings flow ;
Praise him, all creatures here below ;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host ;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

2. L. M.

TO God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, three in one,
Be honor, praise, and glory, given,
By all on earth and all in heaven.

3. C. M.

LET God the Father, and the Son,
And Spirit, be adored,
Where there are works to make him known,
Or saints to love the Lord.

4. C. M.

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One God, whom we adore,
Be glory as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

5. S. M.

YE angels round the throne,
And saints that dwell below,
Adore the Father, love the Son,
And bless the Spirit too.

6. H. M.

TO God the Father's throne
Your highest honors raise ;
Glory to God the Son ;
To God the Spirit praise :
With all our powers, | Thy name we sing,
Eternal King, | While faith adores.

7. 7s.

SING we to our God above
Praise eternal as his love:
Praise him, all ye heavenly host —
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

8. 8s & 7s, 6 L.

GLORY be to God the Father,
Glory be to God the Son,
Glory be to God the Spirit,
Everlasting three in one:
Thee let heaven and earth adore,
Now, henceforth, and evermore.

9. 8s & 7s.

PRAISE the God of all creation;
Praise the Father's boundless love;
Praise the Lamb, our expiation, —
Priest and King, enthroned above;
Praise the Fountain of salvation, —
Him by whom our spirits live;
Undivided adoration
To the one Jehovah give.

10. 8s, 7s & 4.

GREAT Jehovah, we adore thee,
God the Father, God the Son,
God the Spirit, joined in glory
On the same eternal throne:
Endless praises
To Jehovah, three in one.

11. L. P. M.

NOW to the great and Sacred Three,
The Father, Son, and Spirit, be
Eternal praise and glory given,
Through all the worlds where God is known,
By all the angels near the throne,
And all the saints in earth and heaven.

12. C. P. M.

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Be praise amid the heavenly host,
And in the church below;
From whom all creatures draw their breath,
By whom redemption blest the earth,
From whom all comforts flow.

13. 6s & 4s.

TO God — the Father, Son,
And Spirit — three in one —
All praise be given:
Crown him, in every song;
To him your hearts belong:
Let all his praise prolong,
On earth — in heaven.

14. 7s & 6s.

TO thee be praise forever,
Thou glorious King of kings:
Thy wondrous love and favor
Each ransomed spirit sings:
We'll celebrate thy glory,
With all thy saints above,
And shout the joyful story
Of thy redeeming love.

CHANTS,

AND

SELECTIONS FOR CHANTING.

Remarks. — The design, in appending to this Collection of Hymns a compilation of Chants, and Selections for Chanting, is, to furnish to congregations the means of joining in this most devotional style of sacred music; and, with this view, the chants inserted have been selected or composed rather with reference to simplicity and ease of performance, than to striking musical effect. No progressions, either of harmony or melody, have been admitted, excepted of a natural and easy kind, and the parts kept entirely *within* the compass of the voices for which they are intended. It is believed that the musical abilities usually found among the members of congregations will enable them, with a little attention to the subject, to join, under the lead of a competent chorister, — and more certainly under the lead of a good choir, — in the chant; and that its occasional use will not only be highly interesting and salutary in itself, but that it will heighten, by contrast, the effect of the sacred melodies and harmonies now so generally used in connection with metrical psalmody.

Chants, generally, are either of two, three, or four strains; and each strain consists of the chanting note, or chord, and a cadence of either two or of three measures. The chanting note, or chord, is expressed by a single note, or chord, filling one measure, but which is to be continued, without regard to time, sufficiently long to recite that portion of the verse to which it is applied, with due regard to articulation, accent, punctuation, and expression. The cadences are to be sung *in time*. Some chants are not of this regular construction, and good effects are often produced by these peculiar chants.

Selections for Chanting have generally been made from the Scriptures; but there is no good reason why they should be exclusively so made. Metrical compositions generally, and particularly those of a devotional or suppliant character, can be most effectively performed in this manner.

Many hymns, which are, on account of irregularity in the accent or in the structure of the stanzas, ill adapted to a common tune, and therefore are either excluded from our hymn books or but seldom used, may be retained and performed in this way with the best effect.

Chanting should be performed, generally, with much less power of voice than is requisite in singing common tunes; and, perhaps, the best rule which can be adopted is, to use no more exertion than would be necessary in reading the verse to an audience, and, above all, to keep the voice *subservient* to the general effect produced by the choir or congregation.

MARKS USED IN THESE SELECTIONS: —

The dash (—), which marks the places where the breath may be most advantageously taken. The breath should never be drawn except at a pause.

The upright dash (|), which corresponds to the bars of the chant, and marks the portions of the verse to be applied to the measures of the cadences.

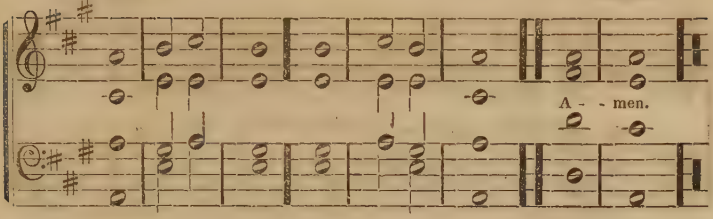
The double dash (=), which signifies that a syllable is to be continued through the measure.

The points (..), which assign the syllables in a measure to the first or last half of a measure.

THE COMPILER.

☞ NOTE TO MINISTERS.—*The number of the* SELECTION, *and not that of the Chant, should be given out from the pulpit.*

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1843, by
GOULD, KENDALL, & LINCOLN,
In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the District of Massachusetts.
628

No. 1. DR. CLARKE.

1. PSALM CXXII. 1—4, 6—9.

1 I WAS glad when they said unto me,—
let us go into the | house . . of the | Lord.
2 Our feet shall stand within thy | gates, . . O Je- | rusalem.

3 Jerusalem is builded as a city that is com- | pact . . to- | gether
4 Whither the tribes go up,—the tribes of the Lord,
unto the testimony of Israel,—
to give thanks unto the | name . . of the | Lord.

6 Pray for the peace of Jerusalem:—
they shall | prosper . . that | love thee.
7 Peace be within thy walls,—
and prosperity with- | in . . thy | palaces.

8 For my brethren and companions' sakes,
I will now say,— | Peace . . be with- | in thee.
9 Because of the house of the Lord our God,—
I will | seek . . thy | good.

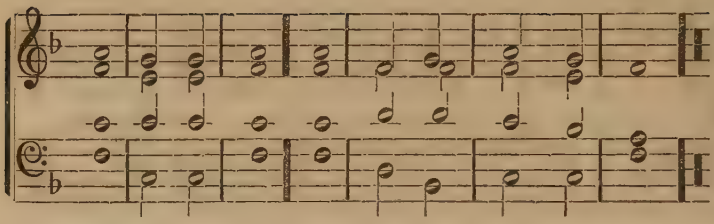
2. ISAIAH LVI. 4—7.

THUS saith the Lord
unto them that | keep . . my | Sabbaths,
And choose the things that please me,
and take | hold . . of my | covenant.

Even unto them will I give, in mine house
and within my walls,—a place and a name
better than of | sons . . and of | daughters.
I will give them an everlasting name,—
that shall | not . . be | cut off.

Also the sons of the stranger,
that join themselves to the Lord, to serve him,—
and to love the | name . . of the | Lord,
Even them will I bring to my holy mountain,—
and make them joyful in my | house . . of | prayer.

No. 2. GREGORIAN



3. PSALM CXIX. 97—104.

97 O, HOW I love thy law!—
it is my meditation through | all . . the | day.
98 Thou, through thy commandments,
hast made me wiser than mine enemies;—
for | they . . are | ev . . er | with me.

99 I have more understanding than all my teachers;—
for thy testimonies are my | med . . i- | tation.
100 I understand more than the ancients,
be- | cause . . I | keep . . thy | precepts.

101 I have refrained my feet from every evil way,—
that I might | keep . . thy | word.
102 I have not departed from thy judgments;—
for | thou, . . O | Lord, . . hast | taught me.

103 How sweet are thy words unto my taste!—
Yea,—sweeter than | honey . . to my | mouth.
104 Through thy precepts I get understanding;—
therefore I | hate . . every | false = | way.

4. HYMN. 6s & 4s.

1 To-DAY the Saviour calls:—
Ye | wanderers, | come;—
O, ye benighted | souls, . .
Why | longer | roam?

2 To-day the Saviour calls;—
O, | hear him | now;
Within these sacred | walls . .
To | Jesus | bow.

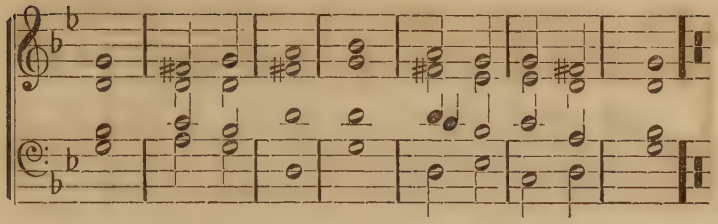
[See Hymn 453]

5. HYMN. 6, 6, & 4s.

1 LOWLY and solemn be
Thy children's cry to thee,—
| Father . . di- | vine;
A hymn of suppliant breath,—
Owning that life and | death . .
A- | like . . are | thine.

[See Hymn 680.]

No. 3. GOULD.



6. HYMN. 8, 8, 8, & 6.

1 My God, my Father, — while I stray
Far from my home, on | life's . . rough | way,
O, teach me from my heart to say, —
"Thy | will, . . my | God, . . be | done."

2 Though dark my path, and sad my lot, —
Let me be still, and | mur . . mur | not,
And breathe the prayer divinely taught, —
"Thy | will, . . my | God, . . be | done."

3 What though in lonely grief I sigh
For friends beloved no | long . . er | nigh;
Submissive still would I reply, —
"Thy | will, . . my | God, . . be | done."

4 If thou shouldst call me to resign
What most I prize, — it | ne'er . . was | mine,
I only yield thee what is thine; —
"Thy | will, . . my | God, . . be | done."

7. FAST DAY. [From Daniel ix.]

O LORD, — the great and | dread . . ful | God,
Keeping covenant and mercy to them that love him, —
and to | them . . that | keep . . his com- | mandments.

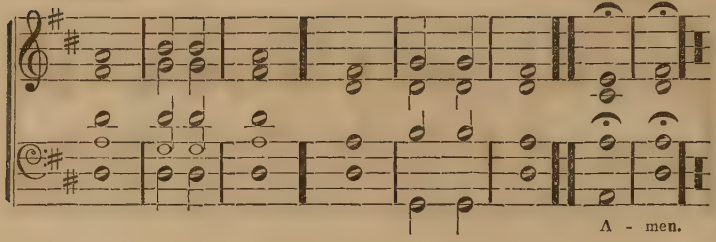
We have sinned, and have committed iniquity,
and have done wickedly, and | have . . re- | belled,
Even by departing from
thy | precepts . . and | from . . thy | judgments.

O Lord, righteousness be- | longeth . . unto | thee;
But unto us confusion of face; as at this day, —
because we have | sinned . . a- | gainst = | thee.

Now, therefore, O our God, — hear the prayer of thy
servants, and their | sup . . pli- | cations;
And cause thy face to shine upon thy
sanctuary that is desolate, | for . . the | Lord's = | sake.

For we do not present our supplications
before thee for | our = | righteousness,
But for | thy . . great | mer- = | cies.

No. 4. L. MASON.*



8. PSALM XXIII.

1 THE Lord is my Shepherd; — I | shall . . not | want.
2 He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: —
He leadeth me beside the | still = | waters.

3 He restoreth my soul; — he leadeth me
in the paths of righteousness
for his | name's = | sake. —
4 Yea, — though I walk through the valley
of the shadow of death,
I will fear no evil: — for thou art with me, —
thy rod and thy | staff . . they | comfort me.

5 Thou preparest a table before me
in the presence of mine enemies: —
thou anointest my head with oil; —
my | cup . . runneth | over.
6 Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me
all the days of my life; —
and I shall dwell in the house of the | Lord . . for- | ever.

9. PSALM CIII. 8—13.

8 THE Lord is merciful and gracious, —
slow to anger, — and | plenteous . . in | mercy.
9 He will not always chide,
neither will he keep his | anger . . for- | ever.

10 He hath not dealt with us after our sins; —
nor rewarded us according to | our . . in- | iquities:
11 For as the heaven is high above the earth, —
so great is his mercy toward | them . . that | fear him.

12 As far as the east is from the west, —
so far hath he removed our trans- | gres . . sions | from us.
13 Like as a father pitieth his children, —
so the Lord pitieth | them . . that | fear him.

* This chant, and Nos. 5, 9, 19, and 21, are taken, by permission, from L. Mason's "Book of Chants."

10. PSALM LXV. 4, 5, 8—11, 13.

4 Blessed is the man whom thou choosest,—
and causest to approach unto thee,—
that he may | dwell . . in thy | courts:
We shall be satisfied with the goodness of thy house,—
even of thy | ho . . ly | temple.

5 By terrible things in righteousness
wilt thou answer us,—
O | God of . . our sal- | vation,—
Who art the confidence of all the earth,
and of them that are afar | off . . upon the | sea.

8 They that dwell in the uttermost parts
are a- | fraid . . at thy | tokens:—
Thou makest the outgoings of the morning
and | evening . . to re- | joice.

9 Thou visitest the earth and waterest it;—
thou greatly enrichest it with the river of God,—
which is | full . . of | water.
Thou preparest them corn
when thou hast so pro- | vi . . ded | for it.

10 Thou waterest the ridges thereof abundantly;—
thou settest the | furrows . . there- | of;
Thou makest it soft with showers;
thou blessest the | springing . . there- | of.

11 Thou crownest the year with thy goodness;—
and thy | paths . . drop | fatness.
13 The pastures are clothed with flocks,—
the valleys also with corn;—
they shout for | joy . . and | sing.

11. PSALM XCII. 12—15.

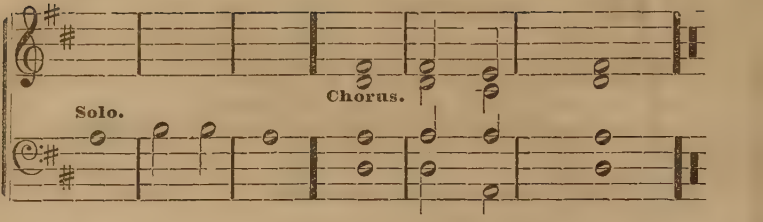
12 The righteous shall | flourish . . like the | palm-tree;
He shall grow like a | cedar . . in | Lebanon.

13 Those that be planted in the | house . . of the | Lord,
Shall flourish in the | courts of . . our | God.

14 They shall bring forth | fruit in . . old | age;
They shall be | fat . . and | flourishing.

15 To show that the | Lord . . is | upright;
He is my Rock,—
there is no un- | righteousness . . in | him.

No. 5. L. Mason.



12. PSALM XIX.

1 The heavens declare the glory of God;—
and the firmament showeth his | handy = | work.
2 Day unto day uttereth speech,—
and night unto | night . . showeth | knowledge.

3 There is no speech nor language where
their | voice . . is not | heard.
4 Their line is gone out through all the earth,—
and their words to the | end . . of the | earth.

5 In them hath he set a tabernacle for the sun,—
which is as a bridegroom coming out of his chamber,
and rejoiceth as a strong man to | run . . a | race.
6 His going forth is from the end of the heaven,—
and his circuit to the ends of it,—
and there is nothing hid from the | heat . . of the | sun.

7 The law of the Lord is perfect,—
con- | verting . . the | soul.
The testimony of the Lord is sure,—
making | wise . . the | simple.

8 The statutes of the Lord are right,—
re- | joicing . . the | heart.
The commandment of the Lord is pure,—
en- | lightening . . the | eyes.

9 The fear of the Lord is clean,—
en- | during . . for- | ever.
The judgments of the Lord are true,—
and | righteous . . alto- | gether.

10 More to be desired are they than gold,—
yea, than much fine gold;—
sweeter also than honey and the | honey = | comb.
11 Moreover, by them is thy servant warned;—
and in keeping of them there is | great . . re- | ward.

12 Who can understand his errors?—
cleanse thou me from | se . . cret | faults.
14 Let the words of my mouth,
and the meditations of my heart,—
be acceptable in thy sight, O Lord,—
my strength and my Re- | deemer. . . A- | men.

13. PSALM V. 1—8, 11.

1 Give ear unto my words, O Lord, —
consider my | med . . i- | tation.
2 Hearken unto the voice of my cry, —
my King, and my God: —
for unto | thee . . will I | pray.

3 My voice thou shalt hear in the morning,
O Lord; — in the morning will I direct my
prayer unto thee, — and | will . . look | up.
4 For thou art not a God that hath pleasure in
wickedness; — neither shall | evil . . dwell | with thee.

5 The foolish shall not stand in thy sight; —
thou hatest all | workers . . of in- | iquity.
6 Thou shalt destroy them that speak leasing: —
the Lord will abhor the de- | ceit . . ful | man

7 But as for me, I will come into thy house; —
and in thy fear will I worship
toward thy | ho . . ly | temple.
8 Lead me, O Lord, in thy righteousness,
because of mine enemies;
make thy way straight be- | fore . . my | face.

11 But let all those that put their
trust in | thee . . re- | joice;
Let them also that love thy name —
be | joyful . . in | thee.

14. HYMN. C. M.

1

Solo. . . . . Holy and reverend is the name
Of our e- | ter . . nal | King;
Chorus. . . "Thrice holy, Lord," the angels cry; —
"Thrice holy," | let . . us | sing.

2

Solo. . . . . The deepest reverence of the mind
Pay, O my | soul, . . to | God;
Chorus. . . Lift, with thy hands, a holy heart
To his sub- | lime . . a- | bode.

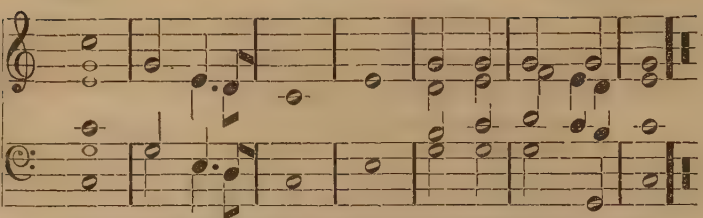
3

Choir. . . . With sacred awe pronounce his name, —
Whom words nor | thoughts . . can | reach;
Congr. . . . A contrite heart shall please him more
Than noblest | forms . . of | speech.

4

Choir. . . . Thou holy God, preserve my soul
From all pol- | lu . . tion | free;
Congr. . . . The pure in heart are thy delight, —
And they thy | face . . shall | see.

No. 6. B. F. E.



The first measure may be sung in unison with full accompaniment, or in parts.

15. PSALM XCVI.

1 O, SING unto the Lord a new song; —
sing unto the | Lord, . . all the | earth.
2 Sing unto the Lord, — bless his name, —
show forth his sal- | vation . . from | day . . to | day.

3 Declare his glory among the heathen, —
his wonders a- | mong . . all | people.
4 For the Lord is great, — and greatly to be praised: —
he is to be | feared . . a- | bove . . all | gods.

5 For the gods of the nations are idols; —
but the | Lord . . made the | heavens.
6 Honor and majesty are before him; —
strength and | beauty . . are | in . . his | sanctuary.

7. Give unto the Lord, — O ye kindreds of the people, —
give unto the Lord | glory . . and | strength.
8 Give unto the Lord the glory due unto his name: —
bring an offering, — and | come . . in- | to . . his | courts.

9 O, worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness: —
fear before | him, . . all the | earth.
10 Say among the heathen, that the Lord reigneth: —
he shall | judge . . the | peo . . ple | righteously.

11 Let the heavens rejoice, — and let the earth be glad
be- | fore . . the | Lord.
13 For he cometh to judge the earth; —
he shall judge the world with righteousness, —
and the | peo . . ple | with . . his | truth.

16. PSALM CXLV. 1—7, 21.

1 I WILL extol thee, my God, O King, —
and I will bless thy name for- | ever . . and | ever.
2 Every day will I bless thee; —
and I will praise thy | name . . for- | ever . . and | ever.

3 Great is the Lord, — and greatly to be praised, —
and his greatness | is . . un- | searchable.
4 One generation shall praise thy works to another, —
and shall de- | clare . . thy | might . . y | acts.

5 I will speak of the glorious honor of thy majesty,—
and of thy | won . . drous | works.
6 And men shall speak of the might of thy
terrible acts;—and | I . . will de- | clare . . thy | greatness.
7 They shall abundantly utter
the memory of thy great goodness,—
and shall | sing . . of thy | righteousness.
21 Let all flesh bless his
holy | name . . for- | ever . . and | ever.

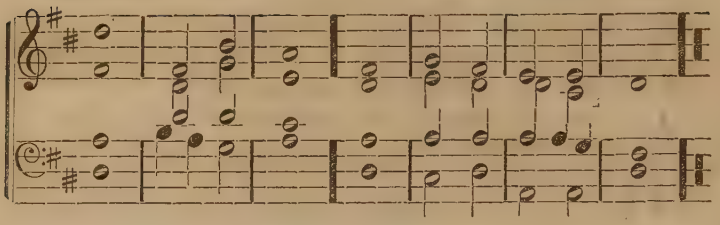
17. HYMN. C. M.

1 Lift up your heads, eternal gates,
Unfold, to entertain
The | King . . of | glory;— . . . . .
. . . . . see, he comes
With | his . . ce- | les . . tial | train.
2 "Who is this King of | glo . . ry?— | who?"—
The Lord, for strength renowned;
In battle mighty,—o'er his foes
E- | ter . . nal | Vic . . tor | crowned.
3 Lift up your heads, eternal gates,—
Unfold, to entertain
The | King . . of | glory;— . . . .
. . . . . see, he comes
With | all . . his | shin . . ing | train.
4 "Who is this King of | glo . . ry?— | who?"—
The Lord of hosts renowned:—
Of glory he alone is King,
Who | is . . with | glo . . ry | crowned.

18. HYMN. C. M.

1 The Lord our God is clothed with might;—
The winds o- | bey . . his | will;
He speaks—and in his heavenly height
The | roll . . ing | sun . . stands | still.
2 Rebel, ye waves,—and o er the land
With threatening | as . . pect | roar;
The Lord uplifts his awful hand,—
And | chains . . you | to . . the | shore.
3 Ye winds of night, your force combine;—
Without his | high . . be- | hest,
Ye shall not, in the mountain pine,
Dis- | turb . . the | spar . . row's | nest.
4 His voice sublime is heard afar;—
In distant | peals . . it | dies;
He binds the whirlwind to his car,
And | sweeps . . the | howl . . ing | skies.
5 Ye nations, bend;—in reverence bend;—
Ye monarchs, | wait . . his | nod,
And bid the choral song ascend
To | cel . . e- | brate . . our | God.

No. 7. Dr. Beckwith.



19. PSALM CL.

1 Praise ye the Lord.—Praise God in his sanctuary;—
praise him in the firmament | of . . his | power.
2 Praise him for his mighty acts;—
praise him according to his | excel . . lent | great = | ness.

3 Praise him with the sound of the trumpet;—
praise him with | psaltery . . and | harp;
4 Praise him with timbrel and dance;—
praise him with | stringed . . instru- | ments . . and | organs.

5 Praise him upon the loud cymbals;—
praise him upon the | high . . sounding | cymbals.
6 Let every thing that hath breath praise the Lord.—
Halle- | lu . . jah! | praise . . ye the | Lord.

20. ORDINATION.

[Ps. lxviii. 11, 18.]

The Lord | gave . . the | word;
The Lord gave the word;—
great was the | company . . of | those . . that | published it.

Thou hast ascended on high;—
thou hast received | gifts . . for | men.
Thou hast received gifts for men;—
that the | Lord . . might | dwell . . a- | mong them.

[2 Chron. vi. 41.]

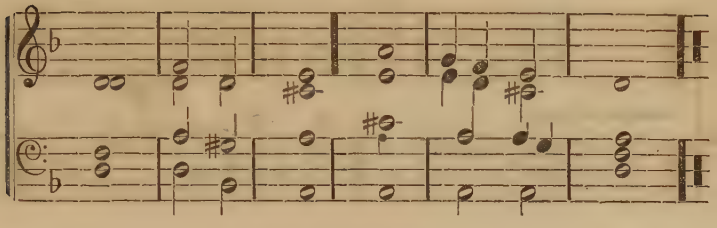
Now therefore arise,— | O . . Lord | God.
Now therefore arise into thy resting-place,—
| thou . . and the | ark . . of thy | strength:

Let thy priests,—O Lord God,—
be | clothed . . with sal- | vation;
And let thy | saints . . re- | joice . . in | goodness.

[Acts iv. 29.]

And now, Lord, grant unto thy servants
that with all boldness they may | speak . . thy | word.
Amen, | A . . men, | A- = | men.

No. 8. GOULD.



21. SELECTION.

[Ps. xxxix. 4, 5, 6.]

LORD, make me to know mine end,—
and the measure of my days, | what . . it | is;
That I may know how | frail . . I | am.

Behold, thou hast made my days
as a handbreadth,—and mine
age as | nothing . . be- | fore thee:
Verily,—every man at his best state
is altogether | van . . i- | ty.

Surely every man walketh in a vain show;—
they are dis- | quieted . . in | vain:
He heapeth up riches,—
and knoweth not | who . . shall | gather them.

[Ps. xlix. 17, 19.]

For when he dieth he shall
carry nothing away;—
his glory shall not de- | scend = | after him:—
He shall go to the gene- | ration . . of his | fathers.

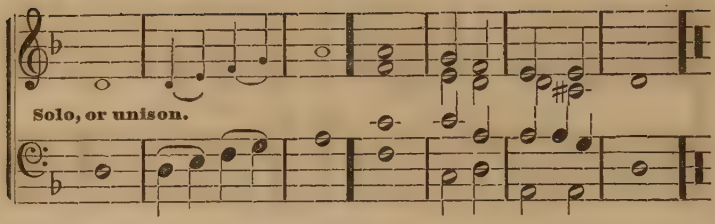
22. HYMN. 8s & 4s.

1 ALAS! how poor and little worth
Are all those glittering toys of earth—
That | lure . . us | here!
Dreams of a sleep that death must break:—
Alas! before it bids us wake,—
They | dis . . ap- | pear.

2 Where is the strength that spurned decay,—
The step that rolled so light and gay,—
The | heart's . . blithe | tone?
The strength is gone, the step is slow,—
And joy grows weariness and woe,
When | age . . comes | on.

[See Hymn 752.]

No. 9. L. MASON.



23. PSALM XC. 1—6, 11, 12.

1 LORD, thou hast been our dwelling-place, —
in | all . . gene- | rations.
2 Before the mountains were brought forth, —
or ever thou hadst formed the earth and the world, —
even from everlasting to
ever- | last . . ing — | thou . . art | God.

3 Thou turnest man to destruction; — and sayest, —
Return, — ye | children . . of | men.
4 For a thousand years in thy sight, —
are but as yesterday when it is past,
and | as . . a | watch . . in the | night.

5 Thou carriest them away as with a flood; —
they are as a sleep; —
in the morning they are like grass which | grow . . eth | up.
6 In the morning it flourisheth and groweth up;
in the evening it is
cut | down, . . — *cut* | *down* . . — and | withereth.

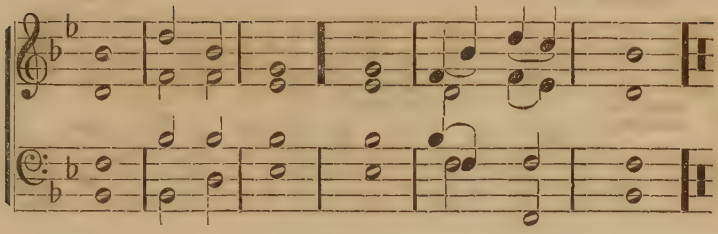
11 Who knoweth the power of thine anger? —
even according to thy fear, — | so . . is thy | wrath.
12 So teach us to number our days,
that we may ap- | ply . . our | hearts . . unto | wisdom.

24. HYMN. 8s & 6. Peculiar.

1 BEYOND where Cedron's waters flow, —
Behold the suffering Saviour go
To | sad . . Geth- | semane;
His countenance is all divine,
Yet grief ap- | pears . . in | eve . . ry | line.

2 He bows beneath the sins of men; —
He cries to God, and cries again,
In | sad . . Geth- | semane;
He lifts his mournful eyes above —
"My Father, | can . . this | cup . . re- | move?"

[See Hymn 220.]

No. 10. W. B. BRADBURY.

25. PSALM CXVIII. 19, 21—29.

19 OPEN unto me the gates of righteousness;—
I will go into them, and I will | praise . . the | Lord.
21 I will praise thee;—for thou hast heard me,
and art be- | come . . my sal- | vation.

22 The stone which the builders refused
is become the | head stone . . of the | corner.
23 This is the Lord's doing;—
it is marvellous | in . . our | eyes.

24 This is the day which the Lord hath made;—
we will rejoice and be | glad . . in | it.
25 Save now, I beseech thee, O Lord;—
O Lord, I beseech thee,—send | now . . pros- | perity.

26 Blessed be he that cometh
in the | name . . of the | Lord:
" We have blessed you out of
the | house . . of the | Lord.

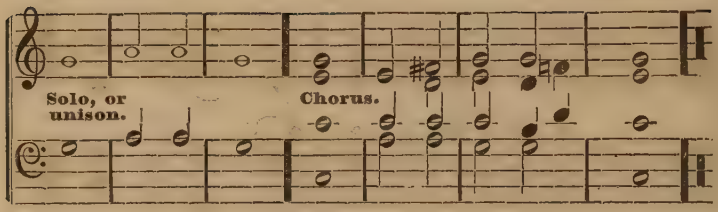
27 God is the Lord,
which hath | showed . . us | light:—
" Bind the sacrifice with cords,
even unto the | horns . . of the | altar.

28 Thou art my God, and I will praise thee;
thou art my God,—I will ex- | alt = | thee.
29 O, give thanks unto the Lord;—
for he is good;—
for his mercy endureth forever.— | A- = | men.

26. PSALM CXVII.

1 O, PRAISE the Lord, all ye nations,—
praise him, | all . . ye | people.
2 For his merciful kindness is great toward us;—
and the truth of the Lord endureth
forever.— | Praise . . ye the | Lord.

No. 11. B. F. E.



27. From PSALM CVI.

Solo. { O that men would | praise . . the | Lord;
Cho. { For he satisfieth the longing soul;—
and filleth the | hun . . gry | soul . . with | fatness.

Solo. { O that men would praise the | Lord . . for his | goodness;
Cho. { For he hath broken the gates of brass,—
and cut the | bars . . of | iron . . in | sunder.

Solo. { O that men would praise the Lord
for his | wonder . . ful | works;
Cho. { And sacrifice the sacrifice of thanksgiving,—
and de- | clare . . his | works . . with re- | joicing.

Solo. { O that men would praise the Lord
for his goodness to the | children . . of | men,
Cho. { And exalt him also in the congregation
of the people,—and praise him
in the as- | sem . . bly | of . . the | elders.

Solo. { He turneth the wilderness into standing water,—
and the dry | ground . . into | water-springs:
Cho. { And there he maketh the hungry to dwell,—
that they may prepare a | city . . for | hab . . i- | tation.

28. HYMN. H. M.

[Sing Chants Nos. 11 and 12 in connection, thus forming a double chant.]

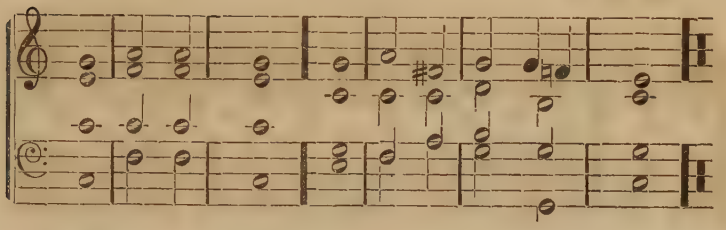
1

Ch. 11. . . . Here, gracious God,—do thou
In mercy | now . . draw | nigh;
Accept each faithful prayer,—
And | mark . . each | sup . . pliant | sigh;
Ch. 12. . . . In copious shower,—on | all . . who | pray
This holy | day . . thy | bless . . ings | pour.

2

Ch. 11. . . . Here may we find, from heaven,
The grace which | we . . im- | plore;
And may that grace once given
Be | with . . us | ev . . er- | more.
Ch. 12. . . . Until that day when | all . . the | blest
To endless | rest . . are | called . . a- | way.

No. 12. B. F. E.



29. ISAIAH LV. 1, 2, 3, 7.

Ho, every one that thirsteth, — come ye to
the waters, — and he that hath no money; —
come ye, | buy . . and | eat;
Yea, — come, — buy wine and milk
without | money . . and | with . . out | price.

Wherefore do you spend money for that
which is not bread, — and your labor
for that which | satis . . fieth | not? —
Hearken diligently unto me, — and eat ye
that which is good; — and let your
soul de- | light . . it- | self . . in | fatness.

Incline your ear, and come unto me; —
hear, — and your | soul . . shall | live;
And I will make an everlasting covenant with you, —
even the sure | mercies . . of | Da- = | vid.

Let the wicked forsake his way, —
and the unrighteous | man . . his | thoughts:
And let him return unto the Lord, —
and he will have mercy upon him; —
and to our God; — for | he . . will a- | bundant . . ly | pardon.

30. HYMN. 6s & 10s.

[Chants 11 & 12 in connection.]

1

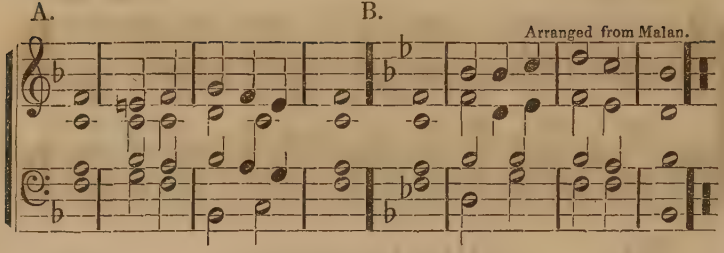
Ch. 11. . Thou, who didst stoop below,
To drain the | cup . . of | woe, —
And wear the form of | frail . . mor- | tal . . i | ty,
Ch. 12. . Thy blessed labors done, —
Thy crown of | vict' . . ry | won, —
Hast passed from earth | up . . to thy | home . . on | high.

2

Ch. 11. . It was no path of flowers,
Through this dark | world . . of | ours,
Beloved of the | Fa . . ther, | thou . . didst | tread; —
Ch. 12. . And shall we, in dismay,
Shrink from the | nar . . row | way,
When clouds and darkness | are . . a- | round . . it | spread?

[See Hymn 553.]

No. 13.



31. From PSALM CXVI.

A. 1 I love the Lord, — because he hath heard
my | voice . . and my | sup . . pli- | cations.
B. 2 Because he has inclined his ear unto *me*, — therefore
will I call upon | *him* . . as | long . . as I | live. Sym.

B. 5 Gracious is the Lord, — and righteous: — | yea . . our |
God . . is | merciful.
A. 6 The Lord preserveth the simple: —
I was brought | low, . . and he | help . . ed | me
B. 8 He has delivered my soul from death, — mine eyes
from | tears . . and my | feet . . from | falling. Sym.

A. 12 What shall I render to the Lord, —
for | all . . his | benefits . . t'ward | me? —
B. 13 I will take the cup of salvation, —
and | call . . on the | name . . of the | Lord.
A. 14 I will pay my vows unto the
Lord, — | now . . in the | presence . . of his | people. Sym.

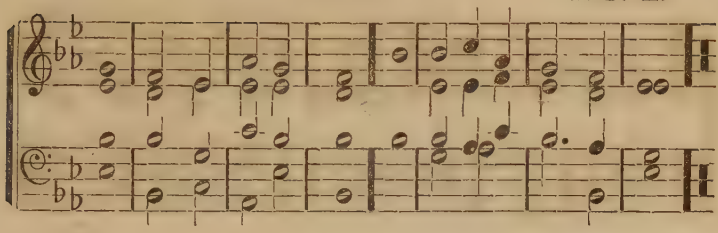
A. 18 I will pay my | vows . . un- | to . . the | Lord,
B. 19 In the courts of the Lord's house, —
in the midst of | thee, . . O Je- | ru . . sa- | lem. Sym.

B. " Praise ye the | Lord, . . praise | ye . . the | Lord.

32. HYMN. 8s, 7s & 4.

A. 1 In thy name, O Lord, assembling, —
We, thy | peo . . ple, | now . . draw | near; —
B. . . Teach us to rejoice with trembling, —
Speak, — and | let . . thy | ser . . vants | hear, —
A. . . . . Hear with meekness, —
Hear thy | word . . with | ho . . ly | fear.

A. 2 While our days on earth are lengthened,
Let us | give . . them, | Lord, . . to | thee; —
B. . . Cheered by hope, — and daily strengthened, —
We would | run, . . nor | wea . . ry | be, —
A. . . . . Till thy glory,
Without | clouds, . . in | heaven . . we | see.

No. 14. B. F. E.

33. PSALM CIII. 1—4, 13—17.

1 Bless the Lord, O my soul, — and all that is
within me, — | bless . . his | ho . . ly | name.
2 Bless the Lord, O my soul, —
and for- | get . not | all . . his | benefits.

3 Who forgiveth all thine iniquities; —
who | heal . . eth | all . . thy dis- | eases:
4 Who redeemeth thy life from destruction; —
who crowneth thee
with | kindness . . and | ten . . der | mercies.

13 Like as a father pitieth his children, —
so the Lord pitieth | them . . that | fear = | him.
14 For he knoweth our frame; —
he re- | membereth . . that | we . . are | dust.

15 As for man, — his days are as grass: —
as a | flower . . of the | field, . . so he | flourisheth.
16 For the wind passeth over it, and it is gone, —
and the place there- | of . . shall | know it . . no | more.

17 But the mercy of the Lord is from everlasting
to ever- | lasting . . on | those . . that | fear him;
" And his righteousness unto | chil . . dren's | chil- = | dren.

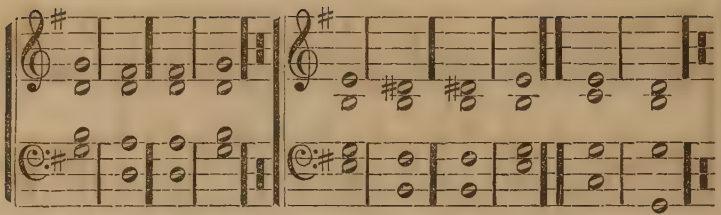
34. THE LORD'S PRAYER.

Our Father, who art in heaven, —
| hallow . . ed | be . . thy | name, —
Thy kingdom come, — thy will be done, —
on | earth . . as it | is . . in | heaven.

Give us this day | our = | dai . . ly | bread; —
And forgive us our trespasses, —
as we forgive | them . . that | trespass . . a- | gainst us.

And lead us not into temptation, —
but de | liv . . er | us . . from | evil —
For thine is the kingdom, — and the power, —
and the glory, for- | ev . . er. | A- = | men.

No. 15. No. 16.



CODA.

35. PSALM I.

CH. 15. { BLESSED is the man that walketh not
in the counsel of the un- | godly,
Nor standeth in the way of sinners, —
nor sitteth in the seat of the | scornful.

{ But his delight is in the law of the | Lord;
And in his law doth he meditate day and | night.

{ And he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of
water, — that bringeth forth fruit in his | season;
His leaf also shall not wither; —
and whatsoever he doeth shall | prosper. SYM.

CH. 16. { The ungodly are not so: — but are like the
chaff which the wind driveth a- | way:
The ungodly shall not stand in judgment, —
nor sinners in the congregation of the | righteous:

CH. 15. { For the Lord knoweth the way | of . . the | righteous,
CH. 16. { But the way of the un- | godly . . shall | perish.

36. HYMN. S. M.

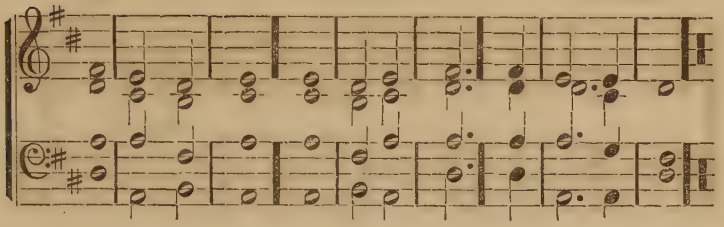
CH. 15. 1 THE man is ever blest
Who shuns the sinner's | ways, —
Among their councils never stands,
Nor takes the scorner's | place, —

2 But makes the law of God
His study and de- | light, —
Amidst the labors of the day,
And watches of the | night.

3 He, like a tree, shall thrive,
With waters near the | root; —
His name fresh as the leaf shall live; —
His works are heavenly | fruit.

CH. 16. 4 Not so th' ungodly race; —
They no such blessings | find: —
Their hopes shall flee like empty chaff
Before the driving | wind.

No. 17. Peculiar. B. F. E.



37. HUMBLE DEVOTION. Bowring.

From the recesses of a lowly spirit,—
Our humble prayer ascends,—O | Fa . . ther, | hear it;—
Borne on the trembling wings of | fear . . and | meekness;—
For- | give . . its | weakness.

We know—we feel how mean, and how unworthy
The lowly sacrifice we | pour . . be- | fore thee;—
What can we offer thee,—O | thou . . most | holy!—
But | sin . . and | folly?

We see thy hand—it leads us—it supports us:—
We hear thy voice—it | counsels, . . and it | courts us;—
And then we turn away!—yet | still . . thy | kindness
For- | gives . . our | blindness.

Who can resist thy gentle call,—appealing
To every generous thought, and | grate . . ful | feeling?—
O, who can hear the accents | of . . thy—mercy,—
And | nev . . er | love thee?

Kind Benefactor!—plant within this bosom
The | seeds . . of | holiness,— | and let them blossom
In fragrance,—and in beauty | bright . . and | vernal,—
And | spring . . e- | eternal.

Then place them in those everlasting gardens
Where angels walk,—and | seraphs . . are the | wardens;—
Where every flower,—brought safe through | death's . . dark | portal,—
Be | comes . . im | mortal.

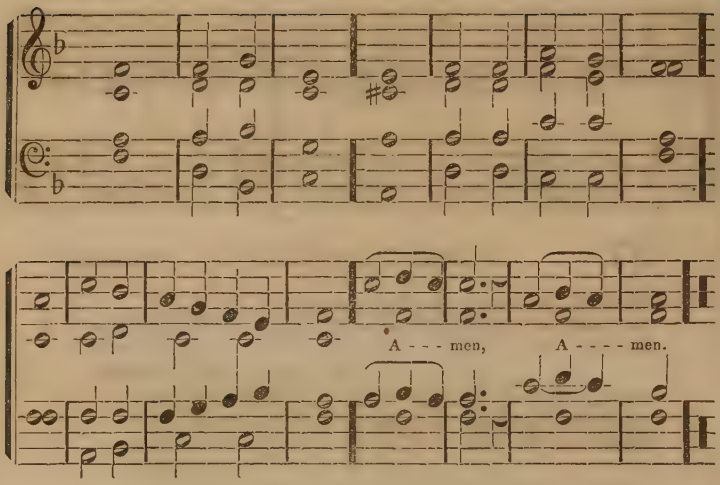
38. HYMN. 8s, 6 & 4.

1 Our blest Redeemer, ere he breathed
His tender, | last . . fare- | well,
A Comforter,—a | Guide, . . be- | queathed
With | us . . to | dwell.

2 He breathes that gentle voice we hear,
Soft as the | breeze . . of | even,
That checks each fault, that | calms . . each | fear,
And | speaks . . of | heaven.

[See Hymn 352.]

No. 18. B. F. E.



39. DEDICATION.

[From 1 Kings viii.]

{Lord God of Israel, — there is no other God like thee,
in heaven above, — or in | earth . . be- | neath; —
Who keepest covenant and mercy with thy servants,
that walk be- | fore thee . . with | all . . their | hearts; —
And hast fulfilled it with thine | hand . . as it | is . . this | day.

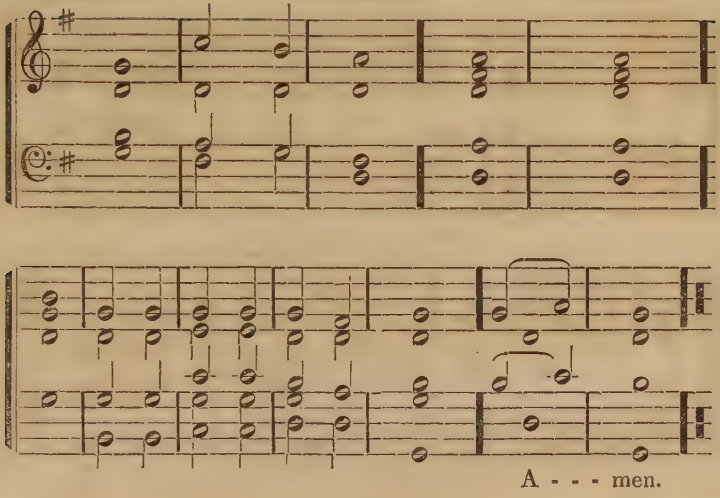
{Behold, — the heaven and heaven of
heavens | cannot . . con- | tain thee; —
How much less this | house . . that | we . . have | builded? —
Yet have thou respect unto the prayer of thy servants, —
and to their suppli- | cations, . . O | Lord . . our | God.

{Hearken unto the cry, — and to the prayer
which thy servants pray be- | fore thee . . this | day; —
That thine eyes may be opened toward
this | house = | night . . and | day, —
Even toward the place of which thou hast said, —
"My | name, — . . my | name . . shall be | there."

{Hearken thou to the supplications of thy servants
when they shall | pray . . toward this | place; —
And hear thou in heaven, thy dwelling-place; —
and | when . . thou | hearest, . . for- | give;
And, — justifying the righteous, —
do thou give them ac- | cord . . ing | to . . their | righteousness.

N. B. — Hymns of L. M. 6 lines, 8s & 7s, 6 lines, and C. H. M., may be sung to the above chant.

No. 19. Peculiar. L. Mason.



40. ADORATION. Montgomery.

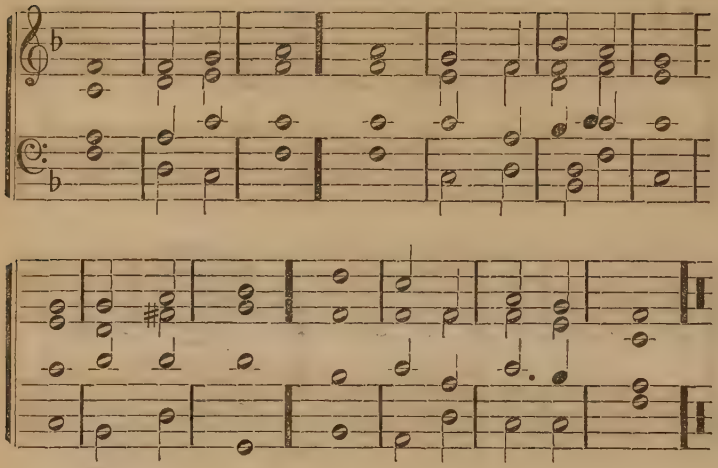
Holy, holy, holy Lord
God of Hosts! — when heaven and earth,
Out of darkness, at thy word
Issued into | glo . . rious | birth;
All thy works around thee stood,
And thine eye beheld them | good.
While they sang, with sweet accord,
"Ho . . ly, — | ho . . ly, — | ho . . ly | Lord."

Holy, holy, holy! — Thee,
Our Jehovah evermore,
Father, Son, and Spirit! — we,
Dust and ashes, — | would . . a- | dore: —
Lightly by the world esteemed, —
From that world by thee re- | deemed, —
Sing we here with glad accord, —
"Ho . . ly, | ho . . ly, — | ho . . ly | Lord."

"Holy, holy, holy," — all
Heaven's triumphant choir shall sing; —
While the ransomed nations fall
At the | footstool . . of their | King: —
Then shall saints | and seraphim,
Harps and voices, swell one | hymn, —
Blending, in sublime accord, —
"Ho . . ly, | ho . . ly, | ho . . ly | Lord."

N. B. — Hymns 201, 8s and 7s, and 349, L. M., may be easily adapted, and sung with good effect, to chant No. 19.

No. 20. Double Chant. LANGDON.



41. MATTHEW V. 3—12.

3 BLESSED are the poor in spirit;—
for theirs is the | kingdom . . of | heaven.
4 Blessed are they
that | mourn; . . for | they . . shall be | comforted.
5 Blessed are the meek;—
for they shall in- | herit . . the | earth.
6 Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst
after | righteousness;— . . for | they . . shall be | filled.

7 Blessed are the merciful;—
for they shall ob | tain = | mercy.
8 Blessed are the pure
in | heart . . for | they shall . . see | God.
9 Blessed are the peacemakers;—
for they shall be called the | children . . of | God.
10 Blessed are they who are persecuted for
righteousness' sake;—
for | theirs . . is the | kingdom . . of | heaven.

11 Blessed are ye when men shall revile you,—
and | perse . . cute | you;
" *Blessed are ye when men* shall say all manner of
evil against you | falsely, . . for | my = | sake.
12 Rejoice,—and be exceeding glad;—
for great is your re- | ward . . in | heaven;—
" For so persecuted they
the | prophets . . which | were . . be- | fore you.

42. HYMN.

1 When spring unlocks the flowers — to paint
the | laugh . . ing | soil; —
When summer's balmy showers
re- | fresh . . the | mow . . er's | toil; —
When winter binds in frosty chains
the | fallow . . and the | flood; —
In God the earth rejoiceth still, —
and | owns . . the | Ma . . ker | good.

2 The birds — that wake the morning, — and those
that | love . . the | shade;
The winds — that sweep the mountain, —
or | lull . . the | drow . . sy | glade; —
The sun — that from his amber bower
re- | joiceth . . on his | way;
The moon and stars — their Maker's name
in | si . . lent | pomp . . dis- | play.

3 Shall man, — the lord of nature, —
expectant | of . . the | sky, —
Shall man, — alone unthankful,
his | grate . . ful | praise . . de- | ny? —
No; — should the years forsake their course, —
and | seasons . . cease to | be, —
Thee, — Father, — we must love, —
Cre- | a . . tor, | hon . . or | thee.

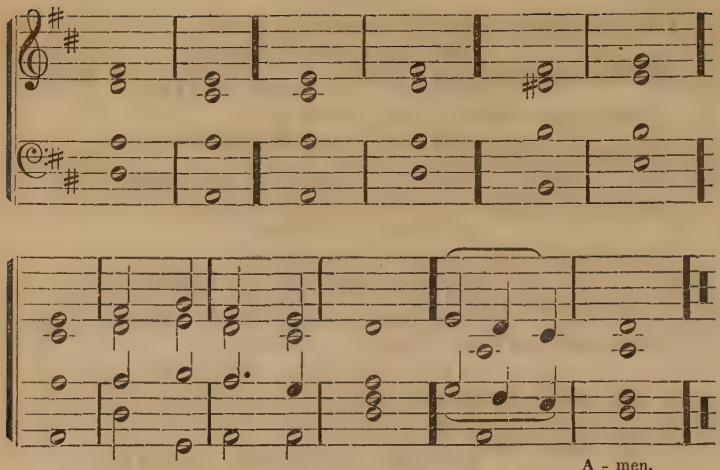
4 The flowers of spring may wither, — the hope
of | sum . . mer | fade; —
The autumn droop in winter, —
the | birds . . for- | sake . . the | shade; —
The winds be lulled, — the sun and moon
forget their | old . . de- | cree; —
But we — in nature's latest hour, —
O | Lord, . . will | cling . . to | thee.

43. HYMN. L. M. 8 L.

1 There seems a voice in every gale, —
A tongue in every | ope . . ning | flower,
Which tells, O Lord, — the wondrous tale
Of thy in- | dul . . gence, | love, . . and | power; —
The birds, that rise on quivering wing,
Appear to hymn their | Ma . . ker's | praise,
And all the mingling sounds of spring
To thee a | gene . . ral | an . . them | raise.

2 And shall my voice, great God, — alone
Be mute 'midst Nature's | loud . . ac- | claim,
Nor let my heart, with answering tone,
Breathe forth in | praise . . thy | ho . . ly | name? —
All Nature's debt is small to mine; —
For Nature soon shall | cease . . to | be;
But — matchless proof of love divine —
Thou gav'st im- | mor . . tal | life . . to | me.

No. 21. L. MASON.



44. PSALM XVI.

PRESERVE me, O | God, —
For in thee do I put my | trust.
O my soul, thou hast said unto the Lord,
"Thou art my | Lord: —
My goodness ex- | tend . . eth | not . . to | thee;"

But to the saints that are in the | earth,
And to the excellent, in whom is all my de- | light.
Their sorrows shall be multiplied
that hasten after another | God:
Their drink-offerings of blood will I not offer,
nor take up their | names . . in- | to . . my lips.

The Lord is the portion of my inheritance,
and of my | cup:
Thou maintainest my | lot.
The lines are fallen unto me in pleasant | places:
Yea, I | have a | goodly | heritage.

I will bless the Lord, who hath given me | counsel;
My reins also instruct me in the | night season.
I have set the Lord always be- | fore me;
Because he is at my
right | hand, . . I shall | not . . be | moved.

Therefore my heart is glad,
and my glory re- | joiceth;
My flesh also shall rest in | hope.
For thou wilt not leave my soul in | hell;
Neither wilt thou suffer thine
Holy | One . . to | see . . cor- | ruption.

Thou wilt show me the path of | life. —
Thou wilt show me the path of | life.
In thy presence is fulness of | joy;
At thy right hand there are | pleas . . ures . . for- |
ev . . er- | more.

45. PSALM LXXXVI. 1—6, 11, 12.

1 Bow down thine ear, O | Lord;
Hear me, for I am poor and | needy;
2 Preserve my soul, — for I am | holy;
O thou my God, — save thy servant
that | trust . . eth | in = | thee.

3 Be merciful unto me, O | Lord;
For I cry unto thee | daily.
4 Rejoice the soul of thy | servant;
For unto thee, O Lord,
do I | lift = | up . . my | soul.

5 For thou, Lord, art good, and ready to for- | give;
And plenteous in mercy unto all that call up- | on thee.
6 Give ear, O Lord, unto my | prayer;
And attend to the voice of my | sup . . pli- | ca = | tions.

11 Teach me thy way, O Lord; —
I will walk in thy | truth.
Unite my heart to fear thy | name.
12 I will praise thee, O Lord my God, —
with all my | heart;
And I will glorify
thy | name . . for- | ev . . er | more.

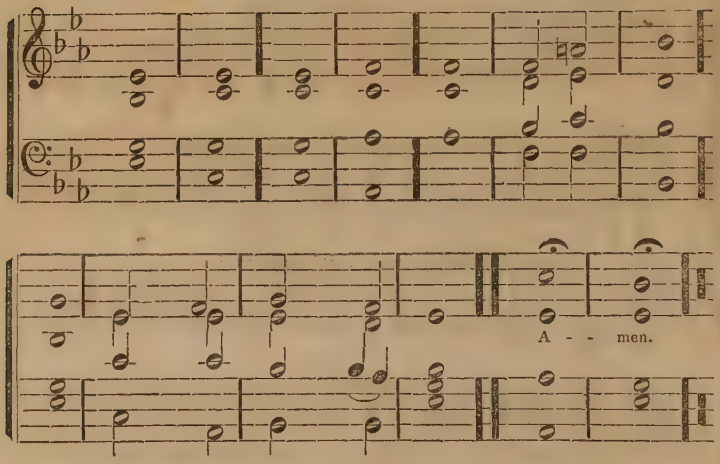
46. THE LAST JUDGMENT.

1 Great God! — what do I see and hear! —
The end of things cre- | ated; —
Behold the Judge of man appear,
On clouds of glory | seated! —
The trumpet sounds! — the graves restore
The dead, — which they contained be- | fore; —
Pre- | pare, my | soul, to | meet him.

2 The dead in Christ shall first arise,
At the last trumpet's | sounding; —
Caught up to meet him in the skies,
With joy their Lord sur- | rounding; —
No gloomy fears their souls dis- | may; —
His presence sheds eternal day
On | those pre- | pared to | meet him.

[See Hymn 1132.]

No. 22. Peculiar. B. F. E.



47. 1 COR. XV. 51, 52, 54—57.

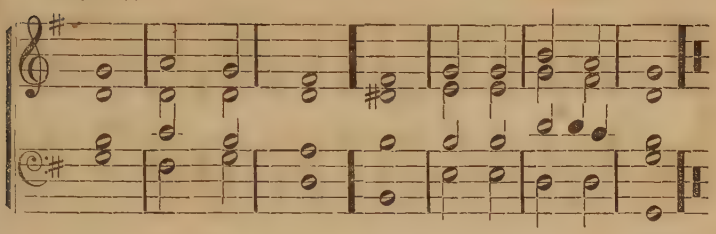
BEHOLD, — I show you a mystery; —
we shall not all | sleep, —
But we shall all be changed, — in a moment, —
in the twinkling of an eye, — at the last | trump; —
For the | trumpet . . shall | sound; —
And the dead shall be raised incorruptible,
and | we = | shall . . be | changed.

So when this corruptible
shall have put on incor- | ruption, —
And this mortal shall have
put on immor- | tality, —
Then shall be brought to pass
the | saying . . that is | written,
"Death is swallowed | up . . in | vic . . to- | ry."

O Death, — where is thy | sting? —
O Grave, — where is thy | victory?
The sting of | death is | sin, —
And the | strength . . of | sin . . is the | law.

But thanks be to God, —
which giveth us the | victory, —
Through our Lord Jesus | Christ: —
Therefore, beloved brethren, — be ye steadfast, —
unmovable, — always abounding
in the | work . . of the | Lord,
Forasmuch as ye know that your
labor is | not . . in | vain . . in the | Lord.

No. 23.



48. BAPTISMAL SELECTIONS.

All power is given unto me in | heaven . . and in | earth;
Go ye, therefore, and teach all nations, —
baptizing them in the name of the Father, —
and of the | Son . . and | Ho . . ly | Ghost.

Repent, and be baptized, every | one . . of | you,
In the name of Christ, | for the . . re- | mission . . of | sins.

He that believeth and is baptized, shall be saved; —
and now why | tarri . . est | thou?
Arise, and be baptized, — and wash away thy sins, —
calling on the name of the Lord; — for thus it
becometh | us . . to ful- | fil . . all | righteousness.

They who gladly received the word | were . . bap- | tized;
And they of Jerusalem — were baptized in the
river | Jordan . . con- | fessing . . their | sins.

Buried with Christ by baptism into death, —
they rise in the likeness of his | res . . ur——rection,
To walk in newness of life, —
and | go . . on their | way . . re- | joicing.

For as many as have been baptized into Christ, —
have | put . . on | Christ.
Therefore glorify God in your body, —
and in your | spirit, . . which | are = | God's.

Blessed are they that | do . . his com- | mandments.
Great peace have they who love thy law, —
and nothing | shall . . of- | fend = | them.

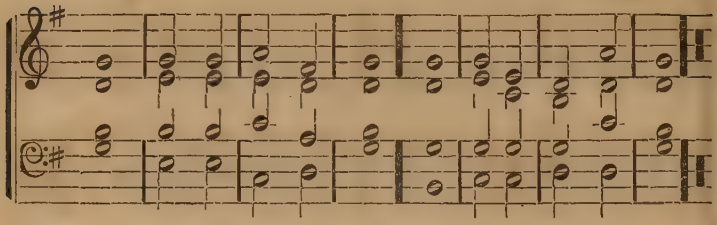
Go ye, therefore, and teach all nations to observe
all things, whatsoever I have com- | mand . . ed | you.
And lo! I am with you always, —
even | unto . . the | end . . of the | world.

49. HYMN. S. M.

1 With willing hearts we tread
The path the | Sa . . viour | trod;
We love th' example of our Head,
The | glo . . rious | Lamb . . of | God.

[See Hymn 798.]

No. 24.



50. BAPTISMAL SELECTIONS.

Jesus cometh from Galilee to Jordan, —
unto John, to | be . . bap- | tized . . of | him.
And Jesus, when he was baptized, —
went up | straight . . way | out . . of the | water.

See, here is water; — what doth
hinder | me . . to | be . . bap- | tized?
If thou believest with | all . . thy | heart, . . thou | mayest.

Can any man forbid water,
that | these . . should not | be . . bap- | tized,
Which have received the Holy | Ghost . . as | well . . as | we?

When they believed the things concerning the kingdom
of God, — and the | name . . of | Je . . sus | Christ,
They were bap- | tized, . . both | men . . and | women.

51. HYMN. C. M.

1 While in this sacred rite of thine,
We | yield . . our | spir . . its | now,
Shine o'er the waters, Dove divine,
And | seal . . the | cheer . . ful | vow.

2 All glory be to Him whose life
For | ours . . was | free . . ly | given,
Who aids us in the spirit's strife,
And | makes . . us | meet . . for | heaven.

3 O, may we die to earth and sin,
Be- | neath . . the | mys . . tic | flood;
And when we rise, may we begin
To | live . . a- | new . . for | God.

52. HYMN. L. M.

1 Our Saviour bowed beneath the wave,
And meekly | sought . . a | wa . . t'ry | grave:
Come, see the sacred path he trod —
A path well | pleas . . ing | to . . our | God.

2 Hosanna to the Lamb divine!
Let endless | glo . . ries | round . . him | shine;
High o'er the heavens forever reign,
O Lamb of | God, . . for | sin . . ners | slain.